

# Clampdown

The Strokes

What are we gonna do now?  
Taking off his turban, they said, is this man a Jew?  
'Cause they're 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  
D'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 runnin'  
It's the best years of your life they want to steal

You grow up and you calm down  
You're working for the clampdown  
You start wearing the blue and brown  
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

But ha! Gitalong! Gitalong!