Midnight Log

Working for the devil You'll have to pay his tax That means going to see him Down among the racks You do his work so fine He'll remember you

Worried for my friend As he shows me round the flat Where I don't wanna find him His lips an' eyelids black He don't believe my speech That lines can and should be drawn Lke if he had a shotgun The barrels would be sawn

Swallowed by the river Swollen by the rains That leakin' ol' computer Of fingerprints and names Swimming in the river That floods the neighborhood I would call to you But it would do no good

Voting for the law That's the general occupation First comes the public safety Second comes the nation You won't believe me now But there's been some illumination The wisest cops have realized They fucked the operation

Cooking up the books A respected occupation The anchor and foundation of multi-corporations They don't believe in crime They don't know that it exists But to understand What's right and wrong The lawyers work in shifts

'N speaking of the devil He ain't been seen for years 'Cept every 20 mins He zooms between me ears I don't believe in books But I read all the time For ciphers to the riddles An' reasons to the rhymes The Clash