

King Of The Bayou

Joe Strummer

Cory is the one - she'll never ever die young
She'll be quite candid
And say we were drunks who made her come
Running with Revolt and Plutonium
In the canyons of Uranium
Rolling off roulette on a Rampart Street
Here come the King of the Bayou

When should a beat get the blues?
If its a subway pokergame you lose
If the Zulu king is on Main
Lets beat the parades and the crowds from the game
Rushing through the rush hour on an all-nighter
Never seen you look so young
The world really looks from the donut store
Such a funny colour in the sun

And in his style hes number one
Said the monkey of the three wise bums
Toting Mezzrow and up to the innocent
But he's seen what jammings been done
And they're selling tickets to the stadium
And the doors to the ceilings or our craniums
I was glad we were changing on the gradient
They were sweeping up with searchlights made of Radium

Everglade funk in a clubtown
For once the traffics been conquered by the streets
Listening close to the waterpools
You can hear the hiss and the leaks
And the rattling cans of the shuffling bands
Down the avenues of spare change
Forty blocks north in your memories
In the Indonesian fog and the rain

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