

# Bottle of Smoke

The Pogues

Thanks and praises, thanks to Jesus  
I bet on the bottle of smoke  
I went to hell and to the races  
To bet on the bottle of smoke

The day being clear, the sky being bright  
He came up on the left like a streak of light  
Like a drunken fuck on a Saturday night  
Up came the bottle of smoke

Twenty fucking five to one  
Me gambling days are done  
I bet on a horse called the 'Bottle Of Smoke'  
And my horse won

Stewards inquiries, swift and fiery  
I had the bottle of smoke  
Inquisitions and suppositions  
I had the bottle of smoke

Fuck the stewards a trip to Lourdes  
Might give the old fuckers the power of sight  
Screaming springers and stoppers and call out coppers  
But the money still gleams in my hand like a light

Twenty fucking five to one  
Me gambling days are done  
I bet on a horse called the 'Bottle Of Smoke'  
And my horse won

Bookies cursing, cars reversing  
I had the bottle of smoke  
Glasses steaming, vessels bursting  
I had the bottle of smoke

Slip a fifty to the wife  
And for each brat a crisp new five  
To give me a break on a Saturday night  
When I had the bottle of smoke

Twenty fucking five to one  
Me gambling days are done  
I bet on a horse called the 'Bottle Of Smoke'  
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Priests and maidens drunk as pagans  
They had the bottle of smoke  
Sins forgiven and celebrations  
They had the bottle of smoke

Fuck the yanks and drink their wives  
The moon is clear, the sky is bright  
I'm happy as the horse's site  
Up came the bottle of smoke

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Me gambling days are done

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Come on you bastards

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