

Hell's Ditch

The Pogues

Life's a bitch, then you die
Black Hell
Hell's ditch, naked howling freedom
The killer's hands are bound with chains
At six o'clock it starts to rain
He'll never see the dawn again
Our lady of the flowers

Genet's feeling Ramon's dick
The guy in the bunk above gets sick
In the cell next door the lunatic
Starts screaming for his mother

Black dildo, black hell,
As the Spanish cops ridiculed my gel
A mugshot I remember well
Little man how you have suffered

I could hear the screams from up above
If it ain't a fist it isn't love
As for our lady she kneels down
Her neck is bent, the blade comes down
Doing! There goes the breakfast bell
Back from heaven, back to hell
Naked howling freedom, Hell's ditch

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