

The Pogues, The Wake Of The Medusa

(Jem Finer)

The guests are stood in silence
They stare and drink their wine
On the wall the canvas hangs
Frozen there in time
They marvel at the beauty
The horror and despair
At the wake of the Medusa
No one shed a tear

Sit my friends and listen
Put your glasses down
Sit my friends and listen
To the voices of the drowned

In the moonlight's ghostly glow
I waken in a dream
Once more upon that raft I stand
Upon a raging sea
In my ears the moans and screams
Of the dying ring
Somewhere in the darkness
The siren softly sings

Out there in the waves she stands
And smiling there she calls
As the lightning cracks the sky
The wind begins to howl

The architects of our doom
Around their tables sit
And in their thrones of power
Condemn those they've cast adrift
Echoes down the city street
Their harpies laughter rings
Waiting for the curtain call
Oblivious in the wings

The casket is empty
Abandon ye all hope
They ran off with the money
And left us with the rope