

Joe Strummer

"Highway On Zero Street"

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Highway One Zero Street where Elvis buys his Pabst
You're not leaving are you baby? Has the hotel
collapsed?
Zero Street Highway One where auto collision is fun,
Your suntan's a cancer burn, and your motorcycle,
Your motorcycle is your gun

I can't believe I'm feeding cockroaches in the biggest
jungle known to man
Right where the heart of Chinatown cuts into old Siam
I'm writing letters to the aliens, at midnight I rip down
the shade
And there she sits, Queen of the Heavens
Saying Mexican silver is what true love weighs

Guns crack out on the boulevard spitting fire way down
on the row
Cruisers flip out on the warpath, a pack of dogs attacks
the old wino
I'm pleading don't let anybody hurt him, and it's a
midnight parade

There goes the Blessed Soul of the Virgin
Patron Saint of all chambermaids

At the Condos de los Matadores where they hung Fatty
Arbuckle's balls
Your kid sister's sitting, kicking drugs on a Bedouin rug
in the hall
I'm writing letters to the aliens, at midnight I rip down
the shade
And there she sits, Queen of the Heavens
Saying Mexican silver is what true love weighs

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