

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

