

Chris Corner, The Clash

Blood is my war, blood is my music
Written in Force, written in plastic
Cut me down, I'm pulling on the trigger
Death is my paw, living is fear
Shine to me, baby
Follow me
Hold me, my friend
Take me where I can please
Suit for a tear, we barely deliver
Afflictive to the real world, we become killers
Self-wired on your self-life sitting under half-light
Do you wanna be zen, do you wanna be cure?
Shine to me, baby
Follow me
Hold me, my friend
Take me where I can please
Let me clear up all confusion
Listen to the animal, listen to the freedom
Then listen to the sharpened edge of a tin can
Welcome to the end, welcome to the reason
Shine to me, baby
Follow me
Hold me, my friend
Take me where I can please