

# The Pogues, Bottle Of Smoke

(Shane MacGowan / Jem Finer)

Thanks and praises  
Thanks to Jesus  
I bet on the Bottle of Smoke  
I went to Hell  
And to the races  
To bet on the Bottle of Smoke

The day being clear  
The sky being bright  
He came up on the left  
Like a streak of light  
Like a drunken fuck  
On a Saturday night  
Up came the Bottle of Smoke

Twenty fucking five to one  
My gambling days are done  
I bet on a horse called the Bottle of Smoke  
And my horse won

Stewards inquiries  
Swift and fiery  
I had the Bottle of Smoke  
Inquisitions and suppositions  
I had the Bottle of Smoke  
Fuck the stewards  
A trip to Lourdes  
Might give the old fuckers  
The power of sight  
Screaming springers and stoppers  
And call out coppers  
But the money still gleams in my hand like a light

Bookies cursing  
Cars reversing  
I had the Bottle of Smoke  
Glasses steaming  
Vessels bursting  
I had the Bottle of Smoke  
Slip a fifty to the wife  
And for each brat a crisp new five  
To give me a break on a Saturday night  
When I had the Bottle of Smoke

Priests and maidens  
Drunk as pagans  
They had the Bottle of Smoke  
Sins forgiven and celebrations  
They had the Bottle of Smoke

Fuck the Yanks  
And drink their wives  
The moon is clear  
The sky is bright  
I'm happy as the horses shite  
Up came the Bottle of Smoke