

# X-Ray Style

## Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

I see a million walk the city mile  
The ticker-tape kings and the juveniles  
Will anybody tell me which way to go  
Will anybody come back on the C.B. radio I'm counting the stars and the telegraph poles  
And each one represents the hopes of a soul  
You'd think that God wouldn't be so hard  
When you see all the little children running,  
Running in the backyard On a Mississippi gourd with a Sub-Saharan song  
Somebody is wailing in the financial district sun  
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile  
I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile Gonna make like Eddie on my rockabilly train  
Gonna beat out the blues on my ball and chain  
Oh, you can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun  
There's people living now  
Who ain't got no heart and ain't never had none Down on the border they crawl all the way  
To get a clip of living with a clean-all spray  
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile  
I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile You can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun  
There's people living now  
Who ain't got no heart and ain't never had none I hear a payphone ringing out on murder mile  
The sucker who picks up gets his number dialed  
And all the sparkling waters that ever flowed  
Could never wash down this town so clean that it glowed  
And I need to see in an x-ray style  
I need some rock art that don't come in a vial  
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile  
I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile

Songwriters

JOE STRUMMER Published by

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