

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- 48 Hours -----

Friday or Saturday, what does that mean?
Short space of time an' needs a heavy scene
Monday is comin' like a jail on wheels

Forty-eight hours needs forty-eight
Forty-eight hours needs a'forty-eight
Forty-eight hours needs forty-eight
Thrills, forty-eight thrills

So tell me, and I'll take the tube
You know a girl, yeah well she's bound to be rude
Can't a'get a'nothin' at the places I've been

(Chorus)

I've combed this town from top to bottom
Try to get around but my legs are broken
Every time, I miss it, 'cause I ain't got a ticket

(Chorus)

Cheap thrills
And he got thrills

Kickin' for kicks

(Chorus)

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Career Opportunities -----

They offered me the office, offered me the shop
They said I'd better take anything they'd got
Do you wanna make tea at the BBC?
Do you wanna be, do you really wanna be a cop?

Career opportunity the one that never knocks
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunity, the one that never knocks

I hate the army and I hate the RAF
I don't wanna go fighting in the tropical heat
I hate the civil service rules
I won't open letter bombs for you

Career opportunity the one that never knock

Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunity, the one that never knock

Oi!
Bus driver
Ambulance man
Ticket inspector
I don't understand

They're gonna have to introduce conscription
They're gonna have to take away my prescription
If they wanna get me makin' toys
If they wanna get me, well I got no choice

Career opportunity the one that never knock
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunity, the one that never knock

Career
Career
Career
It ain't never gonna knock

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Cheat -----

I get violent when I'm fucked up
I get silent when I'm drugged up
Want excitement, don't get none, I go wild
I don't know what can be done about it
If you play the game you get nothin' out of it
Find out for yourself try bein' a goody goody

You better cheat cheat, no reason to play fair
Cheat, cheat or don't get anywhere
Cheat, cheat if you can't win

Nobody knows what they are doin'
Beyond your control, Friday night's a ruin
You wanna survive, you better learn how to lie

(Chorus)

Don't use the rules
They're not for you, they're for the fools
And you're a fool if you don't know that
So use the rule you stupid fool

----- 1977 The Clash -----

----- Deny -----

Deny, you're such a liar
Wouldn't know the truth if it hit you in the eye
Deny, you're such a liar
Sellin' your no no all the time

And you said we were goin' out to The Hundred Club
Then you said "It ain't my scene"
Then you turned up alone
Then you turned up alone

Deny, you're such a liar
Wouldn't know the truth hit you in the street
Deny, you're such a liar
You're sellin' your no no all the time

Then said you'd given it up
Gone and kicked it in the head
You said you ain't had none for weeks
Baby I seen your arms, baby I seen your arms

(Chorus)

Do you think I'm a ravin' idiot?
Just got off the boat
Step in live, sign this form
Baby ain't got a heart
You ain't got a hope

(What a liar)
Deny you're such a liar
Deny, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies
Let's here it for truth
You know like in the 12P comic
In a room filled with scream a'with ice cream
Boy meets girl
Then probably gets run over
Oh, everybody cried
But I don't know why
I'm a fool, I can't control
I've read a'one too many books
I believe everything I read
What they've written in the Slutsville paper
Deny, you're such a lie

----- 1977 The Clash -----

----- Garageland -----

Back in the garage with my bullshit detector
Carbon monoxide makin' sure it's effective
People ringin' up makin' offers for my life
I just want to stay in the garage all night

We're a garage band, oh
We come from Garageland, oh

Meanwhile things are hottin' up in the West End alright
Contracts in the offices, groups in the night
My bumming slumming friends have all got new boots
And someone just asked me if the group would wear suits

(Chorus)

I don't want to hear about what the rich are doin'
I don't want to go to where, where the rich are goin'
They think they're so clever, they think they're so right
But the truth is only known by guttersnipes

(Chorus)

There's twenty-two singers! But one microphone
Back in the garage
There's five guitar players! But one guitar
Back in the garage
Complaints! Complaints! What an old bag

Back in the garage
Back in the garage
Back in the garage

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Hate & War -----

Hate & war
The only things we got today

And if I close my eyes
They will not go away
You have to deal with it
It is the currency

Hate, hate, hate
Hate, hate, hate

The hate of a nation
A million miles from home
And get war from the junkies

Who don't like my form
I'm gonna stay in the city
Even when the house fall down
I don't dream of a holiday
When hate and war come around

Hate & war
The only thing we got today
Hate & war
The only thing

I have no will to survive
I cheat if I can't win
If someone locks me out
I kick my way back in
And if I get aggression
I give it two time back
Every day it's just the same
With hate an' war on my back

Hate and war, I hate English men
Hate and war, just as bad as wops
Hate and war, I hate all the politeness
Hate and war, I hate all the cops

Hate and war, I want to walk down any street
Hate and war, looking like a creep
Hate and war, I don't care if I get beat up
Hate and war, by any rotten Greek

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- I'm So Bored With The U.S.A. -----

[Verse 1]
Yankee soldier
He wanna shoot some skag
He met it in Cambodia
But now he can't afford a bag
Yankee dollar talk
To the dictator of the world
In fact it's giving orders
And they can't afford to miss a word

[Chorus]
I'm so bored with the U.S.A
I'm so bored with the U.S.A
But what can I do?

[Verse 2]

Yankee detectives
Are always on the TV
Because killers in America
Work seven days a week
Never mind the stars and stripes
Let's play the Watergate Tapes
I'll salute the New Wave
And I hope nobody escapes

[Chorus]

I'm so bored with the U.S.A
I'm so bored with the U.S.A
But what can I do?

I'm so bored with the U.S.A
I'm so bored with the U.S.A
But what can I do?

I'm so bored with the U.S.A
I'm so bored with the U.S.A
But what can I do?

[Outro]

Move up Starsky
For the C.I.A
Suck on Kojak
For the USA

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Janie Jones -----

[Chorus]

He's in love with the rock' n' roll world
He's in love with getting stoned world
He's in love with Janie Jones' world
He don't like his borin' job, no

He's in love with the rock' n' roll world
He's in love with getting stoned world
He's in love with Janie Jones' world
He don't like his borin' job, no

[Verse 1]

And he knows what he got to do
He knows he's gonna have fun with you
You lucky lady
And he knows when the evenin' comes
When his job is done he'll be over in his car for you

[Chorus]

He's in love with the rock' n' roll world
He's in love with getting stoned world
He's in love with Janie Jones' world
He don't like his borin' job, no

[Verse 2]

And in the in-tray lots of work
But the boss at the firm always thinks he shirks
But he's just like everyone, he got a Ford Cortina
That just won't run without fuel
Fill her up, Jacko

[Chorus]

He's in love with the rock' n' roll world
He's in love with getting stoned world
He's in love with Janie Jones' world
He don't like his borin' job, no

[Verse 3]

And the invoice it don't quite fit
No payola'r in his alphabetical file
'Cept for the government, man
An' he's just gonna really tell the boss
Gonna really let him know exactly how he feels
It's pretty bad

[Chorus]

He's in love with the rock' n' roll world
He's in love with getting stoned world
He's in love with Janie Jones' world
He don't like his borin' job, no

[Outro]

Oh
Oh
Let them know
Let them know

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- London's Burning -----

London's burnin'! London's burnin'!

All across the town, all across the night
Everybody's drivin' with full headlights
Black or white ya' turn it on, ya' face the new religion
Everybody's sittin' 'round watching television!

London's burnin' with boredom now
London's burning dial 99999
London's burnin' with boredom now
London's burnin' dial 99999

I'm up and down the Westway, in and out the lights
What a great traffic system, it's so bright
I can't think of a better way to spend the night
Than speedin' around underneath the yellow lights

(Chorus)

Now I'm in the subway and I'm lookin' for the flat
This one leads to this block, this one leads to that
The wind howls through the empty blocks looking for a home
I run through the empty stone because I'm all alone

(Chorus)

(Here we go)

(inaudible shouting)

London's burnin'!

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Police and Thieves -----

They're going through a tight wind

Police and thieves in the streets, oh yeah
Scar in' the nation with their guns and ammunition
Police and thieves in the street, oh yeah
Fightin' the nation with their guns and ammunition

From genesis to revelation
The next generation will be, hear me
From genesis to revelation
The next generation will be, hear me
And all the crowd come in, a'day by day
No one stop it in anyway
All the peacemaker, turn war officer
Hear what I say

(Chorus)

From genesis to revelation
The next generation will be, hear me
Oh yeah

Oh yeah

And all the crowd come in, day by day
No one stop it in anyway
All the peacemaker, turn war officer
Hear what I say

Police, police, police and thieves, oh yeah
Police, police, police and thieves, oh yeah
From genesis, oh yeah
Police, police, police, police and thieves, oh yeah

And I'm scarin', I'm fightin' the nation, oh yeah
Shootin', shootin' their guns and, guns and ammunition
Oh yeah

Police, police, police and thieves, oh yeah
I'm scarin', oh yeah
I'm scarin' the nation, police oh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeah
Oh yeah

Here come, here come, here come
The station is bombed, oh yeah
Get out, get out, get out you people
If ya' don't want to get blown up, oh yeah

The police, the police and the thieves, oh yeah
Ya' gotta lick the ground
But you are trapped in the middle, punk

Police (x24)

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Protex Blue -----

Standin' in the bog of a West End bar
Guy on the right leanin' over too far
Money in my pocket gonna put it in the slot
Open up the pack see what type I got

I didn't want to hold you
I didn't want to use you
Protex, Protex blue
All I wanna do

It's a fab protective for that type of a girl
But everybody knows that she uses it well

It's the therapeutic structure I can use at will
But I don't think it fit my B.D. drill

(Chorus)

Protex, protex blue
All I wanna do

Sittin' in a carriage of a Bakerloo
Erotica my pocket got a packet for you
Advert on the escalator on my way home
I don't need no skin flicks, I want to be alone

(Chorus)

Johnny, Johnny

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- Remote Control -----

[Verse 1]

Who needs remote control
From the Civic Hall
Push a button
Activate
You got to work, you're late

[Verse 2]

It's so grey in London town
With a Panda car crawlin' around
Here it comes
Eleven o'clock
Where can we go now?

[Chorus]

Can't make a noise
Can't get no gear
Can't make no money
Can't get outta here

[Verse 3]

Big business it don't like you
It don't like the things ya' do
They got no money
They got no power
They think you're useless
An' so you are, punk!

[Verse 4]

They had a meeting in Mayfair
They got ya' down and
They want to keep you there
It makes them worried
Their bank accounts
That's all that matters
You don't count

[Chorus]
Can't make no progress
Can't get ahead
Can't stop the regress
Don't wanna be dead

(Look out those rules and regulations)

[Verse 5]
Who needs the Parliament
Sittin' makin' laws all day
They're all fat and old
Queuin' for the House of Lords
Repression (gonna start on Tuesday)
Repression (gonna be a Dalek)
Repression (I am a robot)
Repression (I obey)

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- What's My Name -----

[Verse 1]
What the hell is wrong with me?
I'm not who I want to be
I tried spot cream an' I tried it all
I'm crawlin' up the wall

[Chorus]
What's my name?
Name
Name

[Verse 2]
I tried to join a ping-pong club
Sign on the door said "All full up"
I got nicked, fightin' in the road
And the judge didn't even know

[Chorus]
What's my name?
Name

Name

[Bridge]

Dad got pissed so I got clocked
Couldn't hear the Tannoy so he lost the lot
Offers Mum a bribe through the letter box
Drives you fucking mad

[Verse 3]

Now I'm round the back of your house at night
Peepin' in the window, are you sleepin' tight?
I laugh at your locks with my celloid strip
And you won't know who came

[Outro]

What's my name?
Name
Name
What's my name?
Name
Name

----- 1977 The Clash -----
----- White Riot -----

[Chorus]

White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own
White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own

[Verse 1]

Black man got a lotta problems
But they don't mind throwin' a brick
White people go to school
Where they teach you how to be real thick

[Bridge]

Everybody's doin'
Just what they're told to
And nobody wants
To go to jail!

[Chorus]

White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own
White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own

[Verse 2]

All the power's in the hands
Of the people rich enough to buy it
While we walk the street
Too chicken to even try it

[Bridge]

Everybody's doin'
Just what they're told to
And nobody wants
To go to jail!

[Chorus]

White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own
White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own

[Verse 3]

Are ya' takin' over
Or are ya' takin' orders?
Are ya' goin' backwards
Or are ya' goin' forwards?

[Chorus]

White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own
White riot, I wanna riot
White riot, a riot of my own

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----

----- All the Young Punks (New Boots and Contracts) -----

[Verse 1]

Hangin' about
Down the market street
I spent a lot of time on my feet
When I saw some passin' yabbos
We did chance to speak

[Pre-Chorus]

I knew how to sing, ya' know
An' they knew how to pose
An' one of them had a Les Paul
Heart attack machine

[Chorus]

All the young punks
Laugh your life

'Cause there ain't much to cry for
All you young cunts
Live it now
'Cause there ain't much to die for

[Verse 2]
Everybody wants to bum
A ride on the rock 'n' roller coaster
And we went out
Got our name in small print on the poster
Of course we got a manager
Though he ain't the mafia
A contract is a contract
When they get 'em out on ya'

[Pre-Chorus]
You gotta drag yourself to work
Drag yourself to sleep
You're dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week

[Chorus]
All the young punks
Laugh your life
'Cause there ain't much to cry for
All you young cunts
Live it now
'Cause there ain't much to die for

[Bridge]
You gotta drag yourself to work
Drug yourself to sleep
You're dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week

[Verse 3]
Face front ya' got the future shining
Like a piece of gold
But I swear as we get closer
It look more like a lump of coal
But it's better than some factory
Now that's no place to waste your youth
I worked there for a week once
I luckily got the boot

[Chorus]
All the young punks
Laugh your life
'Cause there ain't much to cry for

All you young cunts
Live it now
'Cause there ain't much to die for

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Cheapskates -----

[Intro]

I have been a washer up
And he has been a scrubber up
And I've seen him a pickin' up
Dog ends in the rain
And he has never read a book
Though I told him to take a look
He lifted his pool hall cue
For another game

[Verse 1]

But it isn't no modern miracle
That we found the golden rule
What you can't buy, ya' gotta steal
And what ya' say can't steal ya' better leave
I don't like to hang about
In this lonely room
'Cause London is for going out
And tryin' to hear a tune
But people come poncin' up to me
And say, "What are you doing here
You're supposed to be a star
Not a cheapskate bleeding queer?"
Like a load of rats from a sinkin' ship
You slag us down to save your hip
But don't give me the benefit of your doubt
Because I'll bite it off and spit it out

[Chorus]

We're cheapskates anything'll do
We're cheapskates what are we supposed to do?

[Pre / Post Chorus]

And we can rock, hey hey let's roll
And we can walk, and do the stroll

[Chorus]

We're cheapskates, anything'll do
We're cheapskates, what are we supposed to do?
(?)

[Verse 2]

Just because we're in a group
You all think we're stinkin' rich
And we all got a'model girls
Sheddin' every stitch
And you think the cocaine's flowin'
Like a river up our noses
And every sea will part for us
Like the red one did for Moses
Well I hope ya' make it one day
Just like you always said ya' would some day
But I'll get out my money and make a bet
That I'll be seein' down the Launderette

[Chorus]

We're cheapskates, anything'll do
We're cheapskates what are we supposed to do?

