

## **Clash, The**

### **"Cool Confusion"**

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(The Clash)

Between cool confusion  
And kung fu in the car park  
Could the weekend be losing  
That reactive spark

Even in the shebeen  
Or down in the meat rack  
Longtime I feel cold  
To send cinderella's shoe back

Along the length of the wire  
Party jam on the line  
I can't hear a thing  
Can't get no number nine

Now we must get in touch  
If the night is to burn  
Someone out there in luck  
Lend me your star for a turn

As heroes fix their hair  
Some are saving their breath  
Just on the walkways tonight  
For a glue bag death

Screens flick in unison  
Some gaze at the soul  
From the tiers and the heights  
Go for the fifteenth floor stroll

It's immediately obvious;  
Anybody star-gilt  
Would have left this club  
Way before it was built

This strikes you so late  
As the guy with the broom  
Sweeps you and the bottles  
Right out of the room

Now I wash in the factory  
Confess in the tile house  
I don't need to bleed anybody  
To strike out

Today my godfather  
He sent a note from the jail  
Said go get 'em kid  
But don't get chained to the rail

Between cool confusion  
And kung fu in the car park  
Could the weekend be losing  
That romantic spark

Even in the shebeen  
Or down in the meat rack  
Long time I feel cold  
To send Cinderella's shoe back

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