


Wrong 'em boyo / Stagger Lee



Stagger Lee met Billy, ~~and~~ and they go' down to gambling
Stagger Lee threwed seven -
Billy said that He throwed eight
So Billy said, Hey Stagger! I'm gonna make my big attack
I'm gonna have to leave my knife ... in your back

Why do you try to cheat?
And trample people under your feet
Don't you know it is wrong?
To cheat the trying man,
So you better stop. It is the wrong 'em boyo

You lie, steal, cheat and deceit
in such a small, small game
Don't you know it is wrong

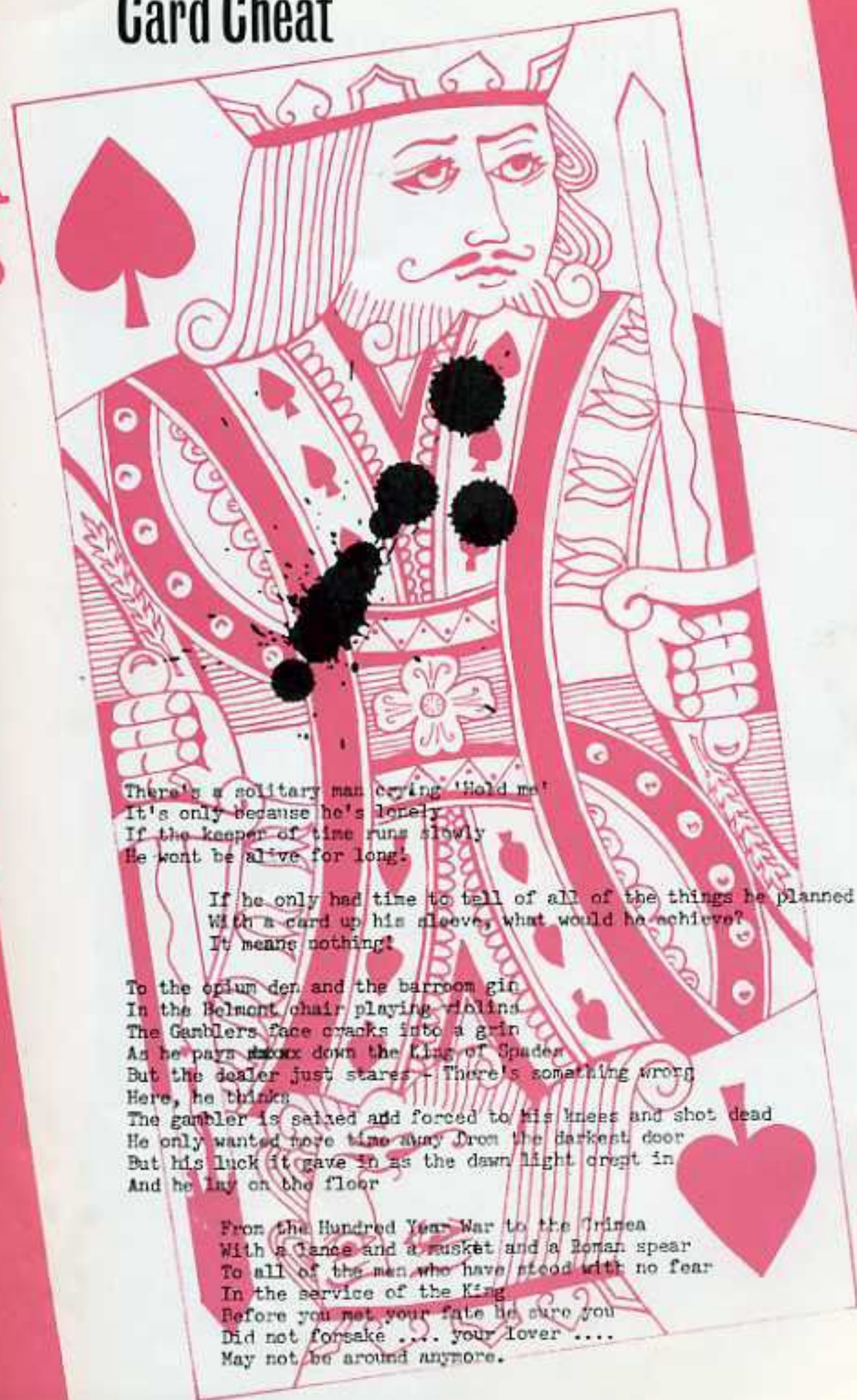
~~BILLY BOY~~

Billy Boy has been shot
And Stagger Lee's come out on top
Don't you know it is wrong
To cheat the trying man
To cheat Stagger man
You'd better stop

