

Inoculated City

The Clash

The soldier boy for his soliders pay
Obeys the eargent at arms whatever he says

The seargent will for his seargent's pay
Obey the general order of the battle play

The generals bow to the government
Obey the charge you must not relent

What of the neighbors and the prophets in bars?
What are they saying in the publiz bazaar?
We are tired of the tune
You must not relent

At every stroke of the bell in the tower there goes
Another boy from another side

The bulletins that steady come in say those
Familiar words at the top of the hour

The jamming city increases its hum
And those terrible words continue to come

Through bras music of government hear those
Guns tattoo a roll on the drums

No-one mentions the neighboring war
No one knows what they're fighting for
We are tired of the tune
You must not relent