

# 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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