

Clark Anne

"Broadway"

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(The Clash)

"It ain't my fault
It's 6 'o'clock in the morning"
He said
As he came up out of the night

When he found I had no coins to bum,
He began to testify
Born in a depression
Born out of good luck
Born into misery
- In the back of a truck..

I'm telling you this mister
Don't be put off by looks
I been in the ring and I took those right hooks

Oh the loneliness
Used to knock me out - harder than the rest

And I've worked for breakfast
'N I ain't had no lunch
I been on delivery and received every punch

Suddenly I noticed that it weren't quite the same
Feel different one morning maybe it was the rain

But everywhere I looked all over the city
They're runnin' in an out of the bars
Someone stopped for a pick-up driving one of those cars
Y'see I allways wanted one of those cars
Long black 'n shiny an' pull up to the bars
Honk your horn, put down your windows, push yer button,
Hear it coming in
You can say I can see the light... roll!
Forward! Drive! Green lights! Green lights!
Intersection city coming a running comeback home I run back

Not that strong now
Yes who's there now, can I help you? Calling Intel
station light

Did you put your money in? Yes I put it in
It say go, I say go, she say go, so we say go
Cos I can see the light all night tonight this night right
now

Coming on forward motion across the ocean
An' up the hills yeh boys let's strike for the hills
While that petrol tank is full
Gimme a push gimme a pull
Gimme a llama gimme a mule
Gimme a donkey or gimme a horse

Down the avenue
So fine
In style

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