

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