

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

