

The Clash, Midnight Log

Working for the devil
You'll have to pay his tax
That means going to see him
Down among the racks
You do his work so fine
He'll remember you

Worried for my friend
As he shows me round the flat
Where I don't wanna find him
His lips an' 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 sawn

Swallowed by the river
Swollen by the rains
That leakin' ol' computer
Of fingerprints and names
Swimming in the river
That floods the neighborhood
I would call to you
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

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

'N speaking of the devil
He ain't been seen for years
'Cept every 20 mins
He zooms between me ears
I don't believe in books
But I read all the time
For ciphers to the riddles
An' reasons to the rhymes