

# The Clash, Car Jamming

Tonight they're closing up the world  
N' sweeping smoke from cigarettes  
And what is that funk multi-national  
Anthem rocking from a thousand  
King Kong cassette decks  
Then a shyboy from Missouri  
Boots blown off in a '60s war  
Riding aluminium crutches  
Now he knows the welfare kindness n'  
Agent Orange color blindness  
As we works from door to door  
The violence in the carpets  
The mirror of his wife  
Drives the slum-bum dweller  
To grind his hunting knife  
In homesteads of cigar box-radios  
Hive like bees  
The body in the ice  
Box has no date for freeeeze

[Chorus]  
In a car jam

Selling is what selling sells  
But only saints of the 7 avenues can sell  
The hells  
Fanning the drug afflicted leperizing acne  
Once inside the executive  
He never leaves his home  
Gorillas drag their victims  
Hyenas try to sue  
Snakes find grass in concrete  
There is no city zoo by  
Ventilation units where towers  
Meet the streets  
The ragged stand in bags  
Soaking heat up through their feet

This was the donly kindness  
And it was accidental too

[Chorus]

Now shaking single engined planes  
Traffik-king stereos from Cuba  
Buzzed the holy zealot mass

And drowned out Missa Luba  
And drowned out Missa Luba  
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall  
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall  
I swear  
Hey fellas  
Lauren Bacall  
In a car jam  
Yeah I don't believe it  
In a car jam  
Ah yeah positively absolutely

[Chorus]