

Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros "Willesden To Cricklewood"

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From Willesden to Cricklewood
I tell you the town looked good
Walking lonely avenues
Where rhinestone cowboys find the blues
There's people in doing their thing
Gettin' all the mozzarella in
And the passing time and phassing moons
Words flying in cloudy rooms
Plastic bags, milk and eggs
The poor old crone's got aching 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

From Willesden to Cricklewood
Come with me and be no good
Be a mad man on the street
Sing something out like reet petite
Let's hip-hop at traffic lights
Ten thumbs up and smilin' bright
Crossing 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 going 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

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