

The Clash, Koka Kola

Elevator! Going up!
In the gleaming corridors of the 51st floor
The money can be made if you really want some more
Executive decision-a clinical precision
Jumping from the windows-filled with indecision

I get good advice from the advertising world
Treat me nice says the party girl
Koke adds life where there isn't any
So freeze, man, freeze

It's the pause that refreshes in the corridors of power
When top men need a top up long before the happy hour
Your snakeskin suit and your alligator boot
You won't need a launderette, you can send them to the vet!

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Koka Kola advertising and kokaine
Strolling down the Broadway in the rain
Neon light sign says it
I read it in the paper-they're crazy!
Suit your life, maybe so
In the White House-I know
All Over Berlin (they've been doing it for years)
And in Manhattan!

Coming through the door is a snub nose 44
What the barrel can't snort it can spatter on the floor
Your eyeballs feel like pinballs
And your tongue feels like a fish
You're leaping from the windows-saying don't
Ayaiiiiiirrrghhh! *@!!*@!!*!
Don't give me none of this!

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Hit the deck!