

The Clash

"Stop the World"

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The panorama of the city is wrong
In fact the city seems to be gone
Burning rubber burning smoke in my eyes
There's a flat burning junkheap for twenty square miles

They took it into the nuclear mine
Judging by this, they left nothing behind
Down in the bunkers in the crust of the earth
Now crouch the wealthy and the noble of birth

If I could a ride a train around the city
That holds this as our fate
I'd hide from electro-circuit central
To the shock inducer gate

Not forgetting the by-pass
Across the Washington hooks
Through the phones and desks and screens
Of the Kremlin's crook of crooks

There's some panel in a circuit board
A destination of the override
Scanning the wild wind
Blowing through the Berlin corridor

Spotlit in a palace, shielded from dust
Malfunction or not, the failsafe is the crux
So far away from us, shaking with the mystery tears
One lonely night in Ladbroke Grove

Far away in the deserts of Omaha
They got it nailed down-swiss tight
The bank notes of Europe, the emperors and kings
Curl in the autumn as the burning of leaves
And I've cleaned my black guitar

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