

A.C. Newman

"The Battle For The Straight Time"

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Oh come sweet life, wash clean my hands.
The revolution has been left to chance.
This dawns on me every morning at about three.

Battle for straight time (x4)

End of the road, our clock strikes nine.
Take back the streets, or take straight time for this.
My pure gone days, every morning an about face.

Battle for straight time (x4)

Our time in hell has served us fine.
At last alive, we'll meet at five for this.
Cocktails on me, we can light them on the count three.

Battle for straight time (x4)

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