So you must start all over again - all over again
You got to play it Billy play, you got to play it Billy play
And you will find it is the Right 'em Boyo

But if you must lie and deceit
And trample people under your feet
Don't you know it is wrong ...
It is the Wrong 'Em Boyo

Card Cheat



There's a solitary man crying 'Hold me'
It's only because he's lonely
If the keeper of time runs slowly
He won't be alive for long!

If he only had time to tell of all of the things he planned
With a card up his sleeve, what would he achieve?
It means nothing!

To the opium den and the barroom gin
In the Belmont chair playing violins
The Gamblers face cracks into a grin
As he pays ~~down~~ down the King of Spades
But the dealer just stares - There's something wrong
Here, he thinks
The gambler is seized and forced to his knees and shot dead
He only wanted more time away from the darkest door
But his luck it gave in as the dawn light crept in
And he lay on the floor

From the Hundred Year War to the Trinea
With a lance and a musket and a Roman spear
To all of the men who have stood with no fear
In the service of the King
Before you met your fate be sure you
Did not forsake your lover
May not be around anymore.

I'm not down

If its true that a richman leads a sad life
'n' thats what they - from day to day,
Then what do all the poor do with their lives?
Have nothing to say - on Judgement Day?

I've been beat up. I've been thrown
Out but I'm not down. I'm not down
I've been shown up, but I've grown up
And I'm not down, I'm not down

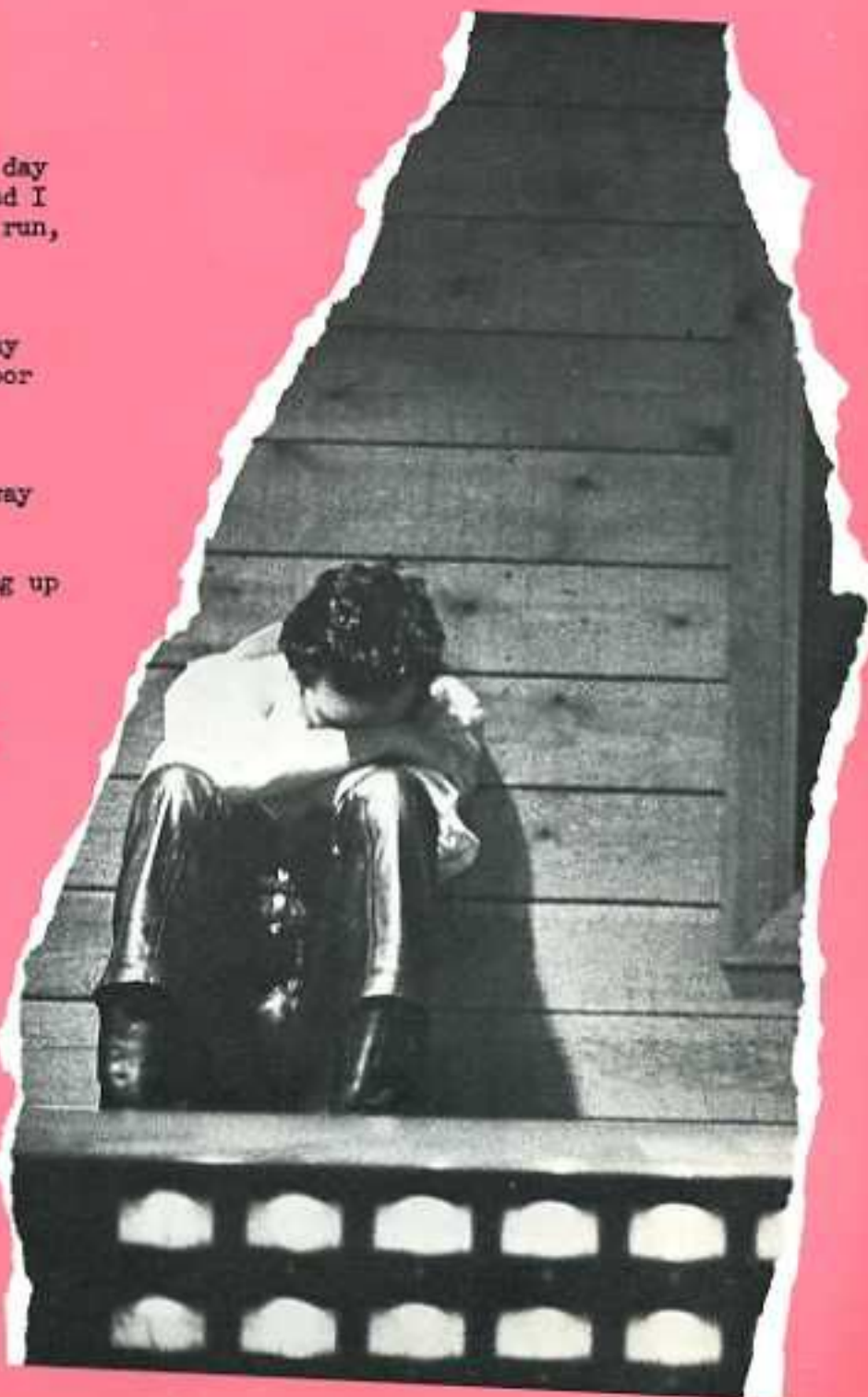
On my own I faced a gang of jeering
- in strange streets
When my nerves were pumping and I
Fought my fear in - I did not run,
I was not done

