

# Pogues, Lorca's Novena

Ignacio lay dying in the sand  
A single red rose clutched in a dying hand  
The women wept to see their hero die  
And the big black birds gathered in the sky

Mother of all our joys, mother of all our sorrows  
Intercede with him tonight  
For all of our tomorrows

The years went by and then the killers came  
And took the men and marched them up the hill of pain  
And Lorca the faggot poet they left till last  
Blew his brains out with a pistol up his arse

Mother of all our joys, mother of all our sorrows  
Intercede with him tonight  
For all of our tomorrows

The killers came to mutilate the dead  
But ran away in terror to search the town instead  
But Lorca's corpse, as he had prophesied, just walked away  
And the only sound was the women in the chapel praying

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Intercede with him tonight  
For all of our tomorrows