

## Joe Strummer "King Of The Bayou"

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Cory is the one--she'll never ever die young  
She'll be quite candid  
And say we were drunks who couldn't make her come  
Running with Revolt and Plutonium  
In the canyons of Uranium  
Rolling off a roulette on a Rampart Street  
Here come the King of the Bayou

When should a beat get the blues?  
If it's a subway pokergame you lose  
If the Zulu King is on Main  
Let's beat the parades and the crowds from the game  
Rushing through the rush hour on an all-nighter  
Never seen you look so young  
The world really looks from this doughnut store  
Such a funny colour in the sun

And in his style he's number one  
Said the monkey of the three wise bums  
Toting Mezzrow and up to the innocent  
But he's seen what jammings been done

And they're selling tickets to the stadium  
And the doors to the ceilings of our craniums  
I was glad we were changing on the gradient  
They were sweeping up with searchlights made of  
Radium

Everglade funk in a clubtown  
For once the traffic's been conquered by the streets  
Listening close the waterpools  
You can hear the hiss and the leaks  
And the rattling cans of the shuffling bands  
Down the avenues of spare change  
Forty blocks north in your memories  
In the Indonesian fog and the rain

Cory is the one--she'll never ever die young  
When should a beat get the blues?  
If it's a subway pokergame you lose  
Rolling off a route on a Rampart Street  
Here comes the King of the Bayou.

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