

# Pogues, Cotton Fields

Now the party's over  
And the money's all gone  
You remember feeling like  
Jesus' son  
Your girl has left your side  
And now you're gonna get crucified

They're gonna crucify you  
Crucify you  
Crucify you  
Crucify you  
In those old cotton fields back home

Too late to joke or crack a smile  
You gotta carry  
That shit up that drunken mile  
When they put the electrodes  
In your brain  
Even your Mother won't know you're sane  
First Lord Nelson's sunken ships  
Now Steve Lillywhite's drunken mix