

Joe Strummer

"Nitcomb"

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Gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cos I just realized that it was meant to be
And I'm singing to all the torn betting slips flying
around my feet
I'm talking to all the chewing gum that's stuck
everywhere on the street
And they're ringing the bells all over the city on a
Saturday night
Nobody knows why, but they know its gonna be alright
'Cos it's gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cos I just realized that it was meant to be
I'm standing at the sale of the shoes of bankrupt men
I just had to buy a pair to show I can live again
They're ringing the bells all over the city on a Saturday
night
Nobody knows why, but they know it's gonna be alright
It's gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cos I just realized that it was meant to be
And they're banging on the sheets of metal, sheets of
gold
And these were the finest shoes that were ever sold
Raining on roofs, raining on drums
Love buys a six-pack and gives it to the bums

They're ringing on the bells in the city on a Saturday
night

Nobody knows why, but they know it's gonna be alright

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