

Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros "Ramshackle Day Parade"

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Muffle the drums
Behold, the new century comes
Was it all the amphetamine presidents
And their busy wives?

Or did Manhattan crumble
The day Marilyn died?
All your life dreamed a dream
Somehow connected with the silver screen

With half closed eyes you realize
Love in the life, that is paradise
In a technicolour fade, I dream a parade
Like some flob house, bop house serenade
Every dog must have his day

Ramshackle Day Parade
We're going on through
Ramshackle Day Parade

This is the Ramshackle Day Parade
Of all those lost, unborn and unmade
And whose heads got filled with neon lava
And remain buried under this, this road
Ramshackle Day Parade

Taking the freight elevator
From the incinerators
Come all hopped up G-men riding
Refrigerated alligators

Faces of the civil wars
In holograms holding 44's
After the deranged cowboys
Bring out the banners of Stalingrad
Bring out the banners of Stalingrad

Here comes the marching band
The band of the underhand
This is the Ramshackle Day Parade
Ramshackle Day Parade

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