The Clash, If Music Could Talk

[Left Channel]
Make sure!
Taking cover in the bunker tonight
Waiting for Bo Diddley's headlights
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 to pience 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
Becos 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 yeee

Well there ain't no better blend
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
Likethe 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 drummerman'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 thetemples of money
And the high priests
Of the expense account
And Im wasting the whole thing
I come down in Yamaha-ha
They make the best pianos-time to step-up