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Drug-Stabbing Time -----

[Chorus]

Drug-stabbin' time
Better get workin' on the Ford line
A'payin' off the big fine
Drug-stabbin' time

[Verse 1]

Drug-stabbin' time
Is from nine to nine
Nobody wants a user
Nobody needs a loser
So kick him out that door
Don't answer it no more

[Chorus]

Drug-stabbin' time
Better get workin' on the Ford line
A'payin' off the big fine
Drug-stabbin' time

[Verse 2]

Drug-stabbin' time
Yeah, it's a Greenwich Mean Time
Your friends all hate each other
You think you've got another
But who's at at the door?
Don't answer it no more

[Chorus]

Drug-stabbin' time
Better get workin' on the Ford line
A'payin' off the big fine
Drug-stabbin' time

[Solo]

[Verse 3]
Drug-stabbin' time
In a bedroom cryin'
There's a tape recordin' on a telephone line
And it's ringin' from the floor
So don't answer it no more

[Chorus]
Drug-stabbin' time
Better get workin' on the Ford line
A'payin' off the big fine
Drug-stabbin' time

Drug-stabbin' time
Better get workin' on the Ford line
A'payin' off the big fine
Drug-stabbin' time

[Bridge]
Drug-stabbin' time (Drug-stabbin')
Drug-stabbin' time
Drug-stabbin' time (Drug habit)
Drug-stabbin' time

[Verse 4]
Now, I was lyin' in my room
It was rainin' drugs all afternoon
I hear this car pull up outside
Comes to a stop like, skreeee
Someone's in a hurry
And someone better worry
'Cause these four guys all had on their feet
A pair of black shoes, shinin' and neat, I thinks
Hmm, black shoes
Good lord, that's bad news
Yeah, here they come chargin' up the stairs
"Alright sonny, just tell us where!"

[Outro]
Drug-stabbin' time ("Don't ask me, mate!")
Better get on the Ford line ("You're an officer?")
A'payin' off the big fine ("Nasty, ain't ya?")

Drug-stabbin' time

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- English Civil War -----

[Verse 1]

When Johnny comes marchin' home again, hurrah, tala
He's comin' by bus or underground, hurrah, tala
A woman's eye will shed a tear
To see his face so beaten in fear
And it was just around the corner in the English Civil War

[Verse 2]

It was still at the stage of clubs and fists, hurrah, tala
When that well known face got beaten to bits, hurrah, tala
Your face was blue in the light of the screen
As watched the speech of an animal scream
New Party army was marchin' right over our heads

[Bridge]

All right!

[Pre-Chorus]

Ha, ha, I told you so, hurrah, tala
Says everybody that we know, hurrah, tala
But who hid a radio under the stairs?
Who got caught out unawares?
New Party army came marchin' right up the stairs

[Chorus]

When Johnny comes marchin' home again, hurrah, tala
Nobody understands it can happen again, hurrah, tala
The sun is shinin' and the kids are shoutin' loud
Ya' got to know it's shinin' through a crack in the cloud
And the shadows keep on fallin', when Johnny comes marchin' home

[Outro]

Hurrah, Johnny
Oh yeah, Johnny
Oh, the guns come home
(?) comin' home

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Guns On the Roof -----

I swear by Almighty God
To tell the whole truth
And nothin' but the truth

Guns guns (x4)

They torture all the women and children
Then they've put the men to the gun
Because across the human frontier
Freedom's always on the run

Guns guns, a-shakin' in terror
Guns guns, killin' in error
Guns guns, guilty hands
Guns guns, shatter the lands

A system built by the sweat of the many
Creates assassins to kill off the few
Take any place and call it a court house
This is a place where no judge can stand
Sue the lawyers and burn all the papers
Unlock the keys of the legal rapers
A jury of a billion faces
Shouted out condemned out of hand

Guns guns, and nobody's kiddin'
Guns guns, or foolin' around
Guns guns, the violence is singin'
Guns guns, a silence the sound

And I like to be in Africa
A'beatin' on the final drum
I like to be in U.S.S.R
Makin' sure these things will come
I like to be in U.S.A
Pretendin' that the wars are done
And I like to be in Europe
Saying goodbye to everyone

Guns guns, guns on the roof
Guns guns, made to shoot (x5)

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Julie's Been Working For the Drug Squad -----

[Verse 1]

It's Lucy and this guy and all kinds of apple pie
She giggles at the screen because it looks so green
There's carpets on the pavements and feathers in her eye
But sooner or later, her new friend will realize
That Julie's been working for the drug squad
Julie's been working for the drug squad

She will even look you in the eye!

Well it seemed like a dream, too good to be true
Stash it in the bank while the tablets grow high in their millions
And everybody's high-igh-igh (Hi! Man)
But there's someone looking down from that mountainside

[Chorus 1]
'cause Julie's been working for the drug squad[x2]
Come On!

[Chorus 2]
Ten years for you, nineteen for you
And you can get out in twenty-five
That is if you're alive, oh alive
Don't get a life, oh alive, oh

[Verse 2]
And then there came the night of the greatest ever raid
They arrested every drug that had ever been made
They took eighty-two laws through eighty-two doors
And they didn't halt the pull till the cells were all full

[Chorus 1]

[Verse 3]
They put him in a cell, they said, "You wait here"
You've got the time to count all of your hair
You've got fifteen years, it's mighty long time
You could have been a physicist, but now your name is on the mailbag list

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

"You're fair
Shouldn't stay alone...!"

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Last Gang In Town -----

[Intro]
Everybody's lookin' for
Last gang in town
Ya' better watch out, boy
They're all comin' around

[Verse 1]
The sport of today is excitin'

The in-crowd are in for infightin'
When some punk sees your rock-olla
It's rock and roll all over
In every street and every station
Kids fight like different nations
And it's brawn against brain and knife against chain
But it's all young blood flowin' down the drain

[Chorus]

The crops hit the stiffs and the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all lookin' 'round
The crops hit the stiffs and the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all lookin' 'round for the last gang in town

[Verse 2]

Meanwhile down in a' blacky town
Those old soul rebels are hangin' around
And when some punk come a'lookin' for sound
Rastafari goes to the ground
The white heart flipped the pocket dipped
Because a black sharp knife never slips
And they never say to one another
That tomorrow we might kill our brothers

[Chorus]

The crops hit the stiffs and the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all lookin' 'round
The crops hit the stiffs and the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all lookin' 'round for the last gang in town

[Bridge]

Oh, come on, come on
Yeah, Kentucky Fried Chicken
Yeah, come on, come on
Come on an' yell out, baby

[Verse 3]

Down from the edge of London
The Rock City rebels came
From another edge of London
Skinhead gangs call out their name
But not the Zydeco kids from the high rise
Although they can't be recognized
When you hear a Cajun fiddle then you're nearly in the middle
Of the last gang in town

[Chorus]

The crops hit the stiffs and the spikes whipped the quiffs
Well, they're all lookin' 'round

The crops hit the stiffes and the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all lookin' 'round for the last gang in town
Last gang in town

[Outro/Solo]

Where are they now? (Last gang in town)

Where are they now? (Last gang in town)

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----

----- Safe European Home -----

[Chorus]

Well, I just got back an I wish I never leave now

(Where'd ya' go?)

Who that Martian arrival at the airport, yeah?

(Where'd ya' go?)

How many local dollars for a local anesthetic?

(Where'd ya' go?)

The Johnny on the corner wasn't very sympathetic

(Where'd ya' go?)

[Verse 1]

I went to the place where every white face

Is an invitation to robbery

An' sitting here in my safe European home

Don't wanna go back there again

[Pre-Chorus]

Wasn't I lucky, wouldn't it be lovely?

(Where'd ya' go?)

Send us all cards and have a lay in on Sunday

(Where'd ya' go?)

I was there for two weeks, so how come I never tell now?

(Where'd ya' go?)

That natty dread drinks at the Sheraton Hotel, yeah?

(Where'd ya' go?)

[Chorus]

Well, I just got back an I wish I never leave now

(Where'd ya' go?)

Who that Martian arrival at the airport, yeah?

(Where'd ya' go?)

How many local dollars for a local anesthetic?

(Where'd ya' go?)

The Johnny on the corner wasn't very sympathetic

(Where'd ya' go?)

[Verse 2]

They got the sun and they got the palm trees

(Where'd ya' go?)
They got the weed and they got the taxis
(Where'd ya' go?)
Whoa, "The Harder They Come" and the home of ol' Bluebeat
(Where'd ya' go?)
I'd stay and be a tourist but I can't take the gun play
(Where'd ya'?)

[Chorus]
Well, I just got back an I wish I never leave now
(Where'd ya' go?)
Who that Martian arrival at the airport, yeah?
(Where'd ya' go?)
How many local dollars for a local anesthetic?
(Where'd ya' go?)
The Johnny on the corner wasn't very sympathetic
(Where'd ya' go?)

[Outro]
What? Rudie come from Jamaica, Rudie can't fail
Rudie come from Jamaica, Rudie can't fail
Rudie come from Jamaica, 'cause Rudie can't fail
Rudie come From Jamaica, Rudie can't fail
(Our European home)
(Grey European home)
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie can't fail
(Dull European home)
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie can't fail
(Dutty European home)
Rudie loots and Rudie shoots and Rudie gun man don't back down
(Instant European home)
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, guns are comin' (drum roll)
(Credits European home)
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie can't fail
(The big lights European home)
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie he can't fail
(You got the nice guy European home)
(Explosive European home)
Rudie come up from Jamaica, 'cause Rudie can't fail
And twenty-four Track European home
Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie, Rudie loots and Rudie shoots
Elder come and the Rudie go but no one knows where police must go

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----
----- Stay Free -----

[Intro]
We met when we were at school
Never took no shit from no one, we weren't fools

The teacher says we're dumb, we're only havin' fun
You know we piss on everyone in the classroom

[Verse 1]

When we got thrown out I left without much fuss
And weekends we'd go dancin' down Streatham on the bus
You always made me laugh, got me in bad fights
Play me pool all night, smokin' menthols

[Verse 2]

I practiced daily in my room
You were down at Crown plannin' your next move
Go on a nickin' spree, hit the wrong guy
Each of you get three years in Brixton

[Bridge]

I did my very best to write
How was Butlins? Were the screws too tight?
When you lot get out were gonna hit the town
We'll burn it fucking down to a cinder

[Chorus]

'Cause years have passed and things have changed
And I move anyway I want to go
And I'll never forget the feelin' I got
When I heard that you'd got home

[Outro]

And I'll never forget the smile on my face
'Cause I knew where you would be
And if you're in the Crown tonight have a drink on me
But go easy
Step lightly, yeah
Stay free

----- 1978 Give 'Em Enough Rope -----

----- Tommy Gun -----

Tommy gun
You ain't happy less you got one
Tommy gun
Ain't gonna shoot the place up
Just for fun
Maybe he want to die for the money
Maybe he wants to kill for his country
Whatever he wants, he's gonna get it

Tommy gun
You better strip it down for a customs run

Tommy gun
Waitin' at the airport 'til kingdom come
An' we can watch him make it
On the nine o'clock news
Standin' there in Palestine lightin' the fuse
Whatever you want, you're gonna get it

Tommy gun
Tommy gun

Tommy gun
A'you'll be dead when war is won
Tommy gun
But did you have to gun down everyone?
I can see it's kill or be killed
A nation of destiny has gotta be fulfilled
Whatever you want, you're gonna get it

Tommy gun
A'you can be a hero in an age of none
Tommy gun
I'm cuttin' out your picture from page one
I'm gonna get a jacket just like yours
An' give my false support to your cause
Whatever you want, you're gonna get it
Alright

Okay, so let's agree about the price
And make it one jet airliner for ten prisoners
Boats an' tanks and planes, it's your game
Kings an' queens an' generals learn your name
I see all the innocent, the human sacrifice
And if death comes so cheap
Then the same goes for life

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- 4 Horsemen (Bonus Track) -----

Well they were given the grapes that go ripe in the sun
That loosen the screws at the back of the tongue
They told no one where they had begun
Four horsemen

They was given all the foods of vanity
And all the instant promises of immortality
They bit the dust screamin' "Insanity!"
Four horsemen

One was over the edge, one was over the cliff

One was lickin' 'em dry with a bloody great spliff
When they picked up the hiker he didn't want the lift
From the horsemen

But you!
You're not searching, are you now?
You're not lookin' anyhow
You'll never ride that lonely mile
Or put yourself up on trial
(?) all day
So that's the price that you gotta pay
(?) ok
Four horsemen comin' right through
Yeah, the four horsemen comin' right through
Gonna piss by you
Four horsemen comin' right through

They gave us everything for bending the mind
And we cleaned out their pockets and we drank 'em blind
(?) long the finish so don't get left behind
Four horsemen

And they gave us the grapes that go ripe in the sun
That loosen the screws at the back of the tongue
But they told no one what they had become
Four horsemen

(?)
Ride

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Brand New Cadillac -----

[Intro]
Driiiiiiiiive!!!
Driiiiiiiiive!!!

[Chorus]
My baby drove up in a brand new Cadillac
Yes, she did
My baby drove up in a brand new Cadillac
She said, "Hey, come here, Daddy!"
"I ain't never comin' back!"

[Verse 1]
Baby, baby, won't you hear my plea?
C'mon, sugar, just come on back to me
She said, "Balls to you, Big Daddy"

[Verse 2]

Baby, baby, won't you hear my plea?
Oh, c'mon, just hear my plea
She said, "Balls to you, Daddy"
She ain't comin' back to me

[Chorus]

Baby, baby drove up in a Cadillac
I said, "Jesus Christ! Where'd ya' get that Cadillac?"
She said, "Balls to you, Daddy"
She ain't never coming back! (x4)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Clampdown -----

[Verse 1]

(The kingdom is ransacked
The jewels all taken back
And the chopper descends
They're hidden in the back
With a message on a half-baked tape
And the spool goes 'round
Sayin' I'm back here in this place
And I could cry
And there's smoke you could click on)

[Chorus]

A'what are we gonna do now?
Takin' off his turban, they said, "Is this man a Jew?"
Workin' for the clampdown
They put up a poster sayin' "We earn more than you!"
We're workin' for the clampdown
We will teach our twisted speech
To the young believers
We will train our blue-eyed men
To be young believers

[Post-Chorus]

The judge said "Five to ten" but I say "Double that again"
I'm not (workin' for the clampdown)
No man born with a livin' soul
Can be (workin' for the clampdown)
Kick over the wall, cause government's to fall
How can you refuse it?
Let fury have the hour, anger can be power
D'you know that you can use it?

[Verse 2]

The voices in your head are callin'

Stop wasting your time, there's nothing comin'
Only a fool would think someone could save you
The men at the factory are old and cunning
You don't owe nothin', so boy get running
It's the best years of your life they want to steal

[Chorus]

But, you grow up and you calm down
And you're (workin' for the clampdown)
You start wearin' blue and brown
And (workin' for the clampdown)
So you got someone to boss around
It makes ya' feel big now
You drift until you brutalize
Make your first kill now

[Post-Chorus]

In these days of evil presidentes
(Workin' for the clampdown)
But lately one or two has fully paid their due
For (workin' for the clampdown)
Ha! Get along! Get along!
(Workin' for the clampdown)
Ha! Get along! Get along!
(Workin' for the clampdown)

[Bridge]

Yeah I'm workin' hard in Harrisburg
Workin' hard in Petersburg
(Workin' for the clampdown)
(Workin' for the clampdown)
Ha! Get along! Get along
Beggin' to be melted down
(Get along, get along)
Work
Work
And I give away no secrets - ha!
Work
More work
More work
Work
Work
Work
Work

[Outro]

Who's barmy now ?

