

# The Sick Bed of Cúchulainn

The Pogues

McCormack and Richard Tauber are singing by the bed  
There's a glass of punch below your feet and an angel at your head  
There's devils on each side of you with bottles in their hands  
You need one more drop of poison and you'll dream of foreign lands

When you pissed yourself in Frankfurt and got syph down in Cologne  
And you heard the rattling death trains as you lay there all alone  
Frank Ryan bought you whiskey in a brothel in Madrid  
And you decked some fucking black shirt who was cursing all the Yids

At the sick bed of Cuchulainn we'll kneel and say a prayer  
But the ghosts are rattling at the door and devil's in the chair

Well, in the Euston Tavern you screamed it was your shout  
But they wouldn't give you service so you kicked the windows out  
They took you out into the street, kicked you in the brains  
So you walked back in through a bolted door and did it all again

At the sick bed of Cuchulainn we'll kneel and say a prayer  
And the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in the chair

You remember that foul evening when you heard the banshees howl  
There was lazy drunken bastards singing Billy in the bowl  
They took you up to midnight mass and left you in the lurch  
So you dropped a button in the plate and spewed up in the church

Now you'll sing a song of liberty for blacks and paks and jocks  
And they'll take you from this dump you're in and stick you in a box  
Then they'll take you to Cloughprior and shove you in the ground  
But you'll stick your head back out and shout we'll have another round

At the graveside of Cuchulainn we'll kneel around and pray  
And God is in his heaven and Billy's down by the bay