

# The Pogues, Smell Of Petroleum

(Jem Finer)

The Shaman came a calling  
He was howling at the moon  
He offered me a vision  
On the end of a silver spoon  
He said he'd give me dreams  
That all were in his powers  
If only I would follow him  
The universe was ours

Walked a thin white line to the coffin club  
Downstairs from the devils den  
Had a large double Jesus  
Chased down with a shot of Zen  
The last thing I remember  
Was lying in the tank  
And when I came around again  
Everything was blank

Floating high above the world  
Out on the astral plane  
I'm bouncing like a pinball  
He's busy being born again

I met God on Primrose Hill  
That's where he came to me  
He stepped out of his saucer  
I got down on my knees  
From his lips came just one word  
He left me all aglow  
I sat down and had a smoke

And watched the flowers grow

The bats are in the belfry  
And the bubbles in the bong  
The secret of the universe is hidden in this song

The Shaman left a crawling  
As the dawn broke the gloom  
Talking in some other tongue  
And laughing like a loon  
The early morning sunlight  
Splashed colours on the wall  
And I don't know if it ever  
Really happened at all

The bats are in the belfry  
And the bubbles in the bong  
The molecules inside my head  
Are chiming like a gong  
The bats are in the belfry  
And the bubbles in the bong  
The secret of the universe  
Is hidden in this song