----- 1979 London Calling -----

----- Death or Glory -----

[Intro]

Hey

[Verse 1]

Now every cheap hood strikes a bargain with the world
And ends up makin' payments on a sofa or a girl
"Love" and "hate" tattooed across the knuckles of his hands
Hands that slap his kids around 'cause they don't understand how

[Chorus]

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

[Verse 2]

In every gimmick hungry job diggin' gold from rock 'n' roll
Grabs the mic and tell us he'll die before he's sold
But I believe in this and it's been tested by research
He who fucks nuns will later join the church

[Chorus]

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

[Verse 3]

Fear in the gun sights
They say "Lie low"
You say "Ok"
Don't wanna play a show
No other thinking
Was it death or glory now?
Playin' the blues of kings
Sure looks better now

[Chorus]

Death or glory just another story
Death or glory just another story

[Verse 4]

In every dingy basement on every dingy street
Every draggin' handclap over every draggin' beat
That's just the beat of time, beat that must go on
If you've been tryin' for years we already heard your song

[Chorus]

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

[Bridge]

Gotta march a long way
Fight a long time
Get to travel over mountains
Got to travel over seas
We gonna fight your brother
We gonna fight 'til you lose
We gonna raise trouble
We gonna raise hell
We gonna fight your brother
Raise hell

[Chorus]

Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story
Death or glory becomes just another story

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Four Horsemen -----

1,2, a 1,2,3,4

Well they were given the grapes that go ripe in the sun
That loosen the screws at the back of the tongue
They told no one where they had begun
Four horsemen

They were given all the foods of vanity
And all the instant promises of immortality
But they bit the dust screamin' "Insanity!"
Four horsemen

One was over the edge, one was over the cliff
One was lickin' 'em dry with a bloody great spliff
When they picked up the hiker didn't want the lift
From the horsemen

But you, you're not searching, are you, now?
You're not lookin' anyhow
You're never gonna ride that lonely mile
Or put yourself up on trial
Oh, you told me how your life was so bad
And I agree that it does seem sad
But that's the price that you gotta pay
For lazin' all around all day
Four horsemen an' they comin' right through
Four horsemen and they're pissing by you
They make you look like you're wearing a truss

Four horsemen and it's gonna be us

Well they gave us everything for bendin' the mind
And we cleaned out their pockets and we drank 'em blind
It's a long way to the finish so don't get left behind
By those horsemen

And they gave us the grapes that went ripe in the sun
That loosen the screws at the back of the tongue
But we still told nothing 'bout what was to come
Four horsemen

We play all your rock and roll
We know your rockin' soul
We reach the parts other combos cannot reach
We reach the beaches other armies cannot reach
We've reached the top of the mountain they cannot reach
We play all your rock and roll
We know your rockin' soul
We play your rock and roll
We know your rockin' soul

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Hateful -----

[Verse 1]

Well, I got a friend who's a man (who's a man)
What man?
The man who keeps me from the lonely, the only
He gives me what I need (what you need?)
What you got?
I need it all so badly

[Chorus]

Oh, anything I want he gives it to me
Anything I want he gives it but not for free
It's hateful
And it's paid for
And I'm so grateful to be nowhere

[Verse 2]

This year I've lost some friends (some friends)
What friends?
I dunno, I didn't even notice
You see, I gotta go out again (again)
My friend
I gotta see that main man

[Chorus]

Oh, anything I want he gives it to me
Anything I want he gives it but not for free
It's hateful
And it's paid for
And I'm so grateful to be nowhere

[Verse 3]
I killed all my nerves (my nerves)
What swerves?
I can't drive so steady
And already
I've lost my memory (my mind)
Behind
I can't see so clearly

[Chorus]
Oh, anything I want he gives it to me
Anything I want he gives it but not for free
Oh, anything I want he gives it to me (Anything I want he gives it to me)
Anything I want he gives it, but not for free (Anything I want he gives it to me)
Anything I want, anything I want

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Heart & Mind (Bonus Track) -----

My mind say stop, my heart say go
My heart say kill, my mind say no
I don't know, which way should I choose?

Well I know a man, he's my friend
But he steals from a family of friends
But I could never tell that man good-bye

I got a heart, I got a mind
But I can't keep 'em in time
I got a heart, I got a mind
But I can't keep (?) time

It's the same for everyone
Stuck between the right and wrong
But you just gonna tell ya' which way

Someone comes, and someone kills
Someone chews a lot of pills
But you can put yourself up to say so

(Chorus)

If only I could keep my heart and mind intact

But sometimes someone's wise
Sometimes I (?)

I got a heart, I got a mind
But I can't tell love apart

I got a heart, I got a mind
But I can't tell love apart

Hea-ar-ar-ar-art, I got a mi-i-i-i-ind
But I ca-a-a-a-an't keep 'em in time

I got a hea-ar-ar-ar-art, I got a mi-i-i-i-ind
But I ca-a-a-a-an't tell love apart

It's very difficult

We got the keys
To your heart

I got the keys, keys
To your heart, heart
And I got 'em
On my chain, on my chain
(x3)

(inaudible verse)

I got the keys, keys
To your heart, heart
And I got 'em
On my chain, on my chain
(x2)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- I'm Not Down -----

If it's true a rich man leads a sad life
That's what say from day to day
Then what do all the poor do with their lives
On judgment day, when nothin' is saved?

I've been beat up, I've been thrown out
But I'm not down, no I'm not down
I've been shown up, but I've grown up
And I'm not down, no I'm not down

On my own I faced a gang of jeering
In strange streets, oh

When my nerves were pumping and I fought my fear in
I didn't run, I was not done

I've been beat up, I've been thrown out
But I'm not down, no I'm not down
I've been shown up, but I've grown up
And I'm not down, no I'm not down

'Cause I've lived that kind of day
When none of your sorrows will go away
It goes down and down and hit the floor
Down and down and down some more
Depression
But I know there'll be some way
When I can swing everything back my way
Like skyscrapers rising up
Floor by floor, giving up

So you rock around and think that you're the toughest
In the world, the whole wide world
But you're streets away from where it gets the roughest
You ain't been there

I've been beat up, I've been thrown out
But I'm not down, no I'm not down
I've been shown up, but I've grown up
And I'm not down, no I'm not down

I'm not down
No, I'm not down
No, I'm not down
No, I'm not down
No, I'm not down
No, I'm not down
No, I'm not down

I'm not down

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Jimmy Jazz -----

[Intro]

Police walked in for Jimmy Jazz
I said "He ain't here, but he sure went by"
Oh, you're lookin' for Jimmy Jazz

Satta Massagana for Jimmy Dread
Cut off his ears and chop off his head

Police come look for Jimmy Jazz, jazz, jazz, jazz

So if you're gonna take a message 'cross the town
Maybe put it down somewhere over the other side
See it gets to Jimmy Jazz

[instrumental break]

So tell me now..!
The police came in they said "Now where's Jimmy Jazz?"
I said, "Hmm, he was here but, um, he said he went out"
Who you're lookin' for? Jimmy Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, Jazz

Satta Massagana for Jimmy Dread
Cut off his ears and they'll chop off his head
Oh you're lookin' for Jimmy Jazz, Jazz, Jazz, Jazz

What a relief!
I feel like a soldier
Look like a thief!
It's for the Jazz

Police a come a lookin' for the Jimmy Jazz
He came in and he went past
Oh, you're lookin' for the Jimmy Jazz

In fact, don't you bother me, not anymore
I can't take this tale, oh, no more
It's all around, Jimmy Jazz, Jazz

J-a-zee zee J-a-zed zed
J-a-zee zee J-a-zed zed
J-a-zed zed Jimmy Jazz
And then it sucks, he said, "Suck that!"
So go look all around, you can try your luck, brother
And see what ya' found
But I guarantee you that it ain't your day, your day
It ain't your day
Chop! Chop!

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Koka Kola, Advertising & Cocaine (Bonus Track) -----

1,2,3,4

(Do it again)

In the gleaming corridor of the 51st floor
The money can be made if you really want some more

Executive decision babe, a clinical precision
Matching wall and clothes for a silly girl knows

Koke adds life to the advertising world
Koke adds life to the party girl
Koke adds life where there isn't any
Koke adds life

I get good advice from the advertising world
Treat me nice, says the party girl
Coke adds life where there isn't any
So freeze, man, freeze

It's the pause that refreshes in the corridors of power
The top man needs a top up long before the happy hour
Crushed (?) snake skin suit and an alligator boot
You won't need a launderette, you can send 'em to the vet

Koke adds life to the advertising world
Koke adds life to the party girl
Koke adds life where there isn't any
Koke adds life

(Roxy cola)
(Roxy roolly)
(Koke adds life x3)

(Repeat 1st verse)

(Chorus)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Koka Kola -----

Elevator! Goin' up!
In the gleamin' corridor of the 51st floor
The money can be made if you really want some more
Executive decision, at clinical precision
Jumping from the windows, filled with indecision

I get good advice from the advertising world
Treat me nice, party girl
Koke adds life where there isn't any
So freeze, man, freeze

It's the pause that refreshes in the corridors of power
When top men need a top up long before the happy hour
Your snakeskin suit and your alligator boot
You don't need a launderette, you can take 'em to the vet!

(Chorus)

Koka Kola advertising and cocaine
Strolling down the Broadway in the rain
Neon light sign says it
I read it in the paper, they're crazy
Suit your life, maybe so
In the White House, I know
All Over Berlin, they do it for years
And in Manhattan

Comin' through the door is a snub nose forty four
The barrel can't snort, it can spatter on the floor
Your eyeballs feel like pinballs
And your tongue feels like a fish
You're leapin' from the windows sayin'
"Don't give me none of this!"

(Chorus)

Hit the deck!

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- London Calling -----

[Verse 1]

London calling to the faraway towns
Now war is declared and battle come down
London calling to the underworld
Come outta' the cupboard, ya' boys and girls
London calling, now don't look to us
Phony Beatlemania has bitten the dust
London calling, see we ain't got no swing
'Cept for the ring of that truncheon thing

[Chorus]

The ice age is coming, the sun's zoomin' in
Meltdown expected, the wheat is growin' thin
Engines stop running, but I have no fear
Cause London is drownin', I, live by the river

[Verse 2]

(London calling) to the imitation zone
Forget it, brother, you can go it alone
London calling to the zombies of death
Quit holdin' out and draw another breath
London calling and I don't want to shout
But while we were talking I saw you noddin' out

London calling, see we ain't got no high
'Cept for that one with the yellowy eyes

[Chorus]

The ice age is coming, the sun's zoomin' in
Engines stop running, the wheat is growin' thin
A nuclear error, but I have no fear
Cause London is drowning, I, I live by the river

[Instrumental Interlude]

[Chorus]

The ice age is coming, the sun's zoomin' in
Engines stop running, the wheat is growin' thin
A nuclear error, but I have no fear
Cause London is drowning, I, I live by the river

[Bridge]

Now get this

[Verse 3]

(London calling), yes, I was there, too
And ya' know what they said? Well, some of it was true!
(London calling) at the top of the dial
And after all this, won't you give me a smile?
(London calling)

[Outro]

I never felt so much alike alike alike

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Lonesome Me (Bonus Track) -----

I been left with nothin'
No one's lovin' me
I'm so down not hopin'
Oh, lonesome me

Your heart is like a diamond
Still know your perfume
But you went and left me
Now I ain't got you

I've been left with nothin'
No one's lovin' me
I'm so down not hopin'
Oh, lonesome me

Oh, lonesome me

Oh, poor poor me
Oh, the pain
Oh, lonesome me
Oh

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Lost In the Supermarket -----

[Chorus]

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality

[Verse 1]

I wasn't born, so much as I fell out
Nobody seemed to notice me
We had a hedge back home in the suburbs
Over which I never could see
I heard the people who live on the ceiling
Scream and fight, most scarily
Hearing that noise was my first ever feelin'
That's how it's been, all around me

[Chorus]

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality

[Verse 2]

I'm all tuned in, I see all the programs
I save coupons from packets of tea
I've got my giant hit, discotheque album
I empty a bottle, I feel a bit free
The kids in halls and the pipes in the walls
Making noises for company
Long distance callers make long distance calls
And the silence makes me lonely

[Chorus]

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality

[Bridge]

And it's not here
It disappeared

[Chorus]

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality
I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality
I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality
I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality
I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality

[Bridge]

I'm all lost

[Chorus]

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily
I came in here for the special offer
Guaranteed personality

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Lover's Rock -----

(2,3,4)

Yeah, you must treat your lover girl right
If you wanna make lover's rock
You must know the place you can kiss
To make lover's rock
Everybody knows it's a cryin' shame
But nobody knows the poor baby's name
But she forgot that thing that she had
(Ohh) To swallow

You Western man, you're free with your seed
When you make lover's rock
But woops there goes the strength that you need

To make lover's rock
A genuine lover takes off his clothes
And he can make a lover in a thousand goes
But she don't need that thing that she had
(Ohh) To swallow
(Know what I mean?)

Yeah, you must treat your lover girl right
To make lover's rock
You must know the place you can kiss
To make lover's rock
Everybody knows it's a crying shame
But nobody knows the poor baby's name
When she forgot that thing that she had
(Ohh) To swallow

Yeah you throw away all your human theories
Once, you lost that grubby feeling
Yeah hey!
(They call it lover's rock)
Ridiculous innit?
But that's what they call it
(They call it lover's rock)
So, follow me now
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
On the floor now
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
Throw your dollars!
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
(They call it lover's rock)
It's enormous!
(They call it lover's rock)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Paul's Tune (Bonus Track) -----

[Instrumental]

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Revolution Rock -----

Revolution rock

It is a brand new rock
A bad, bad rock
This here revolution rock

Careful how you move, Mac, you dig me in me back
And I'm so pilled up that I rattle
I have got the sharpest knife, so I cut the biggest slice
I got no time to do battle

Everybody smash up your seats
And rock to this brand new beat
This here music mash up the nation
This here music cause a sensation
Tell your ma, tell your pa
Everything's gonna be all right
Can't you feel it? Don't ignore it
Gonna be alright

Revolution rock
I am in a state of shock
So bad, bad rock
This here revolution rock

Careful how you slide, Clyde
All you did was glide
And you poured your beer in me hat
Keep my good eye on the beat
Living on fixation street
I ain't got no time for that

Everybody smash up your seats
And rock to this brand new beat
This here music mash up the nation
This here music cause a sensation
Tell your mama, tell your pa
Everything's gonna be all right
Can't you feel it? Don't ignore it
Gonna be alright

Revolution rock
Yeah so, get that cheese grater going
Against the grains
Wearin' me down
Pressure increase
Everybody!

Everybody smash up your seats
And rock to this brand new beat
This here music mash up the nation

This here music cause a sensation
Tell your mama, tell your father
Everything's gonna be all right
Can't you feel it? Don't ignore it
Gonna be alright

Revolution rock
To the coolest mobsters in Kingstown
With the hardest skies
And the cruelest songs
Is your heart so made of rock
That the blood must run 'round the block?
Are you listenin' mobsters?
Yeah
All people crawl, gotta die
While cart of food goes rolling by
It's food for thought mobsters
Young people shoot their days away
I've seen talent thrown away
On your loan shark
The organ play!

And they're dancin' to the brand new beat
This here music mash up the nation
This here music cause a sensation
Tell your mamamama, tell your papapapa
Everything's gonna be all right
Can't you feel it? Don't ignore it
Everything is gonna be alright
I said revolution rock

This old cheese grater
Runnin' me down
This must be the way out
Here's a cheap bit
Any song you want
Playin' requests now in the bandstand
El Clash Combo
Paid fifteen dollars a day
Weddings, parties, anything
And Bongo Jazz, a specialty

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Rudie Can't Fail -----

[Intro - Joe Strummer]
Sing, Michael, sing
On the route of the 19 Bus
We hear them sayin'

[Verse 1 - Mick Jones]

How you get so rude and'a reckless?
Don't you be so crude and'a feckless
You been drinkin' brew for breakfast
Rudie can't fail, no, no

(We reply)

I know that my life makes you nervous
But I tell you that I can't live in service
Like the doctor whose born for a purpose
Rudie can't fail

[Chorus - Jones & Strummer]

(Ok)

I went to the market to realize (my soul)
What I need (I just don't have) (Oh no)
First they curse, then they press me 'til I hurt
Rudie can't fail

[Verse 2 - Mick Jones]

First you must cure your temper
Then find a job in a paper
You need someone for a savior
Rudie can't fail

(We reply)

Now we get a'rude and a'reckless
To been seen looking cool and speckless
An' drinking brew for breakfast
Rudie can't fail (oh no)

[Chorus]

I went to the market to realize (my soul)
'Cause what I need (I just don't have) (Don't have)
First they curse, then they press me 'til I hurt
Rudie can't fail

[Bridge - Joe Strummer]

Ok, ok

So where you wanna go today?
Hey boss man, huh, yeah
So you're looking pretty smart (Chicken skin suit) with a chicken skin suit
You think you're pretty hot (Pork pie hat) in your pork pie hat

[Outro]

Rudie can't fail (x13)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Spanish Bombs -----

[Verse 1]

Spanish songs in Andalucía
The shooting sites in the days of '39
Oh, please, leave the ventana open
Federico Lorca is dead and gone
Bullet holes in the cemetery walls
The black cars of the Guardia Civil
Spanish bombs on the Costa Rica
I'm flyin' in on a DC 10 tonight

[Chorus]

Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh, mi corazón
Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh mi corazón

[Verse 2]

Spanish weeks in my disco casino
The freedom fighters died upon the hill
They sang the red flag, they wore the black one
After they died it was Mockingbird Hill
Back home the buses went up in flashes
The Irish tomb was drenched in blood
Spanish bombs shatter the hotels
My señorita's rose was nipped in the bud

[Chorus]

Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh, mi corazón
Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh mi corazón

[Verse 3]

The hillsides ring with "Free the people"
Or can I hear the echo from the days of '39?
With trenches full of poets, the ragged army
Fixin' bayonets to fight the other line
Spanish bombs rock the province
I'm hearin' music from another time
Spanish bombs on the Costa Brava
I'm flyin' in on a DC 10 tonight

[Chorus]

Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh mi corazón
Spanish bombs, yo te quiero infinito
Yo te acuerda oh, mi corazón

[Outro]

Oh, mi corazón
Oh, mi corazón
Spanish songs in Andalucía
Mandolina, oh, mi corazón
Spanish songs in Granada
Oh, mi corazón
Oh, mi corazón
Oh, mi corazón
Oh, mi corazón

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- The Card Cheat -----

[Chorus]

There's a solitary man cryin', "Hold me"
It's only because he's a'lonely
And if the keeper of time runs slowly
He won't be alive for long!

