

Broadway

The Clash

"It ain't my fault it's six o'clock in the morning"
He said, coming out of the night
When he found I had no coins to bum he began to testify
Born in a depression, born out of good luck
Born into misery in the back of a truck
I'm telling you this mister, don't be put off by looks
I've been in the ring and I took those right hooks, yeah, tight hooks Oh, the loneliness used to knock me out
Harder than the rest
And I've worked for breakfast an' I ain't had no lunch
Been on delivery and received every punch, yeah Suddenly I noticed that it weren't quite the same
Feel different one morning maybe it was the rain
But everywhere I looked all over the city
They're running in and out of the bars
Someone stopped for a pick-up
Driving one of those cars, yeah oh Ya see I always wanted one of those cars
Long black and shiny and pull up to the bars
Honk your horn, put down your windows
Push up your button, and hear it coming in Yeah, you can say, I can see the light
Yeah, I can see the light
Roll! Forward! Drive! Green lights! Green lights!
Intersection, city coming
Running comeback, home I run back
Not that strong now, oh yeah Yes, who's there now, can I help you?
Calling Intel station light alight
Did you put your money in?
Did you put your money in?
Yes I put it in, yes I put it in I can see the light, yeah yeah yeah, go go go
It say go, I say go, she say go, so we say go
'Cause I can see the light
All night, tonight, this night, right now
Coming on, coming on, forward motion
Across the ocean, and up the hills
Yeah, boys let's strike for the hills While that petrol tank is full
Gimme a push, gimme a pull
Gimme a lamb gimme a mule
Gimme a donkey or gimme a horse
Down the avenue, down the avenue
Oh, so fine in [Incomprehensible]

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