

Cotton Fields

The Pogues

Now the party's over
And the money's all gone
You remember feeling like Jesus' son

Now your girl has left your side
And now you're gonna get crucified

They're gonna crucify you
Crucify you, crucify you, crucify you
In those old cotton fields back home, back home

Too late to joke or crack a smile
You gotta carry that shit up that drunken mile
When they put the electrodes in your brain

Even your Mother won't know you're sane
First Lord Nelson's sunken ships
Now Steve Lillywhite's drunken mix

They're gonna crucify you
Crucify you, crucify you, crucify you
In those old cotton fields back home, back home

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