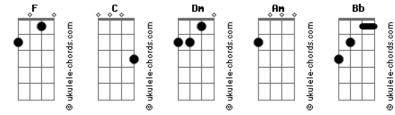
The Pogues - Sick Bed Of Cachulainn

Tom: F

(intro) C Dm C Dm C Dm F C С Dm Mc Cormack and Richard Tauber Dm С Are singing by the bed. Dm С There's a glass of punch below your feet F С And an angel at your head. There's (C) devils on each (Dm) side of you With (C) bottles in their (Dm) hands. Dm C You need one more drop of poison And you'll dream of foreign lands. F Bb When you pissed yourself in Frankfurt С And got syph down in Cologne F Bb And you heard the rattling death trains C As you lay there all alone, Frank Ryan brought you whiskey In a brothel in Madrid Bb And you decked some fucking blackshirt Who was cursing all the Yids. At the sick bed of Cuchulainn Bb F We'll kneel and say a prayer Bb And the ghosts are rattling at the door F С And the devil's in the chair. (FFBbF)

F Bb And in the Euston Tavern C F You screamed it was your shout F Bb But they wouldn't give you service C F So you kicked the windows out. F C They took you out into the street Bb C

Acordes



And kicked you in the brains, Bb So you walked back in through a bolted door C And did it all again. F At the sick bed of Cuchulainn Bb We'll kneel and say a prayer Bb And the ghosts are rattling at the door C F And the devil's in the chair.

(FBbC)

С Dm You're member that foul evening When you heard the banshees howl, C Dm There was lazy drunken bastards E. Singing 'Billy is in the bowl.' Dm They took you up to midnight mass Dm And left you in the lurch So you dropped a button in the plate Am And spewed up in the church.

Now you'll sing a song of liberty For blacks and paks and jocks Bh F And they'll take you from this dump you're in And stick you in a box. C F Then they'll take you to Cloughprior Bb And shove you in the ground Bb But you'll stick your head back out and shout, "We'll have another round." At the graveside of Cuchulainn Bb We'll kneel around and pray Bb And God is in His heaven, C And Billy's down by the bay.

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(FBbC)
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