

Poca Mahoney's

Peter Doherty

Well, the other evening round at Poca Mahoney's
Usual cronies were lurking there
A suped up pansy and a delinquent dandy
Next to Link Man Wray, mutterings on the stairs, saying

It's not a question of our Lord
It's more a question of, oh

Man of the cloak, priest, bishop or pope
Mother fucker, Poca Mahone

Same time next week round at Poca Mahoneys
Other cronies waiting there
Miss Sax-Coburg-Gotha
The Duchess of Noscha
A dead ringer for Link Man Wray
Mumbling on the stairs

It's not a question of
Oh no, it's more a question of

Man of the cloak, priest, bishop or pope
Mother fucker, Poca Mahone

My little soul was five years old
Mother fucker turned me to stone
Man of the cloak, priest, bishop or pope
Mother fucker, Poca Mahone