If he only had time to tell of all of the things he planned
With a card up his sleeve, what would he achieve?
It means nothin'

To the opium dens and the barroom gin
In the Belmont chair playing violin
The gambler's face cracks into a grin
As he lays down the king of spades

But the dealer just stares
"There's something wrong here", he thinks
The gambler is seized and forced to his knees
And shot dead

He only wanted more time
Away from the darkest door
But his luck it gave in
As the dawn light crept in
And he lay on the floor

From the Hundred Year War to the Crimea
With a lance and a musket and a Roman spear
To all of the men who have stood with no fear
In the service of the King

Before you met your fate be sure you
Did not forsake
Your lover
May not be around anymore

(Repeat 1st verse)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- The Guns of Brixton -----

[Verse 1]

When they kick at your front door
How you gonna come?
With your hands on your head
Or on the trigger of your gun
When the law break in
How you gonna go?
Shot down on the pavement
Or waiting in death row

[Chorus]

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, guns of Brixton

[Pre-Verse]

The money feels good
And your life you like it well
But surely your time will come
As in heaven, as in hell

[Instrumental Break]

[Verse 2]

You see, he feels like Ivan
Born under the Brixton sun
His game is called survivin'
At the end of The Harder They Come
You know it means no mercy
They caught him with a gun
No need for the Black Maria
Goodbye to the Brixton sun

[Chorus]

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, the guns of Brixton

[Verse 1]

When they kick at your front door
How you gonna come?
With your hands on your head

Or on the trigger of your gun?

[Chorus]

You can crush us
You can bruise us
You can even shoot us
But, oh the guns of Brixton

[Verse 3]

Shot down on the pavement
Waiting in death row
His game was survivin'
As in heaven, as in hell

[Chorus]

You can crush us
You can bruise us
But you'll have to answer to
Oh, guns of Brixton
Oh, guns of Brixton
Oh, guns of Brixton
Oh, guns of Brixton
Oh, guns of Brixton

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- The Man In Me (Bonus Track) -----

The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine
Took a woman like you
To get through to the man in me

But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
Just to know that you are near
Sets my a heart a-reeling
From my toes up to my ears

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- The Police Walked In 4 Jazz (Bonus Track) -----

(Instrumental)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- The Right Profile -----

[Intro]

Say, where did I see this guy?

[Verse 1]

In Red River?
Or A Place in the Sun?
Maybe The Misfits?
Or From Here to Eternity?

[Chorus]
Can everybody say, "Is he all right?"
And everybody say, "What's he like?"
And everybody say, "He sure look funny"
That's Montgomery Clift, honey!

[Verse 2]
New York, (New York) New York, 42nd Street
Hustlers rustle and pimp pimp the beat
Monty Clift is recognized at dawn
He ain't got no shoes and his clothes are torn

[Chorus]
And everybody say, "Is he all right?"
Can everybody say, "What's he like?"
Everybody say, "He sure look funny"
That's just Montgomery Clift, honey!

[Verse 3]
I see a car smashed at night
Cut the applause and dim the light
Monty's face is broken on a wheel
Is he alive? Can he still feel?

[Chorus]
And everybody say, "Is he all right?"
And everybody say, "Shine the light!"
Everybody say, "It's not funny"
That's Montgomery Clift, honey!

[Bridge]
Shoot his right profile

[Chorus]
Everybody say, "Is he all right?"
And everybody say, "What's he like?"
Everybody say, "He sure look funny"
That's Montgomery Clift, honey!

[Verse 4]
Nembutol
Numbs it all
But I prefer
Alcohol

[Chorus]

And everybody say, "What's he like?"
And everybody say, "Is he all right?"
Everybody say, "He sure look funny"
That's Montgomery Clift, honey!

[Verse 5]

He said go out and get me my old movie stills
Go out and get me another roll of pills
Everything's shakin', but I ain't got the chills

[Chorus]

And everybody say, "What's he like?"
And everybody say, "Is he all right?"
Everybody say, "He sure look funny"
"I was trapped!" Montgomery Clift, honey!

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Train in Vain -----

[Verse 1]

You say you stand by your man
So tell me something I don't understand
You said you love me and that's a fact
And then you left me, said you felt trapped
Well some things you can explain away
But the heartache's in me 'til this day

[Chorus]

You didn't stand by me
No, not at all
You didn't stand by me
No way

[Verse 2]

All the times when we were close
I'll remember these things the most
I see all my dreams come tumblin' down
I can't be happy without you around
So alone I keep the wolves at bay
And there's only one thing I can say

[Chorus]

You didn't stand by me
No, not at all
You didn't stand by me
No way

[Bridge]

You must explain
Why this must be
Did you lie
When you spoke to me?
Did you stand by me?
No, not at all

[Verse 3]

Now I got a job, but it don't pay
I need new clothes, I need somewhere to stay
But without all these things I can do
But without your love, I won't make it through
But you don't understand my point of view
I suppose there's nothing I can do

[Chorus]

You didn't stand by me
No, not at all
You didn't stand by me
No way

[Verse 4]

You must explain
Why this must be
Did you lie
When you spoke to me?
Did you stand by me?

[Outro]

Did you stand by me?
No, not at all
Did you stand by me?
No way
Did you stand by me?
No, not at all
Did you stand by me?
No way

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Walking the Slidewalk (Bonus Track) -----

(Instrumental)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Working and Waiting (Bonus Track) -----

(Instrumental)

----- 1979 London Calling -----
----- Wrong 'Em Boyo -----

[Intro]

Stagger Lee met Billy and they got down to gambling
Stagger Lee threwed seven
Billy said that he throwed eight, hey
So Billy said, "Hey Stagger! I'm gonna make my big attack
I'm gonna have to leave my knife in your back"
(C'mon, let's start all over again)

[Verse 1]

Why do you try to cheat?
And trample people under your feet
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
But you better stop
It is the wrong 'em boyo

[Verse 2]

You lie, steal, cheat and deceit
In such a small, small game
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
You better stop
It is the wrong 'em boyo

[Verse 3]

Billy Boy has been shot
And Stagger Lee's come out on top
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat Stagger man
You'd better stop (you better stop)
It is the wrong 'em boyo, hey

[Verse 4]

So you must start all over again
All over again
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
Play it, Billy, play
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
Well play it, Billy, play
An' you will find

It is the right 'em boyo

[Verse 5]

But if you must lie and deceit
And trample people under your feet
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat the tryin' man
(Don't ya' know it is wrong?)
To cheat a tryin' man
You better stop
It is the wrong 'em boyo

[Outro]

It is the wrong 'em boyo
It is the wrong 'em boyo
It is the wrong 'em
It is the wrong 'em boyo
It is the wrong 'em boyo

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----

----- Broadway (Ft. Maria Gallagher) -----

"It isn't my fault it's six o'clock in the morning"
He said, coming out of the night
When he found I had no coins to bum he began to testify
Born in a depression, born out of good luck
Born into misery in the back of a truck
I'm telling you this mister, don't be put off by looks
I've been in the ring and I took those right hooks, yeah, tight hooks
Oh, the loneliness used to knock me out
Harder than the rest
And I've worked for breakfast and I haven't had no lunch
Been on delivery and received every punch, yeah
Suddenly I noticed that it weren't quite the same
Feel different one morning maybe it was the rain
But everywhere I looked all over the city
They're running in an out of the bars
Someone stopped for a pick-up
Driving one of those cars, yeah oh
You see I always wanted one of those cars
Long black and shiny and pull up to the bars
Honk your horn, put down your windows
Push up your button, and hear it coming in
Yeah, you can say, I can see the light
Yeah, I can see the light
Roll! Forward! Drive! Green lights! Green lights!
Intersection, city coming
Running comeback, home I run back
Not that strong now, oh yeah

Yes, who's there now, can I help you?
Calling Intel station light alight
Did you put your money in?[x2]
Yes I put it in, yes I put it in
I can see the light, yeah yeah yeah, go go go
It say go, I say go, she say go, so we say go
Because I can see the light
All night, tonight, this night, right now
Coming on, coming on, forward motion
Across the ocean, and up the hills
Yeah, boys let's strike for the hills
While that petrol tank is full
Give a push, give a pull
Give a lamb give a mule
Give a donkey or give a horse
Down the avenue, down the avenue
Oh, so fine in [?]

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Career Opportunities (Child Version) -----

They offered me the office, offered me the shop
They said I'd better take everything they got
Do you wanna make tea at the BBC?
Do you wanna be, do you really wanna be a cop?

Career opportunities are the ones that never knock
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunities, the ones that never knock

Huh
I hate all of my school's rules
They just think that I'm another fool

Career opportunities are the ones that never knock
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunities, the ones that never knock

Oi!
Bus driver
Ambulance man
Ticket inspector
I don't understand

They're gonna have to introduce conscription
They're gonna have to take away my prescription
If they wanna get me making toys
If they wanna get me, I got no choice

Career opportunities are the ones that never knock
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock
Career opportunities, the ones that never knock

Careers
Careers
Career opportunities, the ones that never knock

Oh no

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Charlie Don't Surf -----

Charlie don't surf and we think he should
Charlie don't surf and you know that it ain't no good
Charlie don't surf for his hamburger Momma
Charlie's going to be a napalm star

Everybody wants to rule the world
Must be something we get from birth
One truth is we never learn
Satellites will make space burn
We've been told to keep the strangers out
We don't like them starting to hang around
We don't like them all over town
Across the world we are going to blow them down

(Chorus)

The reign of the super powers must be over
So many armies can't free the earth
Soon the rock will roll over
Africa is choking on their Coca Cola
It's a one a way street in a one horse town
One way people starting to brag around
You can laugh, put them down
These one way people going to blow us down

(Chorus)

Charlie don't surf he'll never learn
Charlie don't surf though he's got a gun
Charlie don't surf think that he should
Charlie don't surf we really think he should
Charlie don't surf

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Corner Soul -----

[Chorus]

Is the music of Grove Skin Rock
Soaked in the diesel of war boys war?
Blood, black gold and the face of a judge
Is the music calling for the river of blood?

[Verse 1]

Beat the drums tonight, Alphonso
Spread the news all over the grove
The big meeting has decided
That total war must burn on the grove

[Verse 2]

Does it mean I should take my machete
To chop my way through the path of life?
Does it mean I should run with the dog pack
Is that the way to be the one to survive?

[Verse 3]

Ya' never need a gun says Tai Chi
Move on up to dragon snaps his tail
Fall back on still waters
Hammer with his eye on the nail

[Chorus]

Is the music of Grove Skin Rock
Soaked in the diesel of war boys war?
Blood, black gold and the face of a judge
Is the music calling for the river of blood?

[Verse 4]

Spread the word tonight please, Sammy
They're searchin' every house on the grove
But don't go alone now, Sammy
The wind has blown away the corner soul

[Verse 5]

Tell the news for me, Sammy
They're searchin' every place on the grove
But don't go down alone now, Sammy
The wind has blown away the corner soul

[Chorus]

Is the music of Grove Skin Rock
Soaked in the diesel of war boys war?
Blood, black gold and the face of a judge
Is the music calling for the river of blood?

[Bridge]

Is the music callin' for a river of blood?

[Chorus]

Is the music of Grove Skin Rock
Soaked in the diesel of war boys war?
Blood, black gold and the face of a judge
Is the music calling for the river of blood?

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Hitsville U.K. (Ft. Ellen Foley) -----

They cried the tears, they shed the fears
Up and down the land
They stole guitars or used guitars
So the tape would understand
Without even the slightest hope of a thousand sales
Just as if, as if there was, Hitsville in UK
I know the boy was all alone, 'til the Hitsville hit UK

(Remember)

They say true talent will always emerge in time
When lightning hits Small Wonder
Its Fast Rough Factory time
No expense accounts, or lunch discounts
Or hyping up the charts
The band went in, and knocked 'em dead, in 2 minutes 59
I know the boy was all alone, 'til the Hitsville hit UK
So hit it

No slimy deals, with smarmy eels in Hitsville UK
Lets shake'n say, we'll operate in Hitsville UK
I know the girl felt all alone, 'til the Hitsville hit UK

The mutants, creeps, and musclemen
Are shakin' like a leaf
It blows a hole in the radio
When it hasn't sounded good all week
A mike 'n boom, in your livin' room in Hitsville UK
No consumer trials, nor A.O.R., in Hitsville UK
I know the boy felt all alone 'til the Hitsville hit UK

Now the boys and girls are not alone
Now that Hitsville hit UK
I know the boys and girls are not alone
Now that Hitsville hit UK
I know the boys and girls are not alone
Now that Hitsville hit UK
I know the boys and girls are not alone
Now that Hitsville hit UK

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- If Music Could Talk -----

[Left Channel]

Make sure!

Takin' cover in the bunker tonight
Waitin' for Bo Diddley's headlights

If music could talk

I feel alright
Gotta Fender Stratosphere
I can do anything tonight
It's in neon lights an' global rights
Frank? He's on the phone

There ain't no German girl outside
But who cares when its warm inside?
With music
Special mystery of music tragically
Exchanging slaves for majesties
Modern waves of tragedy
Packing a two pence colt pair of shoots
A shiny grey mexican suit
The blue eyed traffic can sashay by
'Cos tonight the sailor boys have hit Shanghai
The kick-out traffic goes creaking by
I smash my glass and shout shanghi
My drummer friend comes shooting by
He said Errol Flynn will never die
Oh no! Who am I to question why?

And are you lonesome tonight
And do ya need a country cowboy
Who's just thin and tight in those
Brrrr bus depot jeans
With a squirt resistant stud stud

Hey stoner
Get over there in the spliffbunker one
Because London Bridge was sold somehow
But it was too old anyhow
When Uncle Sam has broken down
We'll make him down in old Japan
Say yeah

Well there ain't no better band
Than Joe Ely and his Texas Men

Where the wind blows
I ain't seen none like that scenery
You can see from a bus if you pay the price

Wave my arms around
Flag one of those taxi's maybe
I saw a girl somewhere somehow
Forever sticks in my mind somehow
I've just got three lines
And a pair of two's
Like a lucky roll of dice that you
You cast

[Right Channel]
If music could talk!
Which means
Whatever your mind can bring
Like the apple fell off the tree
Pah! Fell right on his head
Yeah many years ago

There was a man who said
I am a shaman
A voodoo shaman
Got in trouble so he's going out
Mixing up and Haiti! Oh!
And the crickets
Buddy Holly said it was
Brrr Brrr yiii!

