Lorca's Novena

The Pogues

Ignacio lay dying in the sand
A single red rose clutched in a dying hand
The women wept to see their hero die
And the big black birds gathered in the sky

Mother of all our joys
Mother of all our sorrows
Intercede with him tonight
For all of our tomorrows

The years went by and then the killers came
And took the men and marched them up the hill of pain
And Lorca, the faggot poet they left till last
Blew his brains out with a pistol up his arse

Mother of all our joys
Mother of all our sorrows
Intercede with him tonight
For all of our tomorrows

The killers came to mutilate the dead
But ran away in terror to search the town instead
But Lorca's corpse, as he had prophesied, just walked away
And the only sound was the women in the chapel praying

Mother of all our joys
Mother of all our sorrows
Intercede with him tonight
For all of our tomorrows

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