

The Clash - White Man In Hammersmith Palais

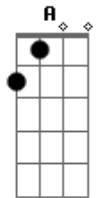
Tom: A

Intro: A E G A G A

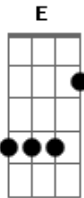
A E Dbm D
Midnight to six, man
A E Dbm D
for the first time from Jamaica
A E Gbm D
Dillinger and Leroy Smart
A E A
Delroy Wilson, cool operator
A E Dbm D
Ken Boothe, U.K. pop reggae
A E Dbm D
with backing bands sound systems.
A E Gbm D
If they got anything to say,
A E A
there's many black ears here to listen
A
But it was Four Tops all night
E
With encores from stage right,
G A
charges from the base knives to the treble
G A
But on stage they ain't got no roots, rock, rebel.
G A E A E A E A A
E
On stage they ain't got no roots, rock, rebel.
'Cause it won't get you anywhere
Foolin' with your guns.
The British Army is waiting out there
An' it weighs fifteen hundred tons.

White youth, black youth,
Better find another solution.
Why not phone up Robin Hood
And ask him for some wealth distribution.
Punk rockers of the U.K.,
They won't notice anyway.
They're all too busy fighting
For a good place under the lighting.
The new groups are not concerned
With what there is to be learned.
They got Burton suits. Huh, you think it's funny
Turning rebellion into money.
All over people changing their votes
Along with their overcoats.
If Adolf Hitler flew in today
They'd send a limosine anyway.
I'm the all-night, drug prowling wolf
Who looks so sick in the sun.
I'm the white man in the Palais
A E A D
Who goes looking for fun
A E A D
I'm only looking for fun
A E A D
Oh, please mister, just leave me alone
A E A D
Cause I'm only looking for fun
A E A D
Looking looking looking for fun
A E A D
Looking looking looking for fun
A E A
oh.

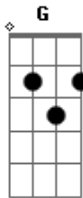
Acordes



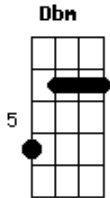
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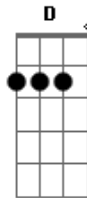
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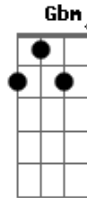
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