

The Clash, Three Card Trick

Patriots of the wasteland torching two hundred years
Dragging my spirit back into the dungeon again
Bring back crucifixion cry the moral death's head legion
Using steel nails manufactured by the slaves in Asia

You wont fall for that law and order is a baton in the rib
You wont fall for that just like your mummy & your daddy did

Blood inside a fountain pen wrote you out of life again
& who knows any better than to kick and scratch under English weather
From a chain gang to the mill. The mill that sits on top of the hill
The fog drowned towns arr gonna have to fade
The wrong side of the a scissor blade

You wont fall for that law and order is a baton in the rib
You wont fall for that just like your mummy & your daddy did
I'll eat my hat I'm gonna be sick
They own the pack while we play the three card trick

Dont you remember the place
Where we hid the ace?
Yeah not thick but slick
Now we all gotta play the three card trick