And I have lived that kind of day
When my nerves were pumping and I
Fought my fear in - I did not run,
I was not done

And I have lived that kind of day
When none of your sorrows will go away
It goes down and down and hit the floor
Down and down and down some more
Depression
But I knew there'll be some way
When I can swing everything back my way

Like skyscrapers rising up
Floor by floor - I'm not giving up

So you rock around and think that
You're the ~~hardest~~ toughest
In the world. The whole wide world
But you're X streets away from where
It gets the roughest
You aint been there.



London Calling

London calling to the faraway town
Now that war is declared - and battle come down
London Calling to the underworld
Come out of the cupboard, all you boys and girl girls
London calling now don't look to us
All that phoney beatlemania has bitten the dust
London calling see we ain't got no ring
'cept for the ring of that truncheon thing

The ice age is coming, The sun is zooming in
Engines stop running and that wheat is growing thin
A nuclear error, but I have no fear
London is ~~xxxx~~ drowning - and I live by the river

London calling to the imitation zone
Forget it brother an' go it alone
London calling upon the zombies of death
Quit holding out - and take another breath
London calling - and I don't wanna shout
But when we were talking - I saw you nodding out
London calling, see we ain't got no highs
Except for that one with the yellow eyes

The ice age

London calling, yeah, I was there too
An' you know what they said? Well some of it was true!
London calling at the top of the dial
After all this, won't you give me a smile?

Spanish Bombs

Spanish songs in Andalucía the
Shooting sites in the days of '39
Oh, please leave the vendanna open,
Fredrico ~~Lorca~~ Lorca in dead and gone,
Bullet holes in the cemetery walls,
The Black cars of the Guardia Civil,
Spanish Bombs on the Costa Rica,
I'm flying in on a DC 10 tonight

Spanish Bombs, Yot ' quieroy finito,
Yote quierda, oh ma corazon,
Spanish Bombs, Yot ' quierro y finito
Yote querda, oh ma corazon

The hillsides ring with 'free the People',
Or can I hear the ~~echo~~ echo from the days of '39?
With trenches full of posts, the ragged army,
fixin' bayonets to fight the other line,
Spanish bombs rock the province,
I'm hearing music from another time,
Spanish Bombs on the Costa Brava,
I'm flying in on a DC 10 tonight,

Spanish songs in Andalucía, Marjolina, oh ma corazon
Spanish songs in Granada ----- oh ma corazon.

