Three Card Trick

The Clash

Patriots of the wasteland torching two hundred years
Dragging my spirit back deep into the dungeon again
Bring back crucification, cry the moral death's head legion
Using steel nails manufactured by the slaves in AsiaYou wont fall for that, well law and order is a baton in the rib
You wont fall for that, just like your Mummy and your Daddy didBlood inside a fountain pen, wrote you out of life again
And who knows any better than to kick and scratch under English weather
From a chain gang to the mill, the mill that sits on top of the hill
The fog drowned towns gonna have to fade
The wrong side of the scissor bladeYou wont fall for that, well law and order is a baton in the rib
You wont fall for that, just like your Mummy and your Daddy did
I'll eat my hat, well I'm gonna be sick
They own the pack while we play the three card trickPatriots of the wasteland torching two hundred years
Dragging my spirit back deep into the dungeon again
Bring back crucification, cry the moral death's head legion
Using steel nails manufactured by the slaves in AsiaYou wont fall for that, well law and order is a baton in the rib
You wont fall for that, just like your Mummy and your Daddy did
I'll eat my hat, well I'm gonna be sick
They own the pack while we play the three card trickDon't you know where is that place
Where you hid the ace?
Don't you know we not thick, slick?
We all gotta play the three card trick

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