

Rock The Casbah
The Clash

Bm **F#m**
Now, the king told the boogie men,
A **Em**
you have to let that raga drop.
Bm **F#m**
The oil down the desert way
A **Em**
has been shaking to the top.
Bm **F#m**
The sheik he drove his cadillac
A **Em**
he went a cruisin down the ville.
Bm **F#m**
The Muezzin was a standing
G
On the radiator grille.

Refrão:

Em **Bm** **A**
Shareef don t like it.
F#m **G** **F#m** **G**
Rock the Casbah. Rock the Casbah.
Em **Bm** **A**
Shareef don t like it.
F# **G** **F#m** **Bm**
Rock the Casbah. Rock the Casbah.

By order of the prophet
We ban that boogie sound.
Degenerate the faithful
With that crazy Casbah sound.
But the Bedouin, they brought out the electric camel drum.
The local guitar picker got his guitar picking thumb.
As soon as the Shareef had cleared the square,
They began to wail.

(Refrão)

Now over at the temple
Oh, they really pack em in.
The in crowd say it s cool
To dig this chanting thing.
But as the wind changed direction
and the temple band took five
The crowd got a whiff
Of that crazy casbah jive.

(Refrão)

The king called up his jet fighters,
He said, you better earn your pay.
Drop your bombs down between the minarets
Down the casbah way.
As soon as the Shareef was chauffeured out of there,
The jet pilots tuned to the cockpit radio blare.
As soon as the Shareef was outta their hair
The jet pilots wailed.

(Refrão)