

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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