

Highway One Zero Street

Joe Strummer

Highway One Zero Street where Elvis buys his Pabst
You're not leaving are you baby? Has the hotel collapsed?
Zero Street Highway One where auto collision is fun
You suntan's a cancer burn, and your motorcycle
Your motorcycle is your gun

I can't believe I'm feeding cockroaches in the biggest jungle known to man
Right where the hear of Chinatown cuts in to old Siam
I'm writing letters to the aliens, at midnight I rip down the shade
And there she sits, Queen of the Heavens
Saying Mexican silver is what true love weighs

Guns crack out on the boulevard spitting fire way down on the row
Cruisers flip out on the warpath, a pack of dogs attack the old wino
I'm pleading don't let anyone hurt him, and its midnight parade
There goes the Blessed soul of the Virgin
Patron saint of Chambermaids
At the Condos de los Matadores where they hung Fatty Arbuckle's balls
You kid sisters sitting, kicking drugs on a Bedouin rug in the hall
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