

Hot Asphalt

The Pogues

You can talk about the concrete, and the boys who work
the train
The fellas in the hoppers, in the sun, and wind, and
rain
The boys who lay the blacktop, you ought to see them
belt
Workin' on the highway, laying hot asphalt

There were boys from Connemara, County Mayo, and
Kildare
The Sligo pincher kiddies, sure all Ireland was there.
We were working all around the clock, you should have
seen his belt
As we were racing up the highway, laying hot asphalt

We laid it in the hollows, and we laid it in the flats
And if it doesn't last forever, then I swear I'll eat
me hat
I've traveled up and down the world, and sure I never
felt
Any surface that was equal, to the hot asphalt

We spread in the summer, and we laid it nice hot
Two million yards or more of it, we had to roll the lot
The sun was blazing down; until I thought me back would
melt
Working on the Motor highway, laying hot asphalt

We laid it in the hollows, and we laid it in the flats
And if it doesn't last forever, then I swear I'll eat
me hat
I've traveled up and down the world, and sure I never
felt
Any surface that was equal, to the hot asphalt

When you're speeding in your motor car and tearing
through the shires
And the only thing you're hearing is the humming of
your tires
You'll be riding soft and easy, with a road as smooth
as felt
Then don't forget the boys, who lay the hot asphalt

We laid it in the hollows, and we laid it in the flats
And if it doesn't last forever, then I swear I'll eat
me hat
I've traveled up and down the world, and sure I never
felt
Any surface that was equal, to the hot asphalt