Clash

Cornelius

On that cold winter day
At that club
You and I met
It had been a long time
Playing on that stage
That skinny guy
Hitting his drum
Banging his cymbalCrash!A row of glasses
Sitting on the table
I choose one
I pick it up
As I lift it to my lips
I saw you
You looked into my eyes
I felt it slip awayCrash!Now it's broken
My glass is in pieces
Gather them together
Melt them down with fire
Now I can make
A glass figurine
It looked like somebody
Maybe Mick Jones?Clash!

Songwriters
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