# Straight To Hell (feat. Mick Jones)

## Lily Allen

If you can play on the fiddle
How's about a British jig and reel?
Speaking king's English in quotation
As rail head towns feel the steel mills rust
Water froze in the generationClear as winter ice
This is your paradiseThere ain't no need for ya
There ain't no need for ya
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boysYou 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
Papa san, take me homeSee me got photo, photo
Photograph of you
And mama, mama, mama san of you
And mama, mama, mama sanLet me tell me 'bout your blood bamboo kid
It ain't Coca Cola, it's riceGo straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boyOh papa san, please, take me home
Oh papa-san, everybody, they wanna go home
So mama san saysMama san says
So mama san says
So mama san saysYou wanna play mind crazed banjo
On the druggy drag ragtime USA
In Parkland International
Ah, junkiedom USAWhere procaine proves
The purest rock man groove
And rat poison
The volatile Molotov saysGo straight to hell
Go straight to hellCan you cough it up
Loud and strong?
The immigrants
They wanna sing all night longIt could be anywhere, most likely
Could be any frontier, any hemisphere
It's no man's landThere ain't no asylum here
King Solomon, he never lived 'round hereGo straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boysGo straight to hell, boys

Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell

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