

Clark Anne

"Car Jamming"

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Tonight they're closing up the world
N' sweeping smoke from cigarettes
And what is that funk multi-national
Anthem rocking from a thousand
King Kong cassette decks
Then a shyboy from Missouri
Boots blown off in a '60s war
Riding aluminium crutches
Now he knows the welfare kindness n'
Agent Orange color blindness
As we works from door to door
The violence in the carpets
The mirror of his wife
Drives the slum-bum dweller
To grind his hunting knife
In homesteads of cigar box-radios
Hive like bees
The body in the ice
Box has no date for freeeeeeeze
CHORUS
In a car jam
Selling is what selling sells
But only saints of the 7 avenues can sell
The hells
Fanning the drug afflicted leperizing acne
Once inside the executive
He never leaves his home
Gorillas drag their victims
Hyenas try to sue
Snakes find grass in concrete
There is no city zoo by
Ventilation units where towers
Meet the streets
The ragged stand in bags
Soaking heat up through their feet
This was the donly kindness
And it was accidental too
CHORUS
Now shaking single engined planes
Traffik-king stereos from Cuba
Buzzed the holy zealot mass

And drowned out Missa Luba
And drowned out Missa Luba
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall
I thought I saw Lauren Bacall
I swear
Hey fellas
Lauren Bacall
In a car jam
Yeah I don't believe it
In a car jam
Ah yeah positively absolutely
CHORUS

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