Spanish weeks in my disco casino,
the freedom fighters died up on the hill,
They sang the red flag, they wore the black one,
but after they died it was mockingbird hill,
Back home the buses went up in flashes,
the Irish tomb was drenched in blood,
Spanish Bombs shatter the hotels,
my senorita's rose was ripped in the bud.





Lost in the supermarket

I'm all lost in the supermarket
I can no longer shop happily,
I came in here for that special offer
Guaranteed Personality

I wasn't born so much as I fell out,
Nobody seemed to notice me
We had a hedge back home in the suburbs
Over which I never could see

I heard the people who lived on the ceiling
Scream and fight most ~~xxxxx~~ scarily,
Hearing that noise was my first ever feeling,
That's how it's been all around me.

I'm all tuned in, I see all the programmes
I save the coupons from packets of tea,
I've got my giant hit ~~xxx~~ discotheque album,
I empty a bottle and I feel a bit free

The kids in the halls ~~xxx~~ and the pipes in the walls
Make me noises for company,
Long distance callers make long distance calls,
And the silence makes me lonely.

And it's not here.
It Disappear.





THE
CLASH

EGY
1971

Train in vain

You say you stand, by your man,
Just tell me something I don't understand.
You said you love me and that's a fact,
And then you left me said you felt trapped.
Well some things you can't explain away,
But the heartache's in me till this day.
If you can stand by me, you're not alone,
If you can stand by me, no way.

All the times when we were close,
I remember these scenes the most.
I see all my dreams come tumbling down,
I can't be happy, without you around.
So along I keep the wolves at bay,
And there's only one thing I can say.
~~XX~~
If you can stand by me, you're not alone,
If you can stand by me, no way.

You must explain why this must be,
Did you lie when you spoke to me.
Said stand by me you're not alone.

Now I've got a job but it don't pay,
I need new clothes I need somewhere to stay.
But without all of these things I can do,
But without your love I won't make it through,
Yes but you don't understand my point of view,
I suppose there is nothing I can do.
If you can stand by me, you're not alone.
If you can stand by me, no way.
If you can stand by me, you're not alone,
If you can stand by me, no way.

You must explain why this must be,
Did you lie when you spoke to me.
If you can stand by me.

If you can stand by me, you're not alone,
If you can stand by me, no way.



Picture Credits

Koka Kola - Library of Congress

Working for the Clampdown - U.F.A. Limited

A Place in the Sun - Paramount

All Band Photos - Pennie Smith

© Copyright 1980

Nineden Ltd / Lindy Poltock

This book © Copyright 1980 by Nineden Ltd.

