

# The Clash, First Night Back In London

The mini cab  
The driver is black  
This time of night  
You better sit in the back

Got a few smokes  
Under your hat  
The cops are lookin' out  
For the petrol on the black

This time I think  
So what the hell  
There's that female  
I know too well

Why should I lean  
Get out my mind again  
I ridin' in the back alone  
The stranger rides again

To see my lovely town  
That always brings you down  
Where every drifter drifts  
For many miles around

We take a casual drive  
For two miles up the road  
The cops pull us over  
And search right through our clothes

They give him hell  
They check him on the air  
I sit there with the drugs in my hair

As soon as I get home  
I call Heathrow  
Want a standby fare to Borneo