

The Crooked Beat

The Clash

Start the car, let's make a midnight run
Across the river to South London
To dance to the latest hi-fi sound
Of the bass, guitar and drum Seeking out a rhythm that can take the tension off
Stepping in and out of that crooked, crooked beat Take a piece of cloth, a coin for thirst
For the sweat will start to run
With a cymbal splash, a word of truth
And a rocking bass and drum Seeking out a rhythm that can take the tension on
Stepping in and out of that crooked, crooked beat One by one they come on down
From the tower blocks of my home town
Stepping with the rhythm of the musical beat
Drowning out the pressures of the crooked street Seeking out a rhythm that can take the tension on
Stepping in and out of that crooked, crooked beat It has crooked pas, this crooked street
Where cars patrol this crooked beat
Badges flash and sirens roll
They'll be taking one and all to jail Oh Prance, Prance, you want a law to dance?
This particular one is a crooked, crooked street
[Incomprehensible] Start the car, let's make a midnight run
Across the river to South London
To dance to the latest hi-fi sound
Of the bass, guitar and drum Seeking out a
This particular one is a crooked, crooked street
[Incomprehensible]

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