

# The Pogues, Boys From The County Hell

(Shane MacGowan)

On the first day of March it was raining  
It was raining worse than anything that I have ever seen  
I drank ten pints of beer and I cursed all the people there  
And I wish that all this raining would stop falling down on me

And it's lend me ten pounds and I'll buy you a drink  
And mother wake me early in the morning

At the time I was working for a landlord  
And he was the meanest bastard that you have ever seen  
And to lose a single penny would grieve him awful sore  
And he was a miserable bollocks and a bitch's bastard's whore

I recall we took care of him one Sunday  
We got him out the back and we broke his fucking balls  
And maybe that was dreaming and maybe that was real  
But all I know is I left that place without a penny or fuck all

And now I've the most charming of verandas  
I sit and watch the junkies, the drunks and pimps and whores  
Five green bottles sitting on the floor  
And I wish to Christ, I wish to Christ  
That I had fifteen more

The boys and me are drunk and looking for you  
We'll eat your frigging entrails and we won't give a damn  
Me daddy was a blue shirt and my mother a madam  
And my brother earned his medals raping gooks in Vietnam

On the first day of March it was raining  
It was raining worse than anything that I have ever seen  
Stay on the other side of the road  
'Cause you can never tell  
We've a thirst like a gang of devils  
We're the boys of the county hell