

Ramshackle Day Parade

Joe Strummer

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

All your life, dreamer of dreams
Somehow connected with the silver screen
Half closed eyes, you realize
Loving the life that is paradise
In the Technicolor fade
I dream a parade
Like some bop house
Flop house serenade
Every dog must have his day

Ramshackle Day Parade
We're going on though

This is the ramshackle day parade
Of all those lost, unborn, and unmade
And who's heads got filled with a neon lava
And remain buried underneath this road
Ramshackle Day Parade

Takin' the freight elevator
From the incinerator
To the hopped up G-men riding
Refrigerated alligators
Faces of the civil wars, and holograms holding 44's
After the deranged cowboys
Bring out the banners of Stalingrad
Bring out the banners of Stalingrad

Here comes the marching band
The band of the underhand

This is the ramshackle day parade