

Clampdown

The Clash

The kingdom is ransacked, the jewels all taken back
And the chopper descends
They're hidden in the back, with a message on a half-baked tape
With the spool going round, saying I'm back here in this place
And I could cry
And there's smoke you could click on
What are we going to do now? Taking off his turban, they said, is this man a Jew?
'Cause working for the clampdown
They put up a poster saying we earn more than you!
When we're working for the clampdown We will teach our twisted speech
To the young believers
We will train our blue-eyed men
To be young believers
The judge said five to ten but I say double that again
I'm not working for the clampdown
No man born with a living soul
Can be working for the clampdown Kick over the wall 'cause government's to fall
How can you refuse it?
Let fury have the hour, anger can be power
Do you know that you can use it? The voices in your head are calling
Stop wasting your time, there's nothing coming
Only a fool would think someone could save you The men at the factory are old and cunning
You don't owe nothing, so boy, get running
It's the best years of your life they want to steal You grow up and you calm down
And you're working for the clampdown
You start wearing the blue and brown
And you're working for the clampdown
So you got someone to boss around
It makes you feel big now
You drift until you brutalize
You made your first kill now In these days of evil presidentes
Working for the clampdown
But lately one or two has fully paid their due
For working for the clampdown Ha, get along, get along
Working for the clampdown
Ha, get along, get along
Working for the clampdown Yeah, I'm working hard in Harrisburg
Working hard in Petersburg
Working for the clampdown
Working for the clampdown Begging to be melted down
Work, work, work
And I give away no secrets

Work, more work, more work
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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