

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/>