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Joe Strummer "Willesden To Cricklewood"

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From Willesden to Cricklewood
I tell you the town looked good
Walkin' lonely avenues
Where Rhinestone Cowboys find the blues
There's people in doin' their thing
Gettin' all the Mozzarella in
And the passin' time and phassin' moons
Words flyin' in cloudy rooms
Plastic bags, milk and eggs
The poor old crone's got achin' legs
How I would love to speak
To everybody on the street
Just for once to break the rules
I know it would be so cool
From Willesden to Cricklewood
From Willesden to Cricklewood
Come with me and be no good
Be a mad man on the street
Sing somethin' out like reet petite
Let's hip-hop at traffic lights

Ten thumbs up and smilin' bright

Crossin' all the great divides Color, age and heavy vibes From Willesden to Cricklewood I tell you the town looked good From Willesden to Cricklewood From Willesden to Cricklewood Oh, let's go down to Al Rashid's All the Aussie lagers are on me Now you've got the absinthe out Your old mother, she wants a stout From Willesden to Cricklewood As I went it all looked good Thought about my babies grown Thought about goin' home Thought about what's done is done We're alive and that's the one From Willesden to Cricklewood From Willesden to Cricklewood Oh, let's go down to Al Rashid's All the Aussie lagers are on me Now you've got the absinthe out Your old mother, she wants a stout From Willesden to Cricklewood I tell you the town looked good From Willesden to Cricklewood

From Willesden to Cricklewood

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