

Straight To Hell

The Clash

Bm **G**
If you can play on the fiddle
Bm **G**
How's about a British jig and reel?
D
Speaking King's English in quotation
G
As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust
D
water froze in the
G
generation
Bm **G**
Clear as winter ice
Bm **G**
This is your paradise
D
There ain't no need for ya
G
There ain't no need for ya
D
Go straight to hell boys
G
Go straight to hell boys

Bm **G**
Y'wanna join in a chorus
Of the Amerasian blues?
When it's Christmas out in Ho Chi Minh City
Kiddie say poppa poppa poppa poppa
San take me home
See me got photo photo
Photograph of you
Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Of you and Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Lemme tell ya 'bout your blood bamboo kid.
It ain't Coca-Cola it's rice.

Straight to hell
Oh Poppa-san
Please take me home
Oh Poppa-san
Everybody they wanna go home
So Mamma-san says

(Here is where you simply repeat th intro)

You wanna play mindcrazed banjo
On the druggy+drag ragtime U.S.A.?
In Parkland International
Hah! Junkiedom U.S.A.
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove
and rat poison
The volatile Molatov says-

Go straight to hell

Can you really cough it up loud and strong
The immigrants
They wanna sing all night long
It could be anywhere
Most likely could be any frontier
Any hemisphere
No man's land and there ain't no asylum here
King Solomon he never lived round here