

Fantastic

Joe Strummer

Muffle the drums
Behold, a new century comes
Was it all the amphetamine presidents
And their busy wives
Or did Manhattan crumble
The day Marilyn died?

Dreaming dreams
Somehow connected with a silver screen
Half-closed eyes, then you realize
Loving the life, and that's paradise

I dream a technicolor fade
I dream a parade
Like some bop house
Flophouse serenade
Every dog must have his day

Come on, come on, we're going through
[?] Broadway [?] and Fifth Avenue too
Yo, yo, we got a permit from the man, hey
And all the major players in all the five
Boroughs [?]

This is the ramshackle day parade
Of all those lost, unborn, and unmade
And whose heads got filled with a neon lava
And remain buried underneath this road

Just come marching out
One time for Christmas, one time for doubt, yup
Never to know what is true
And so the new century came
And somehow
They have forgotten her name, and

We're going on through
We're going on through
We're going on through
We're going on through

A little technicolor fade
I dream a parade
This is a fantastic ramshackle day
For a ramshackle parade

After the deranged cowboys
Bring out the banners of Stalingrad, come on
Hey, lost coast battalions
[?] because
This is the (ramshackle day parade)
Have a fantastic ramshackle type of day
(Ramshackle day parade)
This is the [?] day, hey
(Ramshackle day parade) five-star limousine [?]
[?] okay
This is the ramshackle day parade

If you don't get no free lemonade