

Pogues, Transmetropolitan

In the rosy parks of England
We'll sit and have a drink
Of VP wine and cider 'til we can hardly think
And we'll go where the spirits take us
To heaven or to hell
And kick up bloody murder in the town we love so well

Going transmetropolitan
From the dear old streets of King's Cross
To the doors of the ICA
Going transmetropolitan
We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite
And I'm not going home tonight

From Brixton's lovely boulevards
To Hammersmith's sightly shores
We'll scare the Camden Palace poofs
And worry all the whores
There's leechers up in Whitehall
And queers in the GLC
And when we've done those bastards in
We'll storm the BBC

Going transmetropolitan
From Surrey Docks to Somers Town
With a KMRIA
Going transmetropolitan
We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite
And I'm not going home tonight

From a 5 pound bet in William Hills
To a Soho sex-shop dream
From a fried egg in Valtaro's
To a Tottenham Court Road ice cream
We'll spew and lurch, get nicked and fixed
On the way we'll kill and maim
When you haven't got a penny, boys
It's all the bloody same

Going transmetropolitan
From Pentonville Road on a sunset eve
To the beauty that's Mill Lane
Going transmetropolitan
We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite
And I'm not going home tonight

This town has done us dirty
This town has bled us dry
We've been here for a long time
And we'll be here 'til we die
So we'll finish off the leavings
Of blood and glue and beer
And burn this bloody city down
In the summer of the year

Going transmetropolitan
From Arlington House with a 2 bob bit
To the Scottish shores today
Going transmetropolitan
We'll drink the rat's piss, kick the shite
And I'm not going home tonight