If music could talk you know

I feel kinda lonely
Standing out on the floor
Of Electric Ladyland...
Cos this is a good question Samson
Are you partly Arabic?

Chi man! Whatcho all about

I don't want to I can't hope to
Say it all in one go
Occasionally once or twice
A day I feel alive enough to say
Let's hear what the drummer's
Got to say about
He said is it Errol Flynn's birthday or not?
Sept 12 until October
If they pack 2 piece

Colt pair of shoots
We got the shiny grey Mexican suits

I'm just wasting a great big
Corporation and the entire fund
The girders of Wall Street
And the temples of money
And the high priests
Of the expense account
And I'm wasting the whole thing

I come down in Yamaha-ha
They make the best pianos

It's time to step-up

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Ivan Meets G.I. Joe -----

So you're on the floor, at 54
Think you can last at Le Palace?
Does your body go to the to and fro?
Tonight's the night or didn't you know

That Ivan meets G.I. Joe (Ivan meets G.I. Joe)
Ivan meets G.I. Joe (Ivan meets G.I. Joe)
Ivan meets G.I. Joe (Ivan meets G.I. Joe)
Ivan meets G.I. Joe

He tried his tricks that Ruskie bear
The United Nations said "It's all fair"
He did the radiation, he did the chemical plague
He could not win with a Cossack spin
The Vostok Bomb, the Stalin strike
He tried every move he tried to hitchhike
He drilled a hole like a Russian star
He made every move in his repertoire

(Chorus x2)

It's G.I. Joe's turn to blow
He turned it on cool and slow
He tried a pay phone call to the Pentagon
A radar scan, a leviathan
He wiped the Earth clean as a plate
What does it take to make a Ruskie break?
But the crowd are bored and off they go
Over the road to watch China blow!

(Chorus)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Junco Partner -----

Down the road came a Junco Partner
Boy, he was loaded as can be
He was knocked out, knocked out loaded
He was a 'wobblin' all over the street

Singin' "6 months ain't no sentence
And one year ain't no time
I was born in Angola
Servin' 14 to 99"

Well I wish I had me \$1 million dollars
One million to call my own (all my own)
I would raise me and say, "Grow for me baby"
Raise me a tobacco farm

Take a walk
Take a walk, Junco Partner
Hey! Don't bother me
! Like that!

Well, when I had me a great deal of money
Yeah had mighty good friends all over town
Now I ain't got no more money
All of my good friends just put me down

So now I gotta pawn my ratchett and pistol
Yeah, I gonna pawn my watch and chain
I would have pawned my sweet Gabriella
But the smart girl she wouldn't sign her name

(Repeat 1st verse)

I can't walk!
I can't walk!

Down the road a'came a Junco Partner
"Hey, mister" he called out to me
And it was three things he shouted
Singin', singin' (?)

Oh!
Junco Partner

Well I'm down, yes I'm getting thirsty
Pour me out a good beer, when I'm dry
Just, just give me whisky, when I'm thirsty
Give me headstone when I die

Down the road

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Junkie Slip -----

I wasn't going that far
The junkie slip!
I said I wasn't doing it
The junkie slip!
Yea thought I'd find a rhythm in the junkie town
Thought I'd find a rhythm when the junkies hang around
Thought I'd go out walking to the junkie kind of beat
Setting on those bars that the junkies meet
The junkie slip!
Nail it down
The junkie slip!
This side of town
The junkie slip!
And what you knowing before you's a doing
The things they's a-knowing
You pawn your coat and your car
Pawned your cigar and your old guitar
You pawned your guitar and your saxophone
You're pawning everything in your mother's home
Because it's a junkie slip!
Just like rock and roll
A junkie slip!
Like Johnny did the stroll
And you know it feels alright
But what's that feeling on a Saturday night?
You're itching itching itching in your pillow in the day
You're itching itching itching and you gave your coat away
Itching itching itching and then in your sleeping bag
There's a little packet that you thought you never had
It's a junkie slip!
Every night
Junkie slip!
Cold water fright
It's a junkie slip
And an old spoon cooky cooky cooky kooky afternoon
All afternoon and in the middle of the night
You're worse for the difference and it don't sleep tight
Don't pull the curtains don't put on the light
C-c-c-cos it's a junkie slip!

What's going on?
Was early night
I lit the fire
Finish alright
Yeh Edi-Edi-Edi-Yeh Edi-Juan
Him going to live with Indian
Come in the car, it's an old machine
Riding from Brookway on a magazine
Be on that corner with a magazine
Do ya do ya do ya follow your friends?
Do I hear you saying that you're going back again?
It's a junkie slip!
Where? Did it end?
But did it ah did it did it ever end?
When did it ever end?
Don't ask me when on a Wednesday night
Don't ask me when on a Thursday night
I said oh? Who the hell are you?
You said oh! Well you met me
I said I can guess why

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Kingston Advice -----

In these days, you can get no rice
No razor blades, but you can get knife
In these days, see the people run
They have no food, but the boy have gun

In these days, they don't throw the stone
Nor use the voice, they use the gun alone
In these days to be an oddity
Be hunted down like a scarcity

In these days, don't beg for life
Want to take Kingston advice?
Oh please, don't beg for your life

In these days the beat is militant
Must be a clash, there's no alternative
In these days, nations are militant
We have slavery under government
In these days in the firmament
I look for signs that are permanent
In these days with no love to give
The world will turn with no one left to live

(Chorus 2)

In these days, I don't know what to do
The more I see, the more I'm destitute
In these days, I don't know what to sing
The more I know, the less my tune can swing

(Chorus 1)

In these days, all the people run
In these days, let the boy have gun
In these days

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Let's Go Crazy -----

"I'm entertain' the people and I'm also assert callins is calling for peace in the
carnival and love
And also, all the youth, the young generation of today, I am begging them, and I'm
preaching to them and I'm selling my record, I am selling clothes, I'm selling cloth
to help the young generation of England today
Black, white, pink, blue, you name it
And all you millions out there, come down at the night time, the carnival time
Stop freezing, everybody, 'cause we are having a great time here"

Summon up the mas! (Like this)
Play on the pan!

Starin' dreads are jerking their locks
The White Star liner sank in the docks
But on the drummers face, there is a look of dread
He drums away 400 years of dread
The dancer man, with the the power of mas
Smoking to the mighty sparrow's blast
But you better be careful
You still got to watch, watch yourself

You wanna be crazy
So you wanna go crazy
Let's go crazy
So you wanna be crazy
Then let's go crazy
Let's go crazy

The lawful force are here, of course
For special offenders, for the special court
But the young men know when the sun has set
Darkness comes to settle the debt
Owed by a year of S.U.S. and suspect
Indiscriminate use of the power of arrest
They're waiting for the sun to set

They're waiting for the sun to set

So you wanna go crazy
So you wanna be crazy
Let's go crazy
So you wanna go crazy
Then lets go crazy
Let's go crazy

The mighty observer keeps his cabinets hot
A great meeting of a'rhythm and a'rhythm and face
Humming of valves and a children's place
The sticks man gives the copper good excuse
To shut off the ganja and control the juice
Control the juice
For sure
Control the juice

So take it on crazy
So take it out crazy
Let's go crazy
Just take it on crazy
Jah, Chaka
Take it on crazy
Let's go crazy

Bricks and bottles
Corrugated iron (Crazy)
Shields and helmets
Carnival time(Crazy)

Take it on crazy
'N moa ambassa
Take it on crazy
Sledgehammer sound
Take it on crazy
Ray symbolic
Take it on crazy
From jam-down town

"And as times go, have you each and everyone of us who gathered here, are we are
little ants behold on this Earth today to make peace and love with the new arrive
and also to help the young generation of tomorrow
Yes, sunbeam, that means, we don't want no war at this carnival this day
All we want is just peace, love, happiness and joyfulness [?]"

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Lightning Strikes (Not Once But Twice) -----

Strikes strikes strikes strikes strikes

Now lightning strikes in old New York
It may be dark but I wanna talk
It might rain, it might snow
Too many things I got to know
If this is spring then it's time to sing
Never mind the little birdies wing
Look out, look out, old New York
New York's comin' and New York talk

Hey! Strike! Not once
Strike! But twice!

Get out your money peel a slab
Roll some notes and hail a cab
Drive in church drive in back
Drive down Seventh in a tank
Take in the sights, feel the breeze
See New York's one and only tree
It can be found in Garbage park
But don't inspect it after dark, no

Strike! New York! Lightning!
Not once but twice

Accidental hike in the transit strike
Roller skate or ride a bike
Three to a car, Brooklyn Bridge
You won't get far if you're privileged
Graffiti Jack sprays in black
An Englishman can he read it back?
Deli Joe he ought to know
He runs the gang on Pastrami Row

Strike! Lightning strike!

Oohhhhh
Strike! strike! Lightning
Strike! Lightning
Strike! Lightning Strike! Lightning

Because glass to glass, street to street
Buildings touch St. Peter's feet
From car to bar, prez to shah
Everything is in the jar
The 4 winds blow 'cause the 4 winds know
Takes a special hustle to make a roll
Honey girl on her feet

I wish everything to make her sweet

Ow!

Strike! Twice! Ok, so roll!
From Harlem! Strike one!

Harlem slum to penthouse block
On every door I already knocked
There wasn't anybody that I didn't leave alone
Somebody lyin' under every stone
Everything that a man could need
In a bag down by my knee
That looks good, this ain't got seeds
Cheaper than booze down in the Bowery

Lightning strike! Old New York!
Everything's light! Strike!

Hey ho such a night
I'll see you all when the lightning strike
A Polaroid caught in the act
You're married too and that's a fact
But I won't peek and I won't squeak
Down by the trucks on Christopher Street
It's Cuban Day Oy Vey
Chinese New Year let's call it a day
Tootsie! Hey Chi man!
That melody is Puerto Rican
Hey Chi man is what he's speaking
An' there's the road down into London Town
Where many cars get broken down
It's the West way from Lad-broke Grove
Runs down to Old Hounslow
Just thought I would mention the new extension
That run's down the 59th street intersection
Did you hear the news y'all?
London Town on the Broadway!

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Living In Fame -----

So you've got to live up to your name
Or else I'll put you to shame, listen

If you say you a selector
You a fe have good selection
A-and I say if you say you a the special
Man, I say I want to know your potential
You a say you a madness

You a say you a the best
But when I put you upon you feet
A-some a-some a say you can't play de beat

And I hear you say a Clash a you ruler
Say a Clash sound cooler, eh
Say a Clash sound sweeter
And now-a-days man a measure mile in a meter, eh

Live up to your name
Or else you die in shame
A-and a so me say fe live up to your name
A so me tell you say you die in shame
Some a dem a bodysnatcher
Some a dem a barracuda, eh
But who a know fe me Jah Jah
Fe me Jah a me creator, eh
Flying saucers, rock-and-roll
Natty Dread a fe be in control
It's all in the whirlwind
I say you've gone with the blockhead
A-and I say me say that some a dem a Sex Pistol
Nipple erectors
A so me tell you set dem sp [?] man a gone
An [?] farm
And I'll tell you about the X-generation
Me know dem a victimed
Because dem no know fe me sweet Jah Jah, eh
Clash a you ruler
Say a Clash sound cooler
A-and I tell you say a Clash sound sweeter
And now-a-days man measure mile in a meter
A none a dem deh measure gallon in a litre
And I tell you say me know then a cheat you

Because when you living in a fame
You got to live up to your name
Or else a suffer and you die in a shame
And I tell you say it's all in the game, eh

Some a say them a selector
Dem a fe have good selection
Or else deh moving in the wrong direction
And they no know this a reggae vibration
A-and a so me say a Clash a you ruler
And dis you one a say it a musically cooler, eh
Me say we live up to your name
Or else you suffer and you die in a shame
Because when you living in a fame

A so me tell you say it's all in the game
And so me talking about
Specials and madness beats
Big body snatcher, [?], eh
Flying saucers, rock-and-roll
See you gone in the whirlwind
A-and I tell you say, a you a the blockhead
And some will tell you that you dreader than dread

(Chorus 1)

When you living in a fame
You got to live up to your name
Or else you suffer and you die in a shame
It's all in the game, eh

This is the game of life
We no want no strife
Game of life
We no want no strife, no no
Don't, no no no no

Fucking hell Mickey

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Look Here -----

Look here!
What ya' think you're gonna be doin' next year?
No lie
How you know you're not gonna up and die?
No doubt
Soon enough your friends will find you out
Take care
You might not have much time to spare
(x2)

I say, how long have you been actin' up this way?
One knows
When you gonna get your own floor show
I'm hip
And you could use a button on your lip

Look here
What ya' think you're gonna be doin' next year?

Yeah

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----

----- Lose This Skin (Ft. Tymon Dogg) -----

Come with me, I won't hide
We're going on a ride
We meet each day, use time to see
While we're young and almost free

I've got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in (x2)

Do not turn or hate to see
All the things you think we've got
Do not turn or hate to see
What happened to the wife of Lot

I've got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in (x2)

We're alone or so they say
We're not on our own in that way
When we're alone it's real tough going
We can take a part in someone else's play

Come with me, I thought he said
But that's not him anymore, he's dead
What's it like to be so free
So free it looks like lost to me

I've got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in (x2)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Mensforth Hill -----

[Instrumental]

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Midnight Log -----

Working for the devil you'll have to pay his tax
That means going to see him down among the racks
You don't believe in him, but he can wait for you
You do his work so fine he'll remember you
He'll remember you

Worried for my friend as he shows me round the flat
Where I don't want to find him his lips and eyelids black
He don't believe my speech that lines can and should be drawn
Like if he had a shotgun the barrels would be spawn
The barrels would be spawn

Swallowed by the river, swollen by the rains

That leaking old computer of fingerprints and names
Swimming in the river that floods the neighborhood
I would call to you but it would do no good
But it would do no good

Voting for the law that's the general occupation
First comes the public safety, second comes the nation
You won't believe me now but there's been some illumination
The wisest cops have realized they fucked the operation
They fff...

Cooking up the books a respected occupation
The anchor and foundation of multi-corporations
They don't believe in crime, they don't know that it exists
But to understand what's right and wrong, the lawyers work in shifts
The lawyers work in shifts

And speaking of the devil he ain't been seen for years
'Cept every 20 min he zooms between me ears
I don't believe in books, but I read all the time
For ciphers to the riddles and reasons to the rhymes
Reasons to the rhymes, rhyme [?]

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- One More Dub -----

Stop wastin' time
Right

One more breath

One more time in the ghetto
One more time if you please
One

One more time for the dyin' man
One more time if you please now

One more time

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- One More Time -----

Must I get a witness for all this misery?
There's no need to brothers, everybody can see
That it's a one more time in the ghetto
One more time if you please
One more time to the dyin' man
One more time to be free

One more time in the ghetto
One more time to be free
One more time in the ghetto
One more time to be free

The old lady kicks karate
For just a little walk down the street
The little baby knows Kung Fu
He tries it on those he meets

'Cause its a'one more time in the ghetto
One more time if you please now
One more time to the dyin' man
They say one more time if you please

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 1)

You don't need no silicone to calculate poverty
Watch when Watts town burns again
The bus goes to Montgomery

'Cause it's a one more time in the ghetto
One more time if you please
One more time for the dying man
One more time to be free

One more time (x4)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Police On My Back -----

[Verse 1]
Well, I'm a-runnin'
Police on my back
I've been hidin'
Police on my back
There was a shootin'
Police on my back
And the victim
Well, he won't come back

[Chorus]
I've been runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

Runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
What have I done? What have I done?

[Verse 2]

Yes, I'm runnin'
Down the railway track
Won't you help me?
Police on my back
They will catch me
If I dare drop back
Won't you give me
All the speed I lack?

[Chorus]

I've been runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
What have I done? What have I done?

[Refrain]

I'm runnin'
I'm runnin'
I keep runnin'

[Verse 2]

Yes, I'm runnin'
Down the railway track
Won't you help me?
Police on my back
They will catch me
If I dare drop back
Won't you help
Find the speed I lack?

