

The Clash, Movers And Shakers

The boy stood in the burning slum
Better times had to come
Fate lay in the hands that clap
The muscles that move & the power that raps
He went up on money street
Waving an popping to the beat
Off his wits an on his feet
He worked a coin from the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on you got what it takes to make it
Movers an shakers come on even if you have to fake it

Where the highway meets the lights
With a red bandanna & rapid wipes
He shines Glass and he cleans chrome
He'll accept what he gets thrown
This man earns cos its understood
Times are bad and he's makin good
Down on him but he's got it beat
He's working coin from the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on....etc
And when I see you down & I say
That aint no way through that aint no way through
Movers & shakers come on....etc

Way back in some city heat
When a friend was anybody with food to eat
It was lousy life with a leaking roof
We got up to find that truth
Make a drum from a garbage can
Allow your tongue to be a man
When the beat propels you off your seat
You got it made in the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on!