

The Clash - All the Young Punks

Tom: Gb
Intro: B Gb Gb
B C Gb
Do
B Gb Gb
Wah
B Gb Db Gb
Oh
B Gb
Hanging about down the market street
Gb
I spent a lot of time on my feet
B Gb
When I saw some passing yabbos
B Db Gb
We did chance to speak
I knew how to sing
y' know an
They knew how to pose
An' one of them had a Les Paul
Heart attack machine
B E B
All the young punks
E
Laugh your life
B B Dbm
Cos there ain't much to cry for
B E B
All the young cunts
Gb
Live it now

Dbm B
Cos there ain't much to die for
Everybody wants to bum
A ride on the rock 'n' roller coaster
And we went out
Got our name in small print on the poster
Of course we got a manger
Though he ain't the mafia
A contract is a contract
When they get 'em out on yer
A
You gotta drag yourself to work
Drag yourself to sleep
A
You're dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week
Guitar Solo

Face front you got the future shining
Like a piece of gold
But I swear as we get closer
It look more like a lump of coal
But it's better than some factory
Now that's no place to waste your youth
I worked there for a week once
I luckily got the boot

Acordes

