Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros "X-Ray Style"

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I see a million walk the city mile The ticker tape kings and the juveniles Will anybody tell me which way to go Will anybody come back on the C.B. radio

I'm counting the stars and the telegraph poles And each one represents the hopes of a soul You'd think that God wouldn't be so hard When you see all the little children running Running in the backyard

On a Mississippi gourd with a Sub-Saharan song Somebody is wailing in the financial district sun Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile

Gonna make like Eddie on my rockabilly train Gonna beat out the blues on my ball and chain Oh, you can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun There's people living now who ain't got no heart And ain't never had none

Down on the border they crawl all the way To get a clip of living with a clean all spray Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile

You can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun There's people living now who ain't got no heart And ain't never had none

I hear a pay phone ringing out on murder mile The sucker who picks up gets his number dilled And all the sparkling waters that ever flowed Could never wash down this town so clean that it glowed

And I need to see in an X-ray style
I need some rock art that don't come in a vial
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile
I wanna live and I wanna dance awhile

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