[Chorus]

I've been runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
Runnin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
What have I done? What have I done?

[Refrain]

Because I'm runnin'
(Police on my back)
Hidin'
(Police on my back)
Runnin'

(Police on my back)
Hidin'
(Police on my back)

[Outro]
Yes, I'm runnin'
Down the railway track
Could you help me?
Police on my back
They will catch me
If I dare drop back
Won't you give me
All the speed I lack?

I've been runnin'
I've been runnin'

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Rebel Waltz -----

I slept as I dreamed of a time long ago
I saw an army of rebels, dancin' on air
I dreamed as I slept, I could see the campfire
A song of the battle, that was born in the flames
The rebels were waltzin' on air

I danced with a girl to the tune of a waltz
That was written to be danced on the battlefield
I danced to the song of a voice of a girl
A voice that called "Stand 'til we fall
Stand 'til all the boys fall"

As we danced came the news that the war was not won
Five armies were comin', with carriage and gun
Through the heart of the camp
Swept the news from the front
A cloud crossed the moon, a child cried for food
We knew the war could not be won

So we danced with a rifle, to the rhythm of the gun
In a glade through the trees I saw my only one
Then the earth seemed to rise hell hot as the sun
The soldiers were dyin', there was a tune to the sighin'
The song was an old rebel one

As the smoke of our hopes rose high from the field
My eyes played tricks through the moon and the trees
I slept as I dreamt, I saw the army rise
A voice began to call, "Stand 'til you fall"

The tune was an old rebel one

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Shepherds Delight -----

(Instrumental)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Silicone On Sapphire -----

Have you ever asked yourself
Who holds the key that winds up Big Ben?
Right Channel: Silicone on Sapphire
Left Channel: Connection
My prerogative is zero
When is your start
What is your data
Databus
Databus
I'm pushing your breakpoints
Anytime Mike[?]
Know my subroutine
Motorola XOR sizer
Modem connecting
In sync
Buffer
Handshaking
Throughput
Mnemonic code
I have your sentences right
Go ahead
Macro command
Yes
This is my micro instruction
Improper request
Output failed
Request debug
Improper request
Request debug
System debug freeze
Your memory is volatile
Freeze
Log[?], add this is my address bus
Log add
Kill
Kill
[?]
[?]
Rub out

You're on system interconnect
You are typing into my memory
Shift, shift, shift
That's better
Now my decoder
I request your zero variable storage
I am a Texas Instrument
Clear, overrun
My zero positive
Truth table
Connection
Give me your input
Vector interrupt
Erase function
Vector interrupt
Go to RAM, Go to RAM
Go yourself
Go to RAM
I take it back[?]
Your memory is volatile
Your inputs, are deprived
Save, save
Erase [?]
Go to outputs
Large scale integration
No source statements
Give me, give me flowchart
All [died on call][?] databus
Hardware, firmware
Inhibit, inhibit, overflow
Yes. Hardwired logic. Machine language
Connection deprived by request, request
Parallel operation
Give me push count stack
I must have your address first
Take your datalog recharge
Hello, hello
System debug freeze
Clear restore and exit
Exit all done

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Somebody Got Murdered -----

[Verse 1]
Someone lights a cigarette
While ridin' in a car
Some old guy takes a swig
And passes back the jar

But where they were last night
No one can remember
Somebody got murdered
Goodbye, for keeps, forever

[Chorus]
Somebody got murdered
Somebody's dead forever

[Verse 2]
And you're mindin' your own business
Carryin' spare change
You wouldn't cosh a barber
You're hungry all the same
I been very tempted
To grab it from the till
I been very hungry
But not enough to kill

[Chorus]
Somebody got murdered
Somebody's dead forever

[Verse 3]
Somebody got murdered
His name cannot be found
A small stain on the pavement
They'll scrub it off the ground
As the daily crowd disperses
No one says that much
Somebody got murdered
And it left me with a touch

[Chorus]
Somebody got murdered
Somebody's dead forever

[Outro]
Sounds like murder
Those shouts
Are they drunk down below?
Sounds like murder
Those screams!
Are they drunk down below?
Say, my watch stopped, some time ago
Sounds like murder
Those screams!
Drunk, down below

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Something About England -----

(Mick Jones)

They say the immigrants steal the hubcaps
Of respected gentlemen
They say it would be wine and roses
If England were for Englishmen again

I saw a dirty overcoat
At the foot of the pillar of the road
Propped inside was an old man
Who time could not erode
The night was snapped by sirens
Those blue lights circled past
The dance hall called for an ambulance
The bars all closed up fast

My silence gazing at the ceiling
While roaming the single room
I thought the old man could help me
If he could explain the gloom
"You really think it's all new
You really think about it too"
The old man scoffed as he spoke to me
"I'll tell you a thing or two"

(Joe Strummer)

I missed the fourteen-eighteen war
But not the sorrow afterwards
With my father dead, my mother ran off
My brothers took the pay of hoods
The twenties turned the north was dead
The hunger strike came marching south
The garden party not a word was said
The ladies lifted cake to their mouths

The next war began and my ship sailed
With battle orders writ in red
In five long years of bullets and shells
We left ten million dead
The few returned to old Piccadilly
We limped around Leicester Square
The world was busy rebuilding itself
The architects could not care

But how could we know when I was young
All the changes that were to come?
All the photos in the wallets on the battlefield

And now the terror of the scientific sun
There was masters and servants and servants and dogs
They taught you how to touch your cap
Through strikes and famine and war and peace
England never closed this gap

So leave me now the moon is up
But remember the tales I tell
The memories that you have dredged up
Are on letters forwarded from Hell"

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go

Goodbye, Piccadilly
Farewell, Leicester Square

(Mick Jones)
The streets were now deserted
The gangs had trudged off home
The lights clicked out in the bedsits
Old England was all alone

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Call Up -----

It's up to you, not to heed the call up
And you must not act, the way you were brought up
Who knows the reasons, why you have grown up?
Who knows the plans or why they were drawn up?

It's up to you, not to heed the call up
I don't want to die
It's up to you, not to hear the call up
I don't want to kill

For he who will die
Is he who will kill?
Maybe I want to see the wheatfields
Over Kiev and down to the sea

(Chorus 2)

All the young people down the ages
They gladly marched off to die
Proud city father used to watch them
Tears in their eyes

(Chorus 2)

For he who will die
Is he who will kill?

There is a rose, that I want to live for
Although, God knows, I may not have met her
There is a dance and I should be with her
There is a town, unlike any other

It's up to you not to hear the call up
And you must not act, the way you were brought up
Who gives you work, why should you do it?
At fifty five minutes past eleven, there is a rose

It's up to you not to hear the call up (x2)
I don't want to die
There is a rose, that I want to live for
It's up to you not to hear the call up

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Crooked Beat -----

Start the car lets make a midnight run
Across the river to South London
To dance to the latest hi-fi sound
Of the bass, guitar and drum

Seekin' out a rhythm that can take the tension off
Steppin' in and out of that crooked crooked beat

Take a piece of cloth, a coin for thirst
For the sweat will start to run
With a cymbal splash, a word of truth
And a rockin' bass and drum

(Chorus)

One by one they come on down
From the tower blocks of my hometown
Steppin' with the rhythm of the musical beat
Drownin' out the pressure of the crooked street

(Chorus)

It has a crooked past this crooked street
Where cars patrol this crooked beat
Badges flash and sirens wail
They'll be takin' one and all to jail

Whooooo
Prance! Prance! You want a law to dance?
Whooooooo

This particular one is a crooked crooked beat

Whaaaa
It's a bird, it's a plane
No, it's a dog (?)

(Chorus)

(Repeat 1st verse)

Seekin' out a rhythm

This particular one is a crooked crooked beat

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Equaliser -----

No! Gangboss no!
We don't want the whip!
As you get weaker

We don't want no gangboss
We want to equalize
We gang, we want to equalize till
No! Gangboss no!
We don't want the whip!
As you get weaker, it will get harder
So don't be like them
Your bones of effort and strength
Don't sell out to them

We don't want no gangboss
We want to equalize
We don't want no gangboss
We want to equalize

To my father's father's father work was no joy
When his son, grown of age, you've got to work now my boy
Father, father's father, they've had to work hard boy
Never ceasing for many years, want to follow that boy?

(Chorus)

'Til half and half is equalized, oh put down the tools
See the car, see the house, see the fabulous jewels

See the world you have built in with shoulders of iron
See the world but it is not yours say the stealers of Zion

(Chorus)

Geneva, Wall street
Who makes them so fat?
Well well, me an' you
Better think about that in overdrive
Till humanize is equalize
Oh, put down the tools
Every face on every side
Throw down the tools

(Chorus)

Going home, don't check with Rome
Paint strike on the door
It's one to one, the fight is on
So don't go to war

(Chorus)

Move me on

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Leader -----

Atom secrets, secret leaflet
Have the boys found the leak yet?
Molehill sets the wheel in motion
His downfall picks up locomotion

You gotta give the people somethin' good to read on a Sunday

Now the leader's wife takes a government car
In the dark to meet the minister
But the leader never leaves his door ajar
Swings a whip from the Boer War

The people must have something good to read on a Sunday

He wore a leather mask for his dinner guests
Totally nude and with deep respect
Proposed a toast to the votes he gets
The feeling of power and the thought of sex

The people must have something good to read on a Sunday

Now the girl let the fat man touch her
Vodka fumes and the feel of a vulture
Driver waited in the embassy car
The fat man's trap was set for capture
The girl let the thin man touch her
Mixing questions, drunken laughter
Ministry car waitin' there
Minister knows his own affair

The people must have something good to read on a Sunday

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Magnificent Seven -----

[Intro]
The Magnificent Seven!

[Chorus]
Ring! Ring! It's 7:00 A.M.!
Move yourself to go again
Cold water in the face
Brings you back to this awful place
Knuckle merchants and you bankers, too
Must get up and learn those rules
Weather man and the crazy chief
One says "Sun" and one says "Sleet"
A.M., the F.M. the P.M. too
Churnin' out that boogaloo
Gets you up and a'gets you out
But how long can you keep it up?
Gimme Honda, gimme Sony
So cheap and real phony
Hong Kong dollar, Indian cents
English pounds and Eskimo pence

[Post-Chorus]
You lot! What?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot! What?
Don't stop, yeah!
You lot! What?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot! What?
Don't stop, yeah!

[Verse 1]
Workin' for a rise, better my station
Take my baby to Sophistication
She's seen the ads, she thinks it's nice

Better work hard, I seen the price
Never mind that, it's time for the bus
We got to work, and you're one of us
Clocks go slow in a place of work
Minutes drag and the hours jerk

[Bridge]

"When can I tell 'em wot I do?
In a second, maaan, a'right Chuck!"

[Pre-Chorus]

Wave bub-bub-bub-bye to the boss
It's our profit, it's his loss
But anyway, the lunch bell ring
Take one hour, and do your... thang!
Cheeseboiger!

[Verse 3]

What do we have for entertainment?
Cops kickin' gypsies on the pavement
Now the news, a'snap to attention
The lunar landing of the dentist convention
Italian mobster shoots a lobster
Seafood restaurant gets outta hand
A car in the fridge, a fridge in the car?
Like cowboys do, in TV land

[Pre-Chorus]

You lot! What?
Don't stop, give it all you got
You lot! What?
Don't stop, oh!
You lot! What?
Don't stop, give it all you got, yeah
You lot! What?
Don't stop

[Chorus]

So get back to work and sweat some more
The sun will sink and we'll get out the door
It's no good for man to work in cages
Hits the town, he drinks his wages
You're frettin', you're sweatin'
But did you notice you ain't gettin'?
You're frettin', you're sweatin'
But did you notice not gettin' anywhere?
Don't you ever stop a'long enough to start?
Take your car outta that gear
Don't you ever stop long enough to start?

Get your car outta that gear
Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels
Came to the checkout at the 7-11
Marx was skint, but he had sense
Engels lent him the necessary pence

[Post-Chorus]
What have we got? Yeah
A'what have we got? Yeah-o
What have we got? Magnificence (I say)
What have we got?

[Chorus]
Luther King and Mahatma Gandhi
Went to the park to check on the game
But they was murdered by the other team
Who went on to win 15-nil
You can't be true, you can't be false
You'll be given the same reward
Socrates and Milhous Nixon
Both went the same way, through the kitchen
Plato the Greek or Rin Tin Tin
Who's more famous to the billion millions?
News Flash
Vacuum Cleaner Sucks Up Budgie
Ooh hoo!
Bye bye

[Post-Chorus]
The Magnificent Seven!
Magnificent!

[Outro]
Magnificent Seven!
This is fuckin' long, innit?

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Sound of Sinners -----

As the floods of God
Wash away sin city
They say it was written
In the page of the Lord
But I was looking
For that great jazz note
That destroyed
The walls of Jericho
The winds of fear
Whip away the sickness

The message on the tablets
Was Valium
The planets form
That golden cross, Lord
I'll see You on
The holy crossroads

After all this time (Judgement day)
To believe in Jesus (Judgement day)
After all these drugs (Judgement day)
I thought I was him (Judgement day)
After all my lying and crying and suffering
I ain't good enough, I ain't clean enough to be him (On judgement day)
Oh no, oh no

The tribal wars (Judgement day)
Are burning up the homeland (Judgement day)
The fuel of evil (Judgement day)
Is raining from the sky (Judgement day)
The sea of lava (Judgement day)
Flowing down the mountain (Judgement day)
The time will sweep (Judgement day)
Us sinners by (Judgement day), by, by

After all these years (Judgement day)
To believe in Jesus (Judgement day)
After all these drugs (Judgement day)
I thought I was him (Judgement day Judgement day)
After all my lying and crying and suffering
I ain't good enough, I ain't clean enough to be him (On judgement day), no, no

I've taken one ride (Judgement day), go, go, lets go, (Judgement day)
Through Las Vegas (Judgement day)
You go to hell (Judgement day)
I'm given these sixguns (Judgement day)
Seven and elevens (Judgement day)
To roll (Judgement day)
Holy rollers roll (judgement day)

After all this time (Judgement day)
To believe in Jesus (Judgement day)
After all those drugs (Judgement day)
I thought I was him (Judgement day)

After all my lying and crying and suffering
I ain't good enough, I ain't clean enough to be him (On judgement day), oh no, oh no

After all these years (Judgement day)
To believe in Jesus (Judgement day)

After all those drugs (Judgement day)
I thought I was him (Judgement day)

After all my lying and crying and suffering
I ain't good enough, I ain't clean enough to be him (On judgement day)

One take, one down on this roadless road (Judgement day) (Judgement day) (Judgement
day) (Judgement day)

Listen give generously now (Judgement day)
Pass the hubcap please (Judgement day)
I don't think so, thank you (On judgement day)

After all this time (Judgement day)
To believe in Jesus (Judgement day)
After all those drugs (Judgement day)
I thought I was him (Judgement day)
After all my lying and crying and suffering
I ain't good enough, I ain't clean enough to be him

Lord, lord, lord, lord
(Judgement day) (Judgement day) (Judgement day)

Thank you
I like to thank you all for coming here this week (Judgement day)
The collection boxes (Judgement day)
Are deemed empty congregation before
Hope to see you next Sunday (On judgement day)
Afternoon three thirty next week (Judgement day)
Cheerio (Judgement day) (Judgement day) (Judgement day)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- The Street Parade -----

When I was waiting for your phone call
The one that never came
Like a man about to burst
I was dying of thirst

Though I will never fade
Or get lost in this daze
Though I will disappear
And join the street parade

It's not too hard to cry
In these crying times
I'll take my broken heart
And take it home in parts

But I will never fade
Or get lost in this daze
Though I will disappear
And join the street parade

I was in this place
The first church of the city
I saw tears on the face
The face of a visionary
Though I will disappear
To join the street parade
Disappear and fade
Into the street parade

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Up In Heaven (Not Only Here) -----

The towers of London, these crumbling rocks
Reality estates that the hero's got
And every hour's marked by the chime of a clock
What you gonna do when the darkness surrounds?
You can piss in the lifts which have broken down
You can watch from the debris the last bedroom light
We're invisible here just past midnight

And the wives hate their husbands, the husbands don't care
Their children daub slogans to prove they lived there
A giant pipe organ up in the air
You can't live in a home which should not have been built
By the bourgeois clerks who bear no guilt
When the wind hits this building this building it tilts
One day it will surely fall to the ground

Fear is just another commodity here
They sell us peeping holes to peek when we hear
A bang on the door resoundingly clear
Who would really want to move in here?
The children play faraway, the corridors are bare
This room is a cage, it's like captivity
How can anyone exist in such misery?

