

The Clash

"Up in Heaven"

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The towers of London, these crumbling rocks
Reality estates that the hero's got
And every hour's marked by the chime of a clock
And whatcha gonna do when the darkness surrounds?
You can piss in the lifts which have broken down
You can watch from the debris the last bedroom light
We're invisible here just past midnight

And the wives hate their husbands and their husbands
don't care
Their children daub slogans to prove they lived there
A giant pipe organ up in the air
You can't live in a home which should not have been
built
By the bourgeoisie clerks who bear no guilt
When the wind hits this building this building it tilts
One day it will surely fall to the ground

Fear is just another commodity here
They sell us peeping holes to peek when we hear
A bang on the door resoundingly clear
Who would really want to move in here?
The children play faraway, the corridors are bare
This room is a cage it's like captivity
How can anyone exist in such misery?
It has been said not only here

Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towering buildings
For the weary bones of the workers
To go back in the morning
It has been said not only here

Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towering buildings
For the weary bones of the workers
To be strong in the morning
To go back in the disappearing
It has been said till there is no buildings

Allianza dollars are spent
To raise the towering buildings

For the weary bones of the workers
To be strong in the morning

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