Designer - Lindy Poltock

+ Luke



THE CLASH

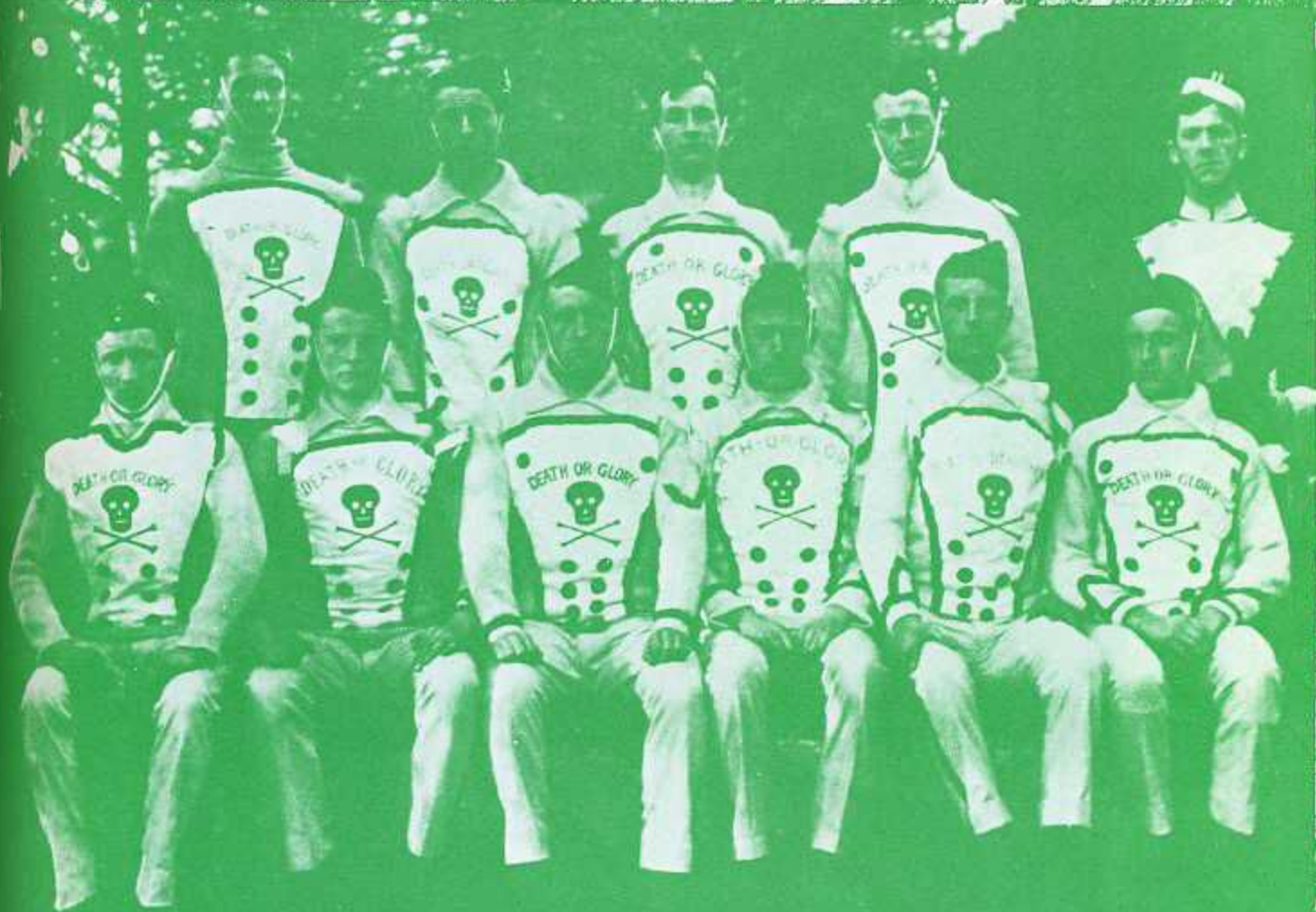
The Clash

LONDON
CALLING



THE

CLASH



Death or Glory

Every cheap hood strikes a
Bargain with the world,
And ends up making payments on a
Sofa or a girl,
Love 'n' hate tattooed across the knuckles of
his hands
The hands that slap his kids around cos they don't
understand
How Death or Glory becomes just another story

'n' every gimmick hungry yob digging gold from Rock 'n' Roll
Grabs the mike to tell us he'll die before he's sold
But I **EM** believe in this - and it's been tested by research
That he who fucks nuns will later join the church

From every dingy basement on every dingy street
I hear every gragging hand clap over every dragging beat
That's just the beat of time - the beat that must go on
If you been trying for years - then we already heard your song



Hateful

Well, I got a friend who's a man
What man? The man who keeps me from the lonely
He gives me what I need
What you need? What you got?
I need it all so badly

Oh, anything I want he gives it to me
Anything I want he gives it but not for free
It's hateful
And it's paid for. And I'm so grateful to be nowhere

This year I've lost some friends
Some friends? What friends?
I dunno, I ain't even noticed

You see I gotta go out ~~g~~ again
Again? My friend
I gotta see that mairman

I killed all my nerves
My nerves? What swerves?
And I can't drive so steady

I've lost my memory
My mind? Behind!
I can't see so clearly

Anything I want he gives it to me

Tommy Lee
Stammes

PAUL Simaran

Nicholas