It has been said not only here

"Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towerin' buildings
For the weary bones of the workers
To go back in the morning"

It has been said not only here

"Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towering buildings
For the weary bones of the workers
To be strong in the morning"

It has been said not only here
To raise the towering buildings

"Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towering buildings
For the weary bones of the workers
To go back in the morning
To be strong in the morning"

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Version City -----

There is a train at Version city
Waiting for the rhythm mail
If you can jump then jump right now
She can pull you through to better days

Is that the train that they speak of
The one I heard in my younger days
All great bluesmen have rode her
I'm jumping up going to ride that train
There's a lonely soul out on the crossroads
He's waiting there in the pouring rain
He's looking for that great ride yeah
That'll take him to oh what's her name?

So I rode that train from Version city
For ninety-nine and one half days
I never heard such rhythm sound
It was in my soul which was on the train

We went straight through Syndrum junction
Up and over the Acapella pass
Then Gibson town and Fenderville
All stations to the mesa boogie ranch
We saw that soul out on the cross roads
Waiting there in the pouring rain
We called hey engine slow your rhythms
See he wants to ride the version train

We rode that train from Version city
For ninety-nine and one half years
I never seen such funky country

While riding with the engineers

I could not fill no application
Before I rode this rhythm train
I could not work at my station
Before I rode the version train

There is a train, there is a train at Version city
Waiting for the rhythm mail
If you can jump then jump right now
She can pull you through to better days

She can pull you through to better days
Pull you through to better days (x3)

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Version Partner -----

This is a dub version of Junco Partner, for annotated lyrics see here

----- 1980 Sandinista! -----
----- Washington Bullets -----

Oh! Mama, Mama look there
Your children are playing in that street again
Don't you know what happened down there?
A youth of fourteen got shot down there
The Kokane guns of Jamdown town
The killing clowns, the blood money men
Are shooting those Washington bullets again

As every cell in Chile will tell
The cries of the tortured men
Remember Allende and the days before
Before the army came
Please remember Víctor Jara, in the Santiago stadium
Es verdad, those Washington bullets again

And in the Bay of Pigs in 1961
Havana fought the playboy in the Cuban sun
For Castro is a color is a redder than red
Those Washington bullets want Castro dead
For Castro is the color
That will earn you a spray of lead

Sandinista

For the very first time ever
When they had a revolution in Nicaragua

There was no interference from America
Human rights in America
The people fought the leader and up he flew
With no Washington bullets what else could he do?

Sandinista

An' if you can find a Afghan rebel
That the Moscow bullets missed
Ask him what he thinks of voting communist
Ask the Dalai Lama in the hills of Tibet
How many monks did the Chinese get?
In a war torn swamp stop any mercenary
An' check the British bullets in his armory

Sandinista
¿Qué?

Sandinista
Sandinista

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Atom Tan -----

[Verse 1]

Now the corporations stopped
(Stopped pushing fast food)
Been a multiple shooting
(Downtown at the bank)
Reluctantly the panic
(Begins to catch fire)
But it did not affect
(The steady sale of junk)
Oh, the state office looked
(It looked like Hollywood)
With make-up bleeding
(All over the cracks)
Whoa he blew his lines
(Facing the cameras)
He suffered the first
All live heart attack

[Chorus]

Oh, you've caught an even atom tan

[Verse 2]

The motor-cyanide
(Cyanide suicide)
He finally found

(The brick wall in his life)
Shining up his engine
(He dressed right up for it)
At the top of the speedo
(He crumpled the bike)
There's plenty people running
(Running for cover)
Hoping at best
(To hold off all the rest)
One last stand
(At the bunker fire)
Machine gun and pitchfork at breast

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
But it isn't so easy
(So easy for lovers)
Chained in love stained
(At the top of the tower)
The pink hearse is leaving
(At funeral speed)
Driving your heart
(Away with the flowers)
All night I waited
(I waited for a horseman)
And his ever faithful
(His Indian friend)
I'm not the only one
(Of the caped crusader fan club)
Watching the sky
For mankind's friend

[Outro]

Oh, you've caught an even atom tan

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Car Jamming -----

[Verse 1]
Tonight they're closing up the world
And sweepin' smoke from cigarette
And what is that funky multi-national
Anthem rocking from a thousand
King Kong cassette decks
Then a shy-boy from Missouri
Boots blown off in a '60s war
Riding aluminum crutches
Now he knows the welfare kindness

Agent Orange colour blindness
As we works from door to door
The violence in the carpets
The error of his wife
Drives the slum-bum dweller
To grind his hunting knife
In homesteads of cigar box
The radios hive like bees
The body in the ice box has no date for freeze

[Chorus]

In a car jam

[Verse 2]

Selling is what selling sells
But only saints on the 7 avenues can sell
The seven hells
Fanning out the drug afflicted leperising zone
Once inside the executive
He never leaves his home
Gorillas drag their victims
Hyenas try to sue (in a car jam)
Snakes find grass in concrete
There is no city zoo (in a car jam)
By ventilation units the towers meet the streets (in a car jam)
The ragged stand in bags soaking heat up through their feet (In a car jam)
This was the only kindness
It was accidental too

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Now shaking single engined planes are trafficking stereos from Cuba
Buzzed the holy zealot mass and drowned out Missa Luba
They drowned out Missa Luba (x3)
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall
I swear
Hey fellas
Hey fellas
Lauren Bacall
In a car jam
Yeah I don't believe it
In a car jam (car jam)
Ah yeah positively absolutely

[Chorus]

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----

----- Death Is A Star -----

And I was gripped by that deadly phantom
I followed him through hard jungles
As he stalked through the back lots
Strangling through the night shades

The thief of life
Moved onwards and outwards to love

In a one stop only motel
A storm bangs on the cheapest room
The phantom slips in to spill blood
Even on the sweetest honeymoon

The killer of love
Caught the last late Niagara bus

By chance or escaping from misery
By suddenness or in answer to pain
Smoking in the dark cinema
You could see the bad go down again

And the clouds are high in Spanish mountains
And a Ford roars through the night full of rain

The killer's blood flows
But he loads his guns again

Make a grown man cry like a girl
To see the guns dying at sunset

In vain lovers claimed
But they never had met

Smoking in the dark cinema
See the bad go down again

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----

----- Ghetto Defendant (Ft. Allen Ginsberg) -----

[Ginsberg]
Starved in metropolis
Hooked on necropolis
Addict of metropolis
Do the worm on the acropolis
Slamdance the cosmopolis
Enlighten the populace

[Verse 1: Strummer]

Hungry darkness of living
Who will thirst in the pit?
(Hooked in necropolis)
She spent a lifetime deciding
How to run from it
(Addicts of metropolis)
Once fate had a witness
And the years seemed like friends
(Girlfriends)
Now her child has a dream
But it begins like it ends

[Ginsberg]

Shot into eternity
Methadone kitty
Iron serenity

[Chorus]

Ghetto defendant
It is heroin pity
Not tear gas nor baton charge
That stops you taking the city

(Strung out committee)
Walled out of the city
Clubbed down from uptown
Sprayed pest from the nest
Run out to barrio town
(The guards are itchy)
Forced to watch at the feast
Then sweep up the night
Flipped pieces of coin
(Broken bottles)
Exchanged for birthright

[Chorus]

Ghetto defendant it is heroin pity
(Strung out committee)
Not tear gas nor baton charge
That stops you taking the city
(Not sitting pretty)
(Grafted in a jiffy)
Not tear gas nor baton charge
That stops you taking the city

The ghetto prince of gutter poets
Was bounced out of the room
(Jean Arthur Rimbaud)

By the bodyguards of greed
For disturbing the tomb
(1873)
His words like flamethrowers
(Paris commune)
Burnt the ghettos in their chests
His face was painted whiter
And he was laid to rest
(Died in Marseille)

Ghetto defendant it is heroin pity
(Buried in Charleville)
Not tear gas nor baton charge
That stops you taking the city
(Shut up in eternity)

[Ginsberg]
Guatemala
Honduras
Poland
100 years war
TV re-run invasion
Death squad Salvador
Afghanistan
Meditation
Old Chinese flu
Kick junk
What else
Can a poor worker do?

[Chorus]
[Ginsberg chanting]

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Inoculated City -----

[Verse]
The soldier boy for his soldier's pay, obeys
The sergeant at arms, whatever he says
The sergeant will for his sergeant's pay, obey
The captain's until his dying day
The captain will for his captain's pay, obey
The general order of battle play
The generals bow to the government
Obey the charge, you must not relent

What of the neighbours and the prophets in bars?
What are they saying in our public bazaars?
We are tired of the tune

You must not relent

[Verse 2]

At every stroke of the bell in the tower, there goes
Another boy from another side
The bulletins that steady come in say those
Familiar words at the top of the hour
The jamming city increases its hum, and those
Terrible words continue to come
Through brass music of government, hear those
Guns tattoo a roll on the drums

No one mentions the neighbouring war
No one knows what their fighting is for
We are tired of the tune
You must not relent

[2000 Flushes Toilet Cleaner Advertisement]

There's this different kind of chemical system, "2000 Flushes." Keeps the water
crystal clear, keeps the bowl sparkling clean continuously for about 4 months. No
rings, no streaks, no stains just put the container in your tank and forget it!
Every time you flush, the chlorine crystals dissolve away rust and minerals before
dirt rings and stains appear and flushing sure beats brushing!

[Outro]

The generals bow to
The government
We're tired of the tune
You must not relent

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Know Your Rights -----

[Intro]

This is a public service announcement..with guitar!

[Chorus]

Know your rights
All three of 'em:

[Verse 1]

Number 1
You have the right not to be killed
Murder is a crime
Unless it was done
By a Policeman
Or an aristocrat

[Chorus]

Oh, know your rights

[Verse 2]

And Number 2

You have the right to food money

Providing of course you

Don't mind a little

Investigation, humiliation

And if you cross your fingers

Rehabilitation

[Chorus]

These are your rights

Oh, know these rights

[Verse 3]

Number 3

You have the right to free speech

As long as you're not

Dumb enough to actually try it

[Chorus]

Know your rights

These are your rights

Oh, know your rights

These are your rights

All three of 'em, ha

[Outro]

It has been suggested

In some quarters that this is not enough

Well, get off the streets

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----

----- Overpowered By Funk (Ft. Futura 2000) -----

[Verse]

If you ain't reggae for it, funk out!

No one knockin' at your door? Funk out!

Overpowered by funk? Funk out!

Combatative, repetitive

Don't life just funk you out?

Asinine, stupefying

Can the clone line dry you out?

Part of the swarming mass? Funk out!

Slugged by the new increase? Funk out!

Scared of the human bomb? Funk out!

Overpowered by funk? Funk out!

Buy dog food
Rogue elephants
Tarzan on a ticker tape
Breakfast cereals?
You know you can't escape

Overpowered by funk
Don't you love our Western ways?
Car crashed by funk
Don't you love our Western ways?
Benny Goodman, trial by jury
A phone box full of books
Is my name in there?
Dustcarts at sunrise
No one gets off the hooks

Car crashed
Food for the hungry millions? Funk out!
Home for the floating people? Funk out!
Over-drunk on power
Funk out!
The final game will be solitaire
Over-drunk on power, funk out

[Outro: Futura 2000]
This is a message from Futura
Don't prophesize the future
I liven up the culture
Because I'm deadly as a vulture
I paint on civilization
I have this realization
It's environmentally wack
So presenting my attack
And I'll brighten up your shack
I'm down by law
That's a fact
Just give me a wall
Any building, dull or tall
I spray clandestine night subway
I cover red purple on top of grey
An' hey, no slashing 'cause it ain't the way
The T.A. blew 40 mil they say
We thew down by night
An' they scrubbed it off by day
OK tourists
Picture frame
Tickets here for the graffiti train!
Funk power, over-and-out

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Red Angel Dragnet -----

[Verse 1: Kosmo Vinyl]

I come from a long way away
And I know a fine thing when I see it
See it
For the same reason no one ever
Pointed a telescope at the sun
Talking about the Red Angels of N-Y City

[Hook: The Clash]

Who shot the shot?
Who got shot tonight?
Who shot the shot?
Who got shot tonight?

[Verse 2]

Not even five enforcement agencies can save their own
Never mind the people
Tonight it's raining on the Angels of the City
Did anyone prophesize these people?
Only Travis
Come in, Travis
"All the animals come out at night
Queens, fairies, dopers, junkies, sick, venal
Some day a real rain will come and wash all the scum off the streets"

"Thank god for the rain to wash the trash off the sidewalk
Listen you screwheads
Here is a man who would not take it anymore
A man who stood up against the scum, the filth
Now I see clearly"

"Personally I know the alley
Where Jack feeds on the birds of night
Not even bobbies bicycling 2x2
Can stop the blood and feathers flying"

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Wearing overalls and for once and for all
What is the dream?
I'll tell it
To live like they do in the movies
San Juan, you listening?

Yeah I bet you are
Hands up for Hollywood
(Hooray)
I hear you
Snappy on the air
Hang in there
Wall to wall
You saved the world
What else? You saved the girl
Champagne on ice
No stranger to Alcatraz
To boot
Or strip it down
Chop it a little
Being reasonable
Just freedom to move
To live
For women to take a walk in the park at midnight
Hey, but this is serious
She can't even get back home

Who shot the shot

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Rock the Casbah -----

[Verse 1]

Now the king told the boogie men
You have to let that raga drop
The oil down the desert way
Has been shaken to the top
The Sheikh he drove his Cadillac
He went a' cruisin' down the ville
The Muezzin was a'standing
On the radiator grille

[Chorus]

Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah

[Verse 2]

By order of the prophet
We ban that boogie sound
Degenerate the faithful
With that crazy Casbah sound
But the Bedouin they brought out
The electric kettle drum

The local guitar picker
Got his guitar pickin' thumb
As soon as the Shareef
Cleared the square
They began to wail

[Chorus]
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah

[Verse 3]
Now over at the temple
Oh! They really pack 'em in
The in crowd say it's cool
To dig this chanting thing
But as the wind changed direction
And the temple band took five
The crowd caught a whiff
Of that crazy Casbah jive

[Chorus]
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah

[Verse 4]
The king called up his jet fighters
He said "You better earn your pay
Drop your bombs between the minarets
Down the Casbah way"
As soon as the Shareef was
Chauffeured outta there
The jet pilots tuned to
The cockpit radio blare
As soon as the Shareef was
Out of their hair
The jet pilots wailed

[Chorus]
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah
Shareef don't like it
Rockin' the Casbah, rock the Casbah

[Outro]
(Shareef don't like it)

Thinks it's not kosher
(Rockin' the Casbah
Rock the Casbah)
(Shareef don't like it)
Fundamentally can't take it
(Rockin' the Casbah
Rock the Casbah)
(Shareef don't like it)
You know he really hates it
(Rockin' the Casbah
Rock the Casbah)
(Shareef don't like it)
Really, really hates it

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Sean Flynn -----

[Verse 1]

You know he heard the drums of war
When the past was a closing door

The drums beat into the jungle floor

The past was always a closing door
Closing door

[Verse 2]

Rain on the leaves and soldiers sing
You never never hear anything

They filled the sky with a tropical storm

You know he heard the drums of war
Each man knows what he's looking for

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Should I Stay or Should I Go -----

[Intro]

Oh! Hola!

