

The Clash, The Right Profile

Say, where did I see this guy?
In Red River?
Or a place in the sun?
Maybe the Misfits?
Or From Here to Eternity?

Everybody say, "Is he all right?"
And everybody say, "What's he like?"
Everybody say, "He sure look funny."
That's...Montgomery Clift, honey!

New York, New York, New York, 42nd Street
Hustlers rustle and pimps pimp the beat
Monty Clift is recognized at dawn
He ain't got no shoes and his clothes are torn

I see a car smashed at night
Cut the applause and dim the light
Monty's face is broken on a wheel
Is he alive? Can he still feel?

Nembutol numbs it all
But I prefer alcohol

He said go out and get me my old movie stills
Go out and get me another roll of pills
There I go again shaking, but I ain't got the chills

ARRRGHHHGORRA BUH BHUH DO ARRRRGGGGHHHHNNNN!!!!