

# 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