

## Up in Heaven (Not Only Here)

The Clash

The towers of London, these crumbling rocks  
Reality estates that the hero's got  
And every hour's made by the chime of a clock  
And whatcha gonna do when the darkness surrounds?  
You can piss in the lifts which have broken down  
You can watch from the debris the last bedroom light  
We're invisible here just past midnight

The wives hate their husbands and their husbands don't care  
Their children daub slogans to prove they lived there  
A giant pipe organ up in the air  
You can't live in a home which should not have been built  
By the bourgeoisie clerks who bear no guilt  
When the wind hits this building this building it tilts  
One day it will surely fall to the ground...

Fear is just another commodity here  
They sell us peeping holes to peek when we hear  
A bang on the door resoundingly clear  
Who would really want to move in here?  
The children play faraway, the corridors are bare  
This room is a cage its like captivity  
How can anyone exist in such misery?

It has been said not only here

"Allianza dollars are spent  
To raise the towering buildings  
For the weary bones of the workers  
To go back in the morning  
To be strong in the morning"