

# Midnight Log

## The Clash

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Working for the devil you'll have to pay his tax  
That means going to see him down among the racks  
You don't believe in him, but he can wait for you  
You do his work so fine he'll remember you  
He'll remember you Worried for my friend as he shows me round the flat  
Where I don't wanna find him his lips an' eyelids black  
He don't believe my speech that lines can and should be drawn  
Like if he had a shotgun the barrels would be spawn  
The barrels would be spawn Swallowed by the river, swollen by the rains  
That leaking' old computer of fingerprints and names  
Swimming in the river that floods the neighborhood  
I would call to you but it would do no good  
But it would do no good Voting for the law that's the general occupation  
First comes the public safety, second comes the nation  
You won't believe me now but there's been some illumination  
The wisest cops have realized they fucked the operation  
They fuck Cooking up the books a respected occupation  
The anchor and foundation of multi-corporations  
They don't believe in crime, they don't know that it exists  
But to understand what's right and wrong, the lawyers work in shifts  
The lawyers work in shifts And speaking of the devil he ain't been seen for years  
'Crept every 20 min he zooms between me ears  
I don't believe in books, but I read all the time  
For ciphers to the riddles and reasons to the rhymes  
Reasons to the rhymes, rhyme [Incomprehensible]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>