

# 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 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

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