

# Car Jamming

## The Clash

Tonight they're closing up the world  
They're sweepin' smoke from cigarettes  
But what is this funky multi-national anthem  
Rockin' from a thousand King Kong cassette decks?  
And then a shyboy from Missouri  
Boots blown off in a '60s war  
Riding aluminum crutches  
Now he knows the welfare kindness  
Agent Orange color blindness  
As he works from door to door  
The violence in the carpets  
The arrow of his wife  
(In a car jam)  
Drives the slum-bum dweller  
To grind his hunting knife  
(In a car jam)  
In homesteads of cigar box  
The radios hive like bees  
(In a car jam)  
The body in the ice box  
Has no date for freeze  
(In a car jam)  
In the car jam  
Selling is what selling sells  
Well, only saints on the 7th Avenue  
Can sell the seven hells  
Fannin' out the drug afflicted  
Leperizin' zone  
Once inside the executive  
He never leaves his home, no  
Gorillas drag their victims  
Hyenas try to sue  
(In a car jam)  
Snakes find grass in concrete  
There is no city zoo  
(In a car jam)  
By-ventilation units  
Where towers meet the streets  
(In a car jam)

The ragged stand in bags  
Soakin' heat up through their feet  
(In a car jam)  
This was the only kindness  
It was accidental too  
In a car jam  
In a car jam  
Now shakin' single engined planes  
Trafficking stereos from Cuba  
Buzzed the holy zealot mass  
An' drowned out Missa Luba  
An' drowned out Missa Luba  
An' drowned out Missa Luba  
An' drowned out Missa Luba  
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall  
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall  
(In a car jam)  
I swear, hey fellas, hey fellas  
Lauren Bacall  
(In a car jam)  
In a car jam  
Yeah, I don't believe it  
In a car jam  
Ah, yeah, positively, absolutely  
In a car jam  
In a car jam  
In a car jam  
In a car jam  
In a car jam

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