

Dizzy's Goatee

Joe Strummer

Like to meet some of these idiots
Who put up the signs
Like to burn the fabric
Outta their inner lines
Sheet lightning going down through the pines
With your shocks out of line
Your out of your mind

Crossing traintracks on switchbacks
Through the lands of the living
Pepe's gotta brand new bars for his liquor store
The Fort Knox of oblivion
When your driving through the city
Thanks god for the sea
Somebody's got to draw a line somewhere
And it might as well be Harry Belafonte

And now ain't the time to hit the station
Crowded with the ghosts of the Be Bop Nation
'Tranes of thought and times of tones
Sometimes a little wistful cigarette smoke blowing
The President blew so that Bird could live
And each along the wire could give
The sunglass vision of the golden clef
And the ghetto rod divines which notes are left

Oh brothers, I'm talking I'm talking
He's got the solo on a wire
This calls for a flock of angels
To hover over the holy pyre
The President blew so that Bird could live
And each along the wire could give
The sunglass vision of the golden clef
And the ghetto rod divines which notes are left

Golden rain its the piss of Zeus
Mixing with the dead yellow Swing insects juice
Caught in the windshield headlights and sluice
As you battle ahead on Truth
Sheet lightning going down through the pines
With your shocks out of line - your out of your mind

Whispering in the plywood motel
Some crazy dish didn't turn out to well
Some dreamy argument - some delicious smell
Slow blizzards of petals coming at you in a storm
That's the way you make me feel - like warm