

The Clash - Up In Heaven (Not Only Here)

Tom: D

The towers of London, these crumbling rocks
 Reality estates that the hero's got
 And every hour's marked 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"
 Sandinista! London's

Acordes

