

Straight to Hell (feat. Mick Jones)

Lily Allen

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 You 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 mama, mama, mama san of you
And mama, mama, mama san Let me tell me 'bout your blood bamboo kid
It ain't Coca Cola, it's rice Go straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell, boy Oh papa san, please, take me home
Oh papa-san, everybody, they wanna go home
So mama san says Mama san says
So mama san says
So mama san says You wanna play mind crazed banjo
On the druggy drag ragtime USA
In Parkland International
Ah, junkiedom USA Where procaine proves
The purest rock man groove
And rat poison
The volatile molatov says Go straight to hell
Go 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
It's no man's land There ain't no asylum here
King Solomon, he never lived 'round here Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell, boys Go straight to hell, boys

Go straight to hell, boys
Go straight to hell

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