

## **The Clash**

# **"Three Card Trick"**

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Patriots of the wasteland torching two hundred years  
Dragging my spirit back deep into the dungeon again  
Bring back crucification, cry the moral death's head  
legion  
Using steel nails manufactured by the slaves in Asia

You wont fall for that, well law and order is a baton in  
the rib  
You wont fall for that, just like your Mummy and your  
Daddy did

Blood inside a fountain pen, wrote you out of life again  
And who knows any better than to kick and scratch  
under English weather  
From a chain gang to the mill, the mill that sits on top  
of the hill  
The fog drowned towns gonna have to fade  
The wrong side of the scissor blade

You wont fall for that, well law and order is a baton in  
the rib  
You wont fall for that, just like your Mummy and your  
Daddy did  
I'll eat my hat, well I'm gonna be sick  
They own the pack while we play the three card trick

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They own the pack while we play the three card trick

Don't you know where is that place  
Where you hid the ace?  
Don't you know we not thick, slick?

We all gotta play the three card trick

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