

# 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  
Tisťeno z [www.txp.cz](http://www.txp.cz)