

X-Ray Style

Joe Strummer

I see a million walk the City Mile
The ticker-tape kings and the juveniles
Will anybody tell me which way to go
Will anybody come back on the CB radio

I'm counting the stars and the telegraph poles
Each one represents the hopes of a soul
You'd think that God wouldn't be so hard
When you see all the little children running
Running in the back yard

On a Mississippi gourd with a Sub-Saharan song
Somebody is wailing in the Financial District sun
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile
I want to live and I want to dance awhile

Going to make like Eddie from a Rockabilly train
Going to beat out the Blues on my ball and chain
You can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun
There's people living now ain't got no heart
And ain't ever had none

Down on the border they crawl all the way
To get a clip of living with a clean-all spray
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile
I want to live and I want to dance awhile

You can't pull a hold-up with a Be-Bop gun
There's people living now ain't got no heart
And ain't never had none

I hear a pay-phone ringing out on Murder Mile
The sucker who picks up gets his number dialed
And all the sparkling waters that ever flowed
Could never wash down this town, so clean that it glows

And I need to see in an x-ray style
I need some Rock Art that don't come in no phial (vial)
Can anybody feel the distance to the Nile
I want to live and I want to dance a while