

# If Music Could Talk

## The Clash

(The Clash/Dread)

\*Left Channel\*

Make sure!

Taking cover in the bunker tonight  
Waiting for Bo Diddley's headlights

I feel alright

Gotta Fender Stratosphere

I can do anything tonight

It's in neon lights an' global rights

Frank? He's on the phone

There ain't no German girl outside  
But who cares when its warm inside?

With music

Special mystery of music tragically

Exchanging slaves for majesties

Modern waves of tragedy

Packing a to pience colt pair of shoots

A shiny grey mexican suit

The blue eyed traffic can sashay by

'Cos tonight the sailor boys have hit Shanghai

The kick-out traffic goes creaking by

I smash my glass and shout shanghi

My drummer friend comes shooting by

He said Errol Flynn will never die

Oh no! Who am I to question why?

And are you lonesome tonight

And do ya need a country cowboy

Who's just thin and tight in those

Brrrr bus depot jeans

With a squirt resistant stud stud

Hey stoner

Get over there in the spliffbunker one

Becos London Bridge was sold somehow

But it was too old anyhow

When Uncle Sam has broken down

We'll make him down in old Japan

Say yeee

Well there ain't no better blend

Than Joe Ely and his Texas Men

Where the wind blows  
I ain't seen none like that scenery  
You can see from a bus if you pay the price  
Wave my arms around  
Flag one of those taxi's maybe  
I saw a girl somewhere somehow  
Forever sticks in my mind somehow  
I've just got three lines  
And a pair of two's  
Like a lucky roll of dice that you

You cast  
\*Right Channel\*  
If music could talk!  
Which means  
Whatever your mind can bring  
Like the apple fell off the tree  
Pah! Fell right on his head  
Yeah many years ago  
There was a man who said  
I am a shaman  
A voodoo shaman  
Got in trouble so he's going out  
Mixing up and Haiti! Oh!  
And the crickets  
Buddy Holly said it was  
Brrr Brrr yiii!  
If music could talk you know  
I feel kinda lonely  
Standing out on the floor  
Of Electric Ladyland...  
Cos this is a good question Samson  
Are you partly Arabic?  
Chi man! Whatcho all about  
I don't want to I can't hope to  
Say it all in one go  
Occasionally once or twice  
A day I feel alive enough to say  
Let's hear what the drummerman's  
Got to say about  
He said is it Errol Flynn's birthday or not?  
Sept 12 until October  
If they pack 2 piece  
Colt pair of shoots  
We got the shiny grey Mexican suits

I'm just wasting a great big  
Corporation and the entire fund  
The girders of Wall Street  
And the temples of money  
And the high priests  
Of the expense account  
And I'm wasting the whole thing  
I come down in Yamaha-ha  
They make the best pianos-time to step-up

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