

The Clash, Safe European Home

well, i just got back an' i wish i never leave now
who dat martian arrival at the airport?
how many local dollars for a local anaesthetic?
the johnny on the corner was a very sympathetic

i went to the place where every white face is an
invitation to robbery
an' sitting here in my safe european home
i don't wanna go back there again

wasn't i lucky n' wouldn't it be lovely?
send us all cards, an' have a laying in on a sunday
i was there for two weeks, so how come i never tell
that natty dread drinks at the sheraton hotel?

now they got the sun, an' they got the palm trees
they got the weed, an' they got the taxis
whoa, the harder they come, n' the home of ol' bluebeat
yes i'd stay an' be a tourist but i can't take the gunplay