

Techno D-Day

Joe Strummer

Well, it was a techno d-day
Out on Omaha Beach
I was a reserve DJ
Playing Columbian mountain beats

Andres Landero
Ay mi sombrero
Hold onto your hats
We gotta go

Because the noise inspectors with the sound detectors
Were coming on down the beach
And the counselors want to pounce on us
And there we go disturbing the peace

And the Cornish sun had only just begun
To sink into the western sea
So to keep it low so the cops don't know
I spun my Harry Belafonte

On a techno d-day, a techno d-day
Out on Omaha Beach
Where the troops believe in a life of freedom
And this is all about free speech

The day became night by the campfire light
The crowd began testifying
Using the headphones for a mic, four tenors delight
I sang another new sound is dying

On a techno d-day, a techno d-day
Where the long arm of the law can't reach
On a techno d-day, a techno d-day
We waited out on Omaha Beach

Behind me in the booth was the techno crew
Ready with the crucial beats
Still they said keep it low, spin your calypso
We're waiting for Babylon to retreat

The crowd was ready to riot, they were sick of being quiet
We're still waiting for the signal to go
Then the walkie-talkie gear spat out the all-clear
And the boys hit the decks in full flow

On a techno d-day, a techno d-day
Way out on Omaha Beach
Where the troops believe in a life of freedom
And this is all about free speech

Techno d-day, a techno d-day
Way out on Omaha Beach
Where the troops believe in a life of freedom
And this is about free speech

Techno d-day, a techno d-day
Sometimes you have to get out of reach

It was a techno d-day, a techno d-day
And this is all about free speech