

# The Clash, Stop The World

the panorama of the city is wrong  
in fact the city seems to be gone!  
burning rubber and smoke in my eyes  
there's a flat burning junkheap  
for twenty square miles!  
they took it into the nuclear mine  
judging by this, they left nothing behind  
down in the bunkers in the crust of the earth  
now crouch the wealthy and the noble of birth

if i could a ride a train around the city  
that holds this as our fate  
i'd hide from electro-circuit central  
to the shock inducer gate  
not forgetting the by-pass  
across the washington hooks  
through the phones and desks and screens  
of the kremlin's crook of crooks

there's some panel in a circuit board  
destination of the override  
scanning the wild wind  
blowing through the berlin corridor  
spotlit in a palace, shielded from dust  
malfunction or not, the failsafe is the crux  
so far away from us,  
shaking with the mystery tears  
one lonely night in ladbroke grove  
far away in the deserts of omaha!  
they got it nailed down-swiss tight!  
the bank notes of europe  
the emperors and kings  
curl in the autumn as the burning of leaves  
and i've cleaned my black guitar...