

Tony Adams

Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros

Late news breakin', this just in
Tonight there was a power cut in the city of madness
And all conversations died in the burst of a solar flare
In the darkness an angel won the beauty pageant
Stroboscopic snowflakes fell from the stratosphere
And all the neon blew down funky Broadway
And shorted out the eastern shore
Only saxophones and beach trombones
We're left to shout out,
"We all need a little more." I'm waiting for the rays of the morning sun
Somebody tell me clearly, has the new world begun
Let all the wailing wail, let the drummer drum
We're waiting for the rays of the morning sun, hey, the morning sun
Whoa, oh, the morning sun, hey, hey, the morning sun
Has anybody seen the morning sun I'm lost in a world beyond the lost city
I'm looking for a phone and I can't find one
Gotta Tony Bennett eight track in the hotel pity
The moon turned and shot someone
I'm lost in a mack truck, Jack, in the city of words
Only dead men stomp on the brake pedals in the city of nerves
Sow me some reaps, Jack, I'm dead on the heap
Show me some glycerin, Mac, downhill is so steep I'm waiting for the rays of the morning sun
Somebody tell me clearly, has the new world begun
Let all the wailing wail, let the drummer drum
We're waiting for the rays of the morning sun, hey, the morning sun
Whoa, oh, the morning sun, hey, hey, the morning sun
Has anybody seen the morning sun Late news breakin', this just in
Late news breakin', this just in The whole city is a debris of broken heels and party hats
I'm standing on the corner that's on a fold on the map
I lost my friends at the deportee station
I'll take immigration into any nation I'm waiting for the rays of the morning sun
Somebody tell me clearly, has the new world begun
Let all the wailing wail, let the drummer drum
Waiting for the rays of the morning sun, hey, the morning sun
Whoa, oh, the morning sun, hey, hey, the morning sun
Has anybody seen the morning sun
Has the new world begun Who is that screaming in Lunar Park
If they make Tony Adams captain
We could all go screaming in Lunar Park

I say yes, oh, yes, you should check it out
Check it out, yeah, check it out
Check it out, check it out

Songwriters

GENN, ANTONY/STRUMMER, JOE Published by

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