

Last Gang In Town

The Clash

Everybody's looking for
Last gang in town
You better watch out for
They're all comin' around The sport of today is exciting
The in crowd are into infighting
When some punk sees some rock-olla
It's rock and roll all over In every street and every station
Kids fight like different nations
And it's brawn against brain and knife against chain
But it's all young blood flowing down the drain The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town Meanwhile down in black town
Those old soul rebels are haingin' around
An' when some punk come looking for sound
Rastaferi goes to ground The white heart flipped the pocket dipped
'Cos a black sharp knife never slips
And they never say to one another
That tomorrow we might kill our brother The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town Oh, come on, come on
[Incomprehensible]
Yeah, come on, come on
Come on an' yell out, baby Down from the edge of London
The Rockabilly rebels came
From another edge of London
Skinhead gangs call out their name But not the Zydeco kids from the high rise
Though they can't be recognized
When you hear a cajun fiddle then you're nearly in the middle
Of the last gang in town The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
Now, they're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiff's an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town Where are they now?
Where are they now?

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