

# The Clash - Cheapskates

Tom: C

Am F  
I have been a washer up  
Em C  
An' he has been a scrubber up  
Am F  
An' I seen him a picking up  
G  
Dog ends in the rain  
Am F  
An' he has never read a book  
Em C  
Though I told him to take a look  
Am E  
He lifted his poolhall cue  
G  
For another game  
Am  
But it ain't no modern miracle  
F  
That we found the golden rule  
E  
What you can't buy you gotta steal  
G  
An' what you say can't steal you better leave

I don't like to hang about  
In this lonely room  
'Cos london is for going out  
And trying to hear a tune  
But people come pouncing up to me  
And say what are you doing here  
You're supposed to be a star

Not a cheapskate bleeding queer  
Like a load of rats from a sinking ship  
You slag us down to save your hip  
But you don't give me the benefit  
Of your doubt  
'Cos I'll bite it off and spit it out  
C F C  
We're cheapskates anything'll do  
Am F  
We're cheapskates what are we supposed to do?  
G A  
An' we can rock  
F E  
Hey hey let's roll  
C Am  
An' we can walk  
F G  
An' do the stroll

(Middle) A C F C F C F C  
Just because we're in a group  
You think we're stinking rich  
'N we all got model girls  
Shedding every stitch  
'N You think the cocaine's flowing  
Like a river up our noses  
'N every sea will part for us  
Like the red one did for Moses

Well I hope you make it one day  
Just like you always said you would some day  
And I'll get out my money and make a bet  
That I'll be seein' you down the launderette

## Acordes

