Cool Confusion

The Clash

Between cool confusion
Kung fu in the car park
Could the weekend be losing
That reactive spark
Even in the Shebeen
Or down in the meat rack
Longtime I feel cold
To send Cinderella?s shoe back
Along the length of the wire
Party jam on the line
I can?t hear a thing
Can?t get no number nine
Now we must get in touch
If the night is to burn
Someone out there in luck
Lend me your star for a turn
As heroes fix their hair
Some are saving their breath
Upon those walkways tonight
For a glue bag death
Screens flick in unison
Some gaze at the soul
From the tiers and the heights
Go for that fifteenth floor stroll
It?s immediately obvious
Anybody star-gilt
Would have left this club
Way before it was built
This strikes you so late
As the guy with the broom
Sweeps you and the bottles
Right out of the room
And heroes fix their hair
They save their breath
Upon those walkways tonight
For that cool blue bag death
Screens flick in unison
Someday gaze at the soul
From those tiers and heights

Go for that fifteenth floor stroll
Now I wash in the factory
Confess in the tile house
But I don?t need to bleed
Anybody to strike out
Today my Godfather
He sent a note from the jail
Said, "Go get ?em, kid
But don?t get chained to the rail"
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That romantic spark
Even in the Shebeen
Or down in the meat rack
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