

# Midnight to Stevens

## The Clash

I searched through the drinkers  
Each propped over his glass  
I ran through each bar  
'Til I found Guy at last Guy you've been to the doctor  
No I don't think it wise  
Took one of his pills  
Boiled the blood in my eyes When you played the master mix  
To the company man  
Took three million worldwide  
To make him understand You don't work for peanuts  
But they'll push you too  
It's that company trick  
We're all jumping through Bet you ain't had no food now  
Since you last went to sleep  
The wild seed that was sowed  
Will take forever to reap What days and nights though?  
Rocking out of ham yard  
Oh skip that fandango  
Bring the blues back down hard Though Chuck would never admit it  
At the door of the jail  
There stood Guy Stevens  
And he was waving the bail Guy you've finished the booze  
And we've run out of speed  
But the wild side of life  
Is the one that we need

Songwriters

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