

# Tospint

The Pogues

Tospint rises early  
Sprung from a nightmare's claw  
Thrice crows the dawn cock  
The mist is on the moor

Tospint cries from croaking gills  
Thank God I'm not forsaken  
From the hellish depths of sleep  
At last I am awakened

Tospint flushed his kidneys  
Rained a golden shower  
Pleased to piss a good pot full  
He shat upon the hour

Tospint filled his belly  
With tripe and ox's tongue  
Sucking pig stuffed with figs  
Into his guts he flung

Full belly and the dance is merry  
Where hunger reigns no strength obtains  
The wheel spins, the gurdy hums  
Ring the bells and beat the drum

Tospint drinks lustily  
And pees against the sun  
All around the hoary oak  
The laughing maidens run

Tospint warms his codpiece  
To the flour adds the yeast  
In the field by Tanner's Mill  
He plays to two-backed beast

Twist the spigot, close the hole  
Stoke the fire and blow the coal  
The wheel spins, the gurdy hums  
Ring the bells and beat the drum

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Tospint fell foul of dogma  
And slipped into a schism  
The trial was quick, the sky grew dark  
They led him from the prison

Tied him to a stake of oak  
Lit a fire of wood and coke  
The crowd sang out "His bacon's smoked!"  
The bells rang out "Tospint's croaked!"

Tospint under flaming sky  
Walks through the fires of Hell

Where bestial demons threw the damned  
Screaming as they fell

Into the pits of burning coals  
Tossaint throws up his last bowl  
Mingled with the soup  
His soul

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Sprung from a nightmare's claw  
Thrice crows the dawn cock  
The mist is on the moor

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Stoke the fire and blow the coal  
The wheel spins, the gurdy hums  
Ring the bells and beat the drum