[Verse 1]

Darling, you got to let me know
Should I stay or should I go?
If you say that you are mine
I'll be here 'till the end of time
So you got to let me know
Should I stay or should I go?

[Verse 2]

It's always tease, tease, tease
You're happy when I'm on my knees
One day it's fine and next it's black
So if you want me off your back
Well, come on and let me know
Should I stay or should I go?

[Chorus]

Should I stay or should I go now?
Should I stay or should I go now?
If I go, there will be trouble
And if I stay it will be double
So come on and let me know

[Verse 3]

This indecision's bugging me (Esta indecisión me molesta)
If you don't want me, set me free (Si no me quieres, librame)
Exactly whom I'm supposed to be (Dígame que tengo ser)
Don't you know which clothes even fit me? (Sabes que ropa me "quedará"?)
Come on and let me know (Me tienes que decir)
Should I cool it or should I blow? (Me debo ir o quedarme?)
Split

[Chorus]

Should I stay or should I go now? (Yo me enfrío o lo soplo)
Should I stay or should I go now? (Yo me enfrío o lo soplo)
If I go there will be trouble (Si me voy va a haber peligro)
And if I stay it will be double (Si me quedo sera el doble)
So ya gotta let me know (Me tienes que decir)
Should I cool it or should I blow? (Tengo frío por los ojos)
Should I stay or should I go now? (Tengo frío por los ojos)
If I go there will be trouble (Si me voy va haber peligro)
And if I stay it wil be double (Si me quedo será el doble)
So ya gotta let me know (Me tienes que decir)
Should I stay or should I go?

----- 1982 Combat Rock -----
----- Straight to Hell -----

[Verse 1]

If you can play on fiddle
How's about a British jig and reel?
Speaking King's English in quotation
As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust
Water froze in the generation
Clear as winter ice
This is your paradise

There ain't no need for ya
There ain't no need for ya
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys

[Verse 2]

Wanna join in a chorus
Of the Amerasian blues?
When it's Christmas out in Ho Chi Minh City
Kiddie say papa papa papa papa papa-san take me home
See me got photo photo
Photograph of you
And Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Of you and Mamma Mamma Mamma-san
Let me tell you 'bout your blood bamboo kid
It ain't Coca-Cola, it's rice

Straight to hell, boy
Go straight to hell boy
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys

Oh Papa-san
Please take me home
Oh Papa-san
Everybody they wanna go home
So Mamma-san says

You wanna play mind-crazed banjo
On the druggy-drag ragtime U.S.A.?
In Parkland International
Ha, Junkiedom U.S.A
Where procaine proves the purest rock man groove
And rat poison
The volatile Molotov says

Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah-hah
Straight to hell

[Verse 3]

Can you 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
There ain't no asylum here
King Solomon he never lived 'round here

Straight to hell boy
Go straight to hell boy
Go straight to hell boys
Go straight to hell boys
Oh Pappa-san, please take me home
Everybody they wanna go home now

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Are You Red..Y -----

[Intro]
Are you ready for [x3]

[Chorus]
War
War
War

[Verse 1]
High above the satellites
View the earth
(???) nights
Europe switches off those lights
Are you ready for
War, all in all this sentimental
War, wall to wall with the regimental
War, with all the things continental
Are you red

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
There's no use running a mobile home
Everywhere is a target zone
Hell is ringing on the red, red phone
Are you ready for
War, all that is futuristic
War, all that is realistic
War, all that will be ballistic
Are you red

[Chorus]
War[x3]
Are you ready for
Are you ready for

[Verse 3]
Vodka chilled in the kremlin bar

Ride on the rocky (???) and hold my arm
Raise my glass and break it on the bar
Are you ready for
War, all in all this sentimental
War, wall to wall with the regimental
War, with all the things continental
Are you red

[Outro]
Are you ready for
War[x3]

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Cool Under Heat -----

[Verse 1]
Rebels on the corner
Rebels to the core
Got a million dollar question
What is living for?
Hey! Man can scratch a living
In a fat man's city class
The teacher is survival
But soon the present will be the past

[Chorus]
So!
Be cool under heat
Be cool under heat
Be cool on the street
Be cool under heat

[Verse 2]
When you're rocking down
On a cold hard night
Pitiless eyes of the city-less souls
Narrow in the lights
Sorrow upon sorrow
Go ganging up in your head
You can leave it till tomorrow
If you can balance on the edge

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
When the baby and you got to fight
Go cool your love in the rain
When the match refuses to strike
Show that you really are in pain

I'm giving you a warning
Gonna burn those blue suede shoes
Swagger in the morning
Prints up front page news

[Chorus]

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Dictator -----

Yes I am the dictator, the more guns I got the better
Yes I am the liquidator, I carry the old Beretta
You know there once was freedom
You know how dangerous that can be

The people used to dance and sing
And they used to run wild in the streets
But now I am the voice howling from your radio
From my armour-plated cadillac you'll hear what I say goes

Yes I am the dictator, I satisfy the US team
I always do my killing in the woods and keep the city gutters clean
'Cause I need a few more dollars for my fighter pilot to be free
To dive bomb on the population if they go running wild in the streets

Yes I am that voice...

Yes I am the crusader, I spent twenty years in exile
But now I am the invader and I'm never never gonna die
Yes I am the dictator, my name is on your ballot sheet
But until my box has your cross you know the form is incomplete

And you know...

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Dirty Punk -----

[Verse 1]

Going to be a dirty punk
Going to rock your neighborhood
To the sound of rebel funk
Turn it up loud like it should
I could hear your momma scream
She's gonna waste herself away
When your daddy smashed that tv screen
I understand what he had to say

[Chorus]

I'm going to get me a big, big, big

Big, big car
Then i'm gonna drive, drive, drive
I'm gonna drive so far
Up your boulevard
Up your boulevard
So far up your boulevard

[Verse 2]
Going to be a dirty punk
While my brother dresses clean
He used to be the local hunk
The girls all ride in my machine(?)
How bout the time i made him drunk
And he insult my brotherhood
I shout out i am a dirty punk
Gonna rot in your neighborhood

[Chorus]

[Bridge]
Going to get a big, big, big
Ghetto blaster!
Then i'm gonna go! Big!
Let's go to (???)
Up your boulevard
Up your boulevard
Go so far up your boulevard

[Chorus]

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Do It Now -----

Rip the carpet up!
Turn the music up!
Rock when I'm around!
You gotta come, the word is out!

Imagine landing from Jamaica
In 1953
With your records in your suitcase
Minus 15 degrees

And everywhere you go, they're staring at your face
You've got no place to go
And everywhere you go
It's: "Try the other place!", the word you hear is "No!"

So what'cha gonna do?

You gotta make the scene come true

Rip the carpet up!
Turn the music up!
Rock when i'm around!
You gotta come, the word is out!

Hey, do you play for Arsenal?
Or are you in the Top 10?
But you're the average punter
Get and don't come back again

And everywhere you go, they're staring at your face
You got no place to go
And everywhere you go
It's: "Try the other place!", the word you hear is "No!"

So what'cha gonna do?
Gotta make this scene come true

Rip the carpet up!
Turn the music up!
Rock when i'm around!
You gotta come, the word is out!

Yeah, this [...] seen his rubber
And you must have membership
Know? Those underpants of leather
And they got too many zips

And everywhere you go, they're staring at your face
And you got no place to go
And everywhere you go
It's: "Try the other place!", the word you hear is "No!"

So what'cha gonna do?
You gotta make the scene come true

Rip the carpet up!
Turn the music up!
Rock when i'm around!
You gotta come, the word is out!

Rip the carpet up!
Turn the music up!
Rock when i'm around!
You gotta come, the word is out!

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----

----- Fingerpoppin' -----

[Verse 1]

This here finger of mine
Is gonna point to the beat, right on time
This finger points in a brand new dance
This finger points for a new romance
This here finger's got no ring
It'll point at anything
This finger points gonna pop tonight
Gonna point at the best girl in sight

[Chorus]

Don't talk shop
Finger-pop
Don't talk shop
Finger pop

[Verse 2]

Girls, girls round the floor
Are you wondering what you came for
Why do these boys stand in groups
Are they urban tribes of fighting troops
Girls, girls it's time to act
Time to beat gonna make contact
Make it plain and make it clear
Just point out who you want to hear

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

Boys, boys cat got your tongue
Can't you see she's the prettiest one
Better act real hurt
Just turn around kicking the dirt
This here (???) is on selling street
Tell the girl who you want to meet
This here finger gonna point tonight
Gonna point at the best girl in sight

[Bridge]

Going to move [x4]
Girls, girls go around the floor
Can't remember what you came here for

[Chorus]

[Outro]

This here finger of mine

Gonna point to the beat, right on time
This finger points in a brand new dance
This finger points for a new romance
This here finger's got no ring
And it gets to point at anything
This finger points rock tonight
Gonna point at the best girl in sight

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Life Is Wild -----

[Intro]
Hey anybody got a cigarette?

[Verse 1]
Has anybody got a cigarette
Haven't you declared a disaster zone
Ho! Your car is a total wreck
And i just can't go back home
My girl if she had the dope
We'd get the messieurs on the phone
I still got to get up and go home
Don't start driving on my headstone

[Chorus]
Go!
Life is wild life is free
Make him want to stop, gonna fall on me
Life is wild life is free
Make him want to stop, gonna (???) me

[Verse 2]
Here's to all of my kindred souls
He got a life but ain't got no style
Well heard that your story goes
You nearly broke down after half a mile
Hey that is the way it goes
You better keep a note on file
You'll have to reap what i suppose
Gets you a floor and a (???)

[Chorus]

[Bridge]
Somebody got a cigarette?
A guitar or a blank cassette
Hey! The last thing he'd expect in his bar
Gonna chart the rise of my star

[Chorus][x2]

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Movers And Shakers -----

[Verse 1]

The boy stood in the burning slum
Better times had to come
Fate lay in the hands that clap
The muscles that move & the power that raps
He went up on money street
Waving an popping to the beat
Off his wits an on his feet
He worked a coin from the cold concrete

[Chorus]

Movers & shakers come on you got what it takes to make it
Movers an shakers come on even if you have to fake it

[Verse 2]

Where the highway meets the lights
With a red bandanna & rapid wipes
He shines glass and he cleans chrome
He'll accept what he gets thrown
This man earns cos its understood
Times are bad and he's making good
Down on him but he's got it beat
He's working coin from the cold concrete

[Chorus]

Movers & shakers come on you got what it takes to make it
Movers an shakers come on even if you have to fake it

[Bridge]

And when i see you down & i say
That ain't no way through that ain't no way through
Movers & shakers come on

[Verse 3]

Way back in some city heat
When a friend was anybody with food to eat
It was lousy life with a leaking roof
We got up to find that truth
Make a drum from a garbage can
Allow your tongue to be a man
When the beat propels you off your seat
You got it made in the cold concrete

[Outro]

Movers & shakers come on!

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- North and South -----

[Verse 1]

And so we say
We ain't got life
Don't want a cardboard cut-out
Don't want a plastic knife

[Chorus]

Now I know, time can march
With its charging feet
Now I know, words are only cheap
It's gonna be a burn out
All around this town
The south is up
But the north is down

[Verse 2]

There's gonna be a killing
Of a woman and a man
Trying to feed that child
Without a coin in their hand
And so we say
Have you no use
For eight million hands
And the power of youth

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

There's gonna be a killing
Of a woman and a man
Trying to feed that child
Without a coin in their hand
It's gonna be a burn out!

[Bridge]

And so we say
We ain't digging no graves
We're digging a foundation
For a future to be made

[Chorus]

[Outro]

There's gonna be a killing

Of a woman and a man
Trying to feed that child
Without a coin in their hand
It's gonna be a burn out!

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Play to Win -----

(Voice:) Hey wotcha! (??) piranah
(Joe:) Yup and the piranah got it
(Voice:) Yeah, well if it's hooligan you want
(Joe:) We British will tear upon the street
(Voice:) (???) gun you down
(Joe:) Well I don't see you living in Germany
(Voice:) Yankee (???)
(Joe:) (???)
(Voice:) (???)

I long for the prairie
Of the wild frontier
We got a ticket to the space age
Graffiti bandit pioneers

(Voice:) Wotcha! I thought I'd go call a taxi
(Joe:) Well what you got is a police car
(Voice:) Are you gonna (???) cleanin'?'
(Joe:) I thought you was a burglar
(Voice:) (???)
(Joe:) I'll say to give you a kiss
(Voice:) Lord! I can't take the pressure
(Joe:) Come on lets go out get smashed

I long for the prairie
Of the wild frontier
We got a ticket to the space age
Graffiti bandit pioneers

(Voice:) Hey wotcha! What kind of food for the picnic
(Joe:) Hey don't worry about our (???)
(Voice:) (???) obviously then
(Joe:) Well out there everyday it's all the same
(Voice:) No. I don't want to turn to plastic
(Joe:) Why don't you turn your plastic into gold?
(Voice:) (???)
(Joe:) Just get your face in a centerfold
(Voice:) 2, 3, 4

I long for the prairie
Of the wild frontier

We got a ticket to the space age
Graffiti bandit pioneers

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- This Is England -----

[Spoken intro]

Four for a pound your face flannels, three for a pound your tea towels!
Four for a pound your face flannels, three for a pound your tea towels!

[Verse 1]

I hear a gang fight on a human factory farm
Are they howling out, or doing somebody harm?
On a catwalk jungle, somebody grabbed my arm
A voice spoke so cold it matched the weapon in her palm

[Chorus]

This is England
This knife of Sheffield steel
This is England
This is how we feel

[Verse 2]

Time on his hands the freezing mohawk strolls
He won't go for the carrots
Been beaten by the pole
Some sunny day confronted by his soul
His eye will see how fast you can grow old

[Chorus]

This is England
That I'm supposed to die for
This is England
Never gonna cry no more

[Verse 3]

Black shadow of the Vincent
Falls on a Triumph line
I got my motorcycle jacket
But I'm walking all the time
South Atlantic wind blows
Ice from a dying creed
I see no glory
And when will we get free?

[Chorus]

This is England
We can chain you to the rail
This is England

We can kill you in a jail

[Verse 4]

Hey, British boots go kick Bengali in the head
Police sit watching
The newspapers being read
All deaf to protests
And after the attacker fled
Out came the batons and
The biggest one then said

[Outro]

This is England
The land of illegal dances
This is England
Land of one thousand stances
This is England
This knife of Sheffield steel
This is England
This is how we feel
This is England
This is England

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----
----- Three Card Trick -----

[Verse 1]

Patriots of the wasteland torching two hundred years
Dragging my spirit back into the dungeon again
Bring back crucifixion cry the moral death's head legion
Using steel nails manufactured by the slaves in asia

[Chorus]

You won't fall for that law and order is a baton in the rib
You won't fall for that just like your mummy & your daddy did

[Verse 2]

Blood inside a fountain pen wrote you out of life again
& who knows any better than to kick and scratch under english weather
From a chain gang to the mill. The mill that sits on top of the hill
The fog drowned towns arr gonna have to fade
The wrong side of the a scissor blade

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

I'll eat my hat i'm gonna be sick
They own the pack while we play the three card trick

[Outro]

Don't you remember the place
Where we hid the ace?
Yeah not thick but slick
Now we all gotta play the three card trick

----- 1985 Cut the Crap -----

----- We Are the Clash -----

[Verse 1]

Punk rockers, hip-hoppers
Brit poppers, show stoppers
Beboppers, hair droppers
Are you ready to sing?
Right wing, left wing
I want something
Easy to say
Bout what do you think

[Chorus]

We ain't gonna be treated like trash
We got one thing
We are the clash
What?
We are the clash
It's like a patch
You can strike that match

[Verse 2]

With my guitar now
The cuban's last dance
I see them where they beating from
And the injuries stay
Beating on a drum
Did they tell them take it in'
Got the nervous sort of feeling
Where the fat boy blew

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Home fires burning
In motorcycle city
The rocking gods will choose
If i'm worthy to live (rock rock clash city rockers)
The first to next engine
In jail at forty-six
And there's no more between ya..
To imitate respect

[Chorus]