

The Clash

"First Night Back in London"

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The mini cab
The driver is black
This time of night
You better sit in the back

Got a few smokes
Under your hat
The cops are lookin' out
For the patrol on the black

This time I think
So what the hell
There's that female
I know too well

Why should I lean
Get out my mind again
I ridin' in the back alone
Stranger rides again

To see my lovely town
That always brings you down
Where every drifter drifts
For many miles around

We take a casual drive
For two miles up the road
The cops pull us over
And search right through our clothes

They give him hell
They check him on the air
I sit there with the drugs in my hair

As soon as I get home
I call Heathrow
Want a standby fare to Borneo

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