

The Pogues, The Sun And The Moon

The snakes they can crawl
And the cheetahs they can bawl
And their ghosts can wait for the hereafter
But if you are so proud
As to say that's not allowed
We will get sick and choke ourselves with laughter

And the girlfriends that you knew
To whom you promised to be true
We'll have their sisters
Hanging from the rafters
And every dirty shade will rise rotting from the grave
Tomorrow will be just like the day after

And this bitter desert wind
Will come ripping through your skin
And everything that's calm will turn to madness
And all of your fake tears
Will come whirling down the years
And what was kind and warm will come to sadness

And the sun and the moon
Will come begging at your door
The stars will turn to rust
And drop from the skies
And everybody will soon be asking you for more
And everybody will be telling lies

And the girlfriends that you knew
To whom you promised to be true
We'll have their sisters
Hanging from the rafters
And every dirty shade will rise rotting from the grave
Tomorrow will be just like the day after