

# Pogues, Haunting

Sit down on that stool hear the cant of a fool  
And a strange tale I'll impart to ye  
Of a time that I lived at the buff of a hill  
'Neath the burial chambers you see

One Saturday night I got up on my bike  
To go to a dance in the town  
I set off at seven to be there at eleven  
No thought of the rain coming down

As I pushed up the hill the rain started to spill  
So for shelter I had to resort  
Helter skelter I went as downhill I sped  
To the trees at the old fairy fort

I pulled up my bike be a tree in the gripe  
To find shelter out of the storm  
The rain it came down and like stones beat the ground  
But it was grand to be dry in that storm

I was dreaming away about better days  
When a voice it says dirty ould night  
I fell over me bike I got such a fright  
When the ghostly voice bid me the night

I jumped up with a start gave the storm not a thought  
As the hail beat a rhythm on me  
And I stared at the tree that had spoken to me  
Not a body was there I could see

The voice I had heard not another word said  
As the hair on the head stood on me  
And I said an "Our Father" as I peddled much faster  
Away from that ghost haunted tree

For weeks and weeks after with nerves a disaster  
Nowhere near that road would I go  
And from dusk through the night I would shake with the fright  
Of the tree that had haunted me so

Now whenever I go to a dance in the town  
I make sure not to stop on the way  
To be there for eleven I still leave at seven  
But I go by a different way