

Movers and Shakers

The Clash

The boy stood in the burning slum
Better times had to come
Fate lay in the hands that clap
The muscles that move and the power that rapsHe went up on money street
Waving and popping to the beat
Off his wits and on his feet
He worked a coin from the cold concreteMovers and shakers come on
You got what it takes to make it
Movers and shakers come on
Even if you have to fake itWhere the highway meets the lights
With a red bandanna, rapid wipes
He shines glass and he cleans chrome
He'll accept what he gets thrownThis man earns 'cos it's understood
Times are bad and he's makin' good
Down on him but he's got it beat
He's working coin from the cold concreteMovers and shakers come on
You got what it takes to make it
Movers and shakers come on
Even if you have to fake itAnd when I see you down and I say
That ain't no way through, that ain't no way throughMovers and shakers come on
You got what it takes to make it
Movers and shakers come on
Even if you have to fake itWay back in some city heat
When a friend was anybody with food to eat
It was lousy life with a leaking roof
We got up to find that truthMake a drum from a garbage can
Allow your tongue to be a man
When the beat propels you off your seat
You got it made in the cold concreteMovers and shakers come on
You got what it takes to make it
Movers and shakers come on
Even if you have to fake itMovers and shakers come on
You got what it takes to make it
Movers and shakers come on
Even if you have to fake itCome on

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