

Pogues, Smell Of Petroleum

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