

# The Clash, Movers And Shakers

The boy stood in the burning slum  
Better times had to come  
Fate lay in the hands that clap  
The muscles that move & the power that raps  
He went up on money street  
Waving an popping to the beat  
Off his wits an on his feet  
He worked a coin from the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on you got what it takes to make it  
Movers an shakers come on even if you have to fake it

Where the highway meets the lights  
With a red bandanna & rapid wipes  
He shines Glass and he cleans chrome  
He'll accept what he gets thrown  
This man earns cos its understood  
Times are bad and he's makin good  
Down on him but he's got it beat  
He's working coin from the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on....etc  
And when I see you down & I say  
That aint no way through that aint no way through  
Movers & shakers come on....etc

Way back in some city heat  
When a friend was anybody with food to eat  
It was lousy life with a leaking roof  
We got up to find that truth  
Make a drum from a garbage can  
Allow your tongue to be a man  
When the beat propels you off your seat  
You got it made in the cold concrete

Movers & shakers come on!