

Tony Adams

Joe Strummer

Late news breakin', this just in

Tonight there was a power cut in the city of madness
And all conversations died in the burst of the solar flare
In the darkness an angel won the beauty pageant
Stroboscopic snowflakes fell from the stratosphere

And all the neon blew down funky Broadway
And shorted out the eastern shore
Only saxophones and beach trombones
Were left to shout out "we all need a little more"

I'm waiting for the rays of the morning sun
Somebody tell me clearly, has the new world begun?
Let all the wailing wail, let the drummer drum
We're waiting for the rays of the morning sun

Hey, the morning sun
Whoa, the morning sun
Hey hey, the morning sun
Has anybody seen the morning sun?

I'm lost in a world beyond the lost city
I'm looking for a phone and I can't find one
Got a Tony Bennett eight-track in the hotel, pity
The moon turned around and shot someone

I'm lost in a mack truck, Jack, in the city of words
Only dead men stomp on the brake pedals in the city of nerves
Sow me some reaps, Jack, I'm dead on the heap
Show me some glycerine, Mack, downhill is so steep

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The whole city is a debris of broken heels and party hats
I'm standing on the corner that's on a fold on the map
I lost my friends at the deportee station
I'll take immigration into any nation

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