

# Down in the Ground Where the Dead Men Go

The Pogues

Hello boys I've been away  
On a bit of a holiday  
To the land where the rivers freely flow  
And the cattle roam on the wild callagh  
Walking home three parts pissed  
I stumbled and fell in the morning mist  
I fell and rolled in the hungry grass  
That tells the tale of a terrible past  
I screamed and rolled and dreamt I fell  
Down in the depths of a freezing hell  
With a man coming up with the bugs inside  
Bouncing tooth in a skull that died  
We laughed to old times and the bad old days  
Gonna wrap me up and takin' me away  
Four million people starved to death  
Could smell the curse on their dying breath  
Where no one ever wants to go

Down in the ground where the dead men go...

To hell which is circular all around  
Down in the belly of the big cold ground  
The moving shadows were everywhere  
The very trees seemed to bend and stare  
I remembered the dunes on a Sligo shore  
Screamed and ran till I could run no more  
Over the fields and across the moor  
I ran in the house and slammed the door  
What the hell's that over there  
A putrefying corpse sitting in that chair  
Where no one ever wants to go

Down in the ground where the dead men go...

Been drunk as a skunk since I've been home  
From bar to bar like a ghost I roamed  
I can't forget those things I saw  
Been down with the devil in the Dalling Road  
One place I don't want to go

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