

# The Pogues, Down In The Ground Where The Dead Men Go

(Shane MacGowan)

Hello boys I've been away  
On a bit of a holiday  
To the land where the rivers freely flow  
And the cattle roam on the wild callagh  
Walking home three parts pissed  
I stumbled and fell in the morning mist  
I fell and rolled in the hungry grass  
That tells the tale of a terrible past  
I screamed and ran and dreamt I fell  
Down in the depths of a freezing hell  
Four million people starved to death  
Could smell the curse on their dying breath  
Where no one ever wants to go  
Down in the ground where the dead men go

To hell which is circular all around  
Down in the belly of the big cold ground  
The moving shadows were everywhere  
The very trees seemed to bend and stare  
I remembered the dunes on a Sligo shore  
Screamed and ran till I could run no more  
Over the fields and across the moor  
I ran in the house and slammed the door  
What the hell's that over there  
A putrefying corpse sitting in that chair  
Where no one ever wants to go  
Down in the ground where the dead men go

Been drunk as a skunk since I've been home  
From bar to bar like a ghost I roamed  
I can't forget those things I saw  
Been down with the devil in the Dalling Road  
One place I don't want to go  
Down in the ground where the dead men go