Lily Allen, Straight To Hell

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 you

There ain't no need for you

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-san

Take me home

See me got photo photo photograph of you

Mamma mamma mamma-san of you

and mamma mamma-san

Lemme tell ya about your blood bamboo kid.

It ain't Coca-Cola it's rice.

Go straight to hell boys

Oh papa-san, please take me home

Oh papa-san, Everybody they wanna go home

So mamma-san says

(So mamma-san says) (repeat)

You wanna play mind-crazed banjo

On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A.?

In parkland international

Hah! junkiedom U.S.A.

Lily Allen Lyrics on http://www.lyrics-celebrities.anekatips.com/

Where procaine proves

the purest rock man groove

And rat poison

The volatile molotov says

(Go straight to hell boys)

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 mo man's land

And there ain't no asylum here

King Solomon he never lived round here

Go straight to hell boys

Go straight to hell!