

Sit Down by the Fire

The Pogues

Sit down by the fire
And I'll tell you a story
To send you away to your bed
Of the things you hear creeping
When everyone's sleeping
And you wish you were out here instead

It isn't the mice in the wall
It isn't the wind in the well
But each night they march
Out of that hole in the wall
Passing through on their way
Out of hell

They're the things that you see
When you wake up and scream
The cold things that follow you
Down the Boreen
They live in the small ring of trees on the hill
Up at the top of the field

And they dance on the rain
And they dance on the wind
They tap on the window
When no-one is in
And if ever you see them

Pretend that you're dead
Or they'll bite off your head
They'll rip out your liver
And dance on your neck
They dance on your head
They dance on your chest
They give you the cramp
And the cholic for jest

They're the things that you see
When you wake up and scream
The cold things that follow you
Down the Boreen
They live in the small ring of trees on the hill
Up at the top of the field

They play on the wind
They sing on the rain
They dance on your eyes
They dance in your brain

Remember this place
It is damp and it's cold
The best place on earth
But it's dark and it's old
So lie near the wall
And cover your head
Good night and God bless,
Now fuck off to bed
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