

Inoculated City

The Clash

The soldier boy for his soldier's pay, obeys
The sergeant at arms, whatever he says
The sergeant will for his sergeant's pay, obey
The captains until his dying day
The captain will, for his captain's pay, obey
The general order of battle play
The generals bow to the government, obey the charge
You must not relent What of the neighbours and the prophets in bars?
What are they saying in our public bazaars?
We are tired of the tune, "you must not relent" At every stroke of the bell in the tower, there goes
Another boy from another side
The bulletins that steady come in say those
Familiar words at the top of the hour
The jamming city increases its hum, and those
Terrible words continue to come
Through brass music of government, hear those
Guns tattoo a roll on the drums No one mentions the neighbouring war
No one knows what their fighting is for
We are tired of the tune, "you must not relent" The generals bow to the government
We're tired of the tune, "you must not relent"

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