

## Joe Strummer "Dizzy's Goatee"

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Like to meet some of these idiots  
Who put up the signs  
Like to burn the fabric  
Outta their inner lines  
Sheet lightning going down through the pines  
With your shocks out of line  
You're out of your mind

Crossing traintacks on switchbacks  
Through the lands of the living  
Pepe's gotta brand new bars for his liquor store  
The Fort Knox of oblivion  
When you're driving through the city  
Thank God for the sea  
Somebody's got to draw a line somewhere,  
And it might as well be Harry Belafonte

And now ain't the time to hit the station  
Crowded with the ghosts of the Be Bop Nation  
'Tranes of thought and times of tones  
Sometimes a little wistful cigarette smoke blowing  
The President blew so that Bird could live  
And each along the wire could give  
The sunglass vision and the golden clef  
And the ghetto rod divine which notes are left  
Oh brothers I'm talking I'm talking  
He's got the solo on a wire  
This calls for a flock of angels  
To hover over the holy pyre  
The President blew so that bird could live  
And each along the wire could live  
The sunglass vision and the golden clef  
And the ghetto rod divines which notes are left.

Golden rain it's the piss of Zeus  
Mixing with the dead yellow Swing insects juice  
Caught in the windshield headlights and sluice  
As you battle ahead on Truth  
Sheet lightning going down through the pines  
With your shocks out of line--you're out of your mind

Whispering in the plywood motel

Some crazy dish didn't turn out too well  
Some dreamy argument--some delicious smell  
Slow blizzards of petals coming at you in a storm  
That's the way you make me feel--like warm.

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