

# 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

