

## U.S. North

Joe Strummer

Sometimes, sometimes  
Good luck comes in threes  
Sometimes, sometimes  
You see the sun through the trees  
Old times in your mind  
Turn up the spirit wheel  
Ninety-nine lonely miles  
'Til you can strike your deal

Money dreams, money dreams  
Won't let your body sleep  
Sunny schemes and darling  
That California beach  
Tell me why, tell me why  
All motorcycle cops wanna die  
Looking good, looking fine  
The sun is high in the sky

Well, it's a long way back to your laundromat  
Got no protection from the city block code  
When your law and order north of the border  
Motor gypsies keep on runnin' down the road

Hit and run, hit and run  
Got speeding tickets to the sun  
You need a gun from where I come  
[?] city on the run  
City rights, city rights  
No more queuing up my code  
Baseball bats and silk hats  
Manhattan overload

Well, it's a long way back to your laundromat  
And your [?] out by the tracks  
When your law and order north of the border  
The wise guys keep on runnin' down the facts

In my time, in my time  
I drank a lake of hobo wine  
Now that I'm in my prime  
And jukeboxes don't run on dimes  
How far I roam, how far I roam  
I never get no nearer home  
Now say to me, say to me  
"The road ain't what it used to be"

And it's a long way back to your laundromat  
And your [?] out by the track  
When your law and order north of the border  
The wise guys keep on runnin', that's a fact

Well, it's a long way back to your laundromat  
Got no protection from the city block code  
When your law and order north of the border  
Motor gypsies keep on runnin' way down the road

Hats of silk, hats of silk

Charlie Parker drinks whiskey and milk  
All the time, rain or shine  
Some old dude is losing his mind  
Fifty grand, fifty grand  
That's fifty grand laying in your hand  
Ain't no man in the land  
Gets up and walks from fifty grand

It's further out, it's further out  
He ain't exactly Elmore's pal  
He said to me, he said to me  
"This road ain't what it used to be"  
Stop for gas, stop for gas  
Hit up the [?] pass  
Don't mind, don't mind  
Cadillacs are rolling off the line

Elmore, Elmore  
Tell me what you're running for  
What the hell, Elmore  
Don't you have a handle to your door?  
It's time, it's time  
Elmore had a lick of hobo wine  
Way to go, way to go  
But where I'm going, I don't know

Crazy dude, crazy dude  
Got up and walked out on his group  
The way to be misunderstood  
I'm Frankenstein, he ain't no good  
In my time, in my time  
I had a lick of hobo wine  
Take it from me, take it from me  
The road ain't what it used to be

I've been there, I've been there  
Standing at the top of the stair  
When you're high, better say bye bye  
The stars are always falling from the sky  
Ten thousand miles, ten thousand miles  
I need to retread all my tires  
Restraint for a while  
'Til she gave me a place to hide

He's a fool, he's a fool  
He'll teach you nothing at his school  
Something bugging, crazy cousin  
Why can't the man be cool?  
The way it is with this guy  
Never seen him love or heard him cry  
Who is he? Don't ask me  
I'm the guy who makes deliveries

He can't dance, he can't sing  
Won't get a girl a diamond ring  
He ain't folks where he smokes  
And he ain't going where he thinks  
Sometimes, sometimes  
Good luck comes in threes  
Sometime, sometime  
You see the sun through the trees

No time in your mind

Turn like a steering wheel  
Ninety nine lonely miles  
'Til you can strike a deal  
Sometime, sometime