

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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