Nitcomb

Joe Strummer

It's gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cause I just realized that it was meant to be
I'm singing to all the torn betting slips flying around my feet
I'm talking to all the chewing gum that's stuck everywhere on t
he street

And they're ringing the bells all over the city
On a Saturday night
Nobody knows why
But they know it's gonna be alright

'Cause it's gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cause I just realized that it was meant to be
And I'm standing at a sale of the shoes of bankrupt men
I just had to buy a pair to show life can live again

They're ringing the bells all over the city
On a Saturday night
Nobody knows why
But they know it's gonna be alright

'Cause it's gonna take a nitcomb to get rid of me
'Cause I just realized that it was meant to be

And they're banging on sheets of metal and sheets of gold
These are the finest shoes that were ever sold
Raining on roofs, raining on drums
Love buys a six-pack and gives it to the bums

They're ringing all the bells in the city
On a Saturday night
Nobody knows why
But they know it's gonna be alright

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