

Joe Strummer "Jewellers & Bums"

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Check into a car wash, eat out at the Bowlmore
Go buy a rose at the movies on a train
Get married by a biker, go hang a priest
Walk tall with a dwarf and you'll find relief
Leaning strategically on a Desoto at muscle beach
A four thousand car pileup made the freeway screech
Not talking about rubber but stereos
And the loudest one drilling was for Oreos

Where was I gonna find you,
Where was I supposed to look?
In some glittering diamond in the valley,
Or in the harpoons of your opium hooks?

Standing in line renting a toothpick
There were three armed raids on the bank
And would there be a kiosk at the gates of heaven
For sinners like me and Hank?
Saturday night you were dreaming city hospital

The band set up in the morgue
And while you was doing the Dashing White Sergeant
You cut your feet on the swords

The broken down old cab out on Concrete Row
With it's dead-beat drivers and ghost in tow
Took a nowhere boulevard out to the desert sun
Fired a repeating six asking anyone
Not jewellers bums barflops or nuns
Saw anything moving or anything creeping
Setting down to drinking while they're still sleeping
Whole place makes death valley look like Eden

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