

# The Pogues, The Body Of An American

(Shane MacGowan)

The cadillac stood by the house  
And the yanks they were within  
And the tinker boys they hissed advice  
'Hot-wire her with a pin'  
Then we turned and shook as we had a look  
In the room where the dead men lay  
So big Jim Dwyer made his last trip  
To the home where his father's laid

But fifteen minutes later  
We had our first taste of whiskey  
There was uncles giving lectures  
On ancient Irish history  
The men all started telling jokes  
And the women they got frisky  
At five o'clock in the evening  
Every bastard there was piskey

Fare thee well going away  
There's nothing left to say  
Farewell to New York City boys  
To Boston and PA  
He took them out  
With a well-aimed clout  
He was often heard to say  
I'm a free born man of the USA

He fought the champ in Pittsburgh  
And he slashed him to the ground  
He took on Tiny Tartanella  
And it only went one round  
He never had no time for reds  
For drink or dice or whores  
And he never threw a fight  
Unless the fight was right  
So they sent him to the war

Fare the well gone away  
There's nothing left to say  
With a slainte Joe and Erin go  
My love's in Amerikay  
The calling of the rosary  
Spanish wine from far away  
I'm a free born man of the USA

This morning on the harbour  
When I said goodbye to you  
I remember how I swore  
That I'd come back to you one day  
And as the sunset came to meet  
The evening on the hill  
I told you I'd always love you  
I always did and I always will

Fare thee well gone away  
There's nothing left to say  
'cept to say adieu  
To your eyes as blue  
As the water in the bay  
And to big Jim Dwyer  
The man of wire  
Who was often heard to say

I'm a free born man of the USA