

# Pogues, U.S.A.

When I was young  
I watched the cars  
When I was older  
I drank in bars  
When I was young  
I chewed the leaves  
When I was older  
I drank with thieves  
I found a love  
She gave me dreams  
She left me drunk  
In New Orleans  
So cold and lonely  
So all alone  
I wished my heart  
Was made of stone  
I took the cold bright needle  
I used it as a sword  
My eyes have seen the glory of  
The coming of the Lord  
I burned across the delta  
I swam across the ford  
My eyes have seen the glory of  
The coming of the Lord  
When I was a young man  
Standing on this road  
My empty belly  
An aching hole  
An old man said to me  
"Kid don't you know  
That it's the same  
Wherever you go"

I gambled in two graveyards  
I won against the odds  
With the smiling saints  
And the silent saviours  
With the maggots and the gods  
I cursed the things they showed me  
I could never see again  
And the howling of the wind at night  
I wrote upon the rain

I found the thing  
For which I prayed  
And came back home  
To the USA  
With a heart of stone  
And now I know  
That it's the same  
Wherever you go