

# Pogues, How Come

How come when I got the ace of hearts  
Ya always draw the ace of spades  
How's it when your best friend  
Brings you lillies on your birthday

Hey how come, hey how come  
Well I ain't superstitious, but well these things I see  
How come, how come  
I ain't a superstitious fella, but it worries me

How come when your local clergy calls  
He tells me that you shouldn't wear black  
What kind of bread are you gonna' bake  
With that hemlock in your spice rack

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The spider's run, the cobwebs gone  
Did you eat it when the moon was new  
I drowned your cat, what do you say about that  
I've even broken up your broom

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