

# Straight to Hell

## 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 papa papa-san take me home  
See me got photo, photo, photograph of you  
And mamma mamma mamma-san  
Of you and mamma mamma mamma-san  
Lemme tell ya 'bout your blood bamboo kid  
It ain't coca-cola it's rice Straight to hell boys  
Go straight to hell boy  
Go straight to hell boys  
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 wanna play mind-crazed banjo  
On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A?  
In Parkland international  
Hah, Junkiedom U.S.A  
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove  
And rat poison"  
The volatile Molotov says Straight to hell Can you 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  
No man's land  
There ain't no asylum here  
King Solomon he never lived 'round here Straight to hell boy  
Go straight to hell boy

Go straight to hell boys  
Go straight to hell boys

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