

# The Clash, Straight To Hell

If you can play on the fiddle  
How's about a British jig and reel?  
Speaking King's English in quotation  
As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust water froze  
In the generation  
Clear as winter ice  
This is your paradise

There ain't no need for ya  
Go straight to hell boys

Y'wanna join in a chorus  
Of the Amerasian blues?  
When it's Christmas out in Ho Chi Minh City  
Kiddie say papa papa papa papa-san take me home  
See me got photo photo  
Photograph of you  
Mamma Mamma Mamma-san  
Of you and Mamma Mamma Mamma-san  
Lemme tell ya 'bout your blood bamboo kid.  
It ain't Coca-Cola it's rice.

Straight to hell  
Oh Papa-san  
Please take me home  
Oh Papa-san  
Everybody they wanna go home  
So Mamma-san says

You wanna play mind-crazed banjo  
On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A.?  
In Parkland International  
Hah! Junkiedom U.S.A.  
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove  
and rat poison  
The volatile Molatov says-

PSSST...  
HEY CHICO WE GOT A MESSAGE FOR YA...  
VAMOS VAMOS MUCHACHO  
FROM ALPHABET CITY ALL THE WAY A TO Z, DEAD, HEAD

Go straight to hell

Can you really cough it up loud and strong  
The immigrants  
They wanna sing all night long  
It could be anywhere  
Most likely could be any frontier  
Any hemisphere  
No man's land and there ain't no asylum here  
King Solomon he never lived round here

Go straight to hell boys