

# Death Is a Star

The Clash

And I was gripped by that deadly phantom  
I followed him through hard jungles  
As he stalked through the back lots  
Strangling through the night shades

The thief of life  
Moved onwards and outwards to love

In a one stop only motel  
A storm bangs on the cheapest room  
The phantom slips in to spill blood  
Even on the sweetest honeymoon

The killer of love  
Caught the last late Niagara bus

By chance or escaping from misery  
By suddenness or in answer to pain  
Smoking in the dark cinema  
You could see the bad go down again

And the clouds are high in Spanish mountains  
And a Ford roars through the night full of rain.

The killer's blood flows  
But he loads his gun again

Make a grown man cry like a girl  
To see the guns dying at sunset

In vain lovers claimed  
But they never had met.