

# Last Gang In Town

## Tiger! Shit! Tiger! Tiger!

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 it's knife against chain  
        But it's all young blood  
        Flowing down the drain

The Crops hit the Stiffs  
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 a looking for sound  
    Rastafari goes to ground  
    The white heart flipped his pocket dipped  
    'cause a black sharp knife never slips  
    And they never say to one another  
    That tomorrow we might kill our brothers

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

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