

Straight to Hell (Extended Mix)

The Clash

If you can play on the fiddle
How's about a British jig and reel?
Speaking King's English in quotation
As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust
Water froze
In the generation
Clear as winter ice
This is your paradise There ain't no need for ya
There ain't no need for ya
Go straight to hell, boys, go straight to hell, boys Wanna join in a chorus
Of the Amerasian blues?
When it's Christmas out in Ho Chi Minh City
Kiddie say papa papa papa pappa-san, take me home
See me got
Photo photo photograph of you and mamma mamma mamma-san
Of you and mamma mamma mamma-san
Let me tell you 'bout your blood, bamboo kid
It ain't Coca-Cola, it's rice Straight to hell
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell
Go straight to hell boys Oh Papa-san
Please take me home
Oh Papa-san
Everybody, they wanna go home
So Mamma-san says You want to play mind-crazed banjo
On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A.?
In Parkland International
Ha, junkie-dom U.S.A
Where pro-caine proves the purest rock man groove
And rat poison
The volatile Molotov says Straight to hell Can you really cough it up loud and strong?
The immigrants, they wanna sing all night long
It could be anywhere
Most likely could be any frontier any hemisphere
In no-man's-land
There ain't no asylum here
King Solomon he never lived 'round here Straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys

Go straight to hell, boys
Oh, papa-san, please take me home

Songwriters

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patents pending.

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