The Clash, Cool Confusion

between cool confusion
and kung fu in the car park
could the weekend be losing
that reactive spark

even in the shebeen
or down in the meat rack
longtime i feel cold
to send cinderella's shoe back

along the length of the wire
party jam on the line
i can't hear a thing
can't get no number nine

now we must get in touch
if the night is to burn
someone out there in luck
lend me your star for a turn

as heroes fix their hair
some are saving their breath
just on the walkways tonight
for a glue bag death

screens flick in unison
some gaze at the soul
from the tiers and the heights
go for the fifteenth floor stroll

it's immediately obvious;
anybody star-gilt
would have left this club
way before it was built

this strikes you so late
as the guy with the broom
sweeps you and the bottles
right out of the room

now i wash in the factory
confess in the tile house
i don't need to bleed anybody
to strike out

today my godfather
he sent a note from the jail
said go get 'em kid
but don't get chained to the rail

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