

# White Man In Hammersmith Palais

## The Clash

One two, one two three four  
Midnight to six man  
For the first time from Jamaica  
Dillinger and Leroy Smart  
Delroy Wilson, your cool operator  
Ken Boothe for UK pop reggae  
With backing bands sound system  
If they've got anything to say  
There's many black ears here to listen  
But it was Four Tops all night with encores from stage right  
Charging from the bass knives to the treble  
But on stage they ain't got no roots, rock rebel  
On stage they ain't got no roots, rock rebel  
Dress back and jump back, this is a blue beat attack  
'Cos it won't get you anywhere, fooling with the guns  
The British Army is waitin' out there  
It weighs fifteen hundred tons  
White youth, black youth  
Better find another solution  
Why not phone up Robin Hood  
And ask him for some wealth distribution?  
Punk rocker in the UK  
They won't notice anyway  
They're all too busy fightin'  
For a good place under the lightnin'  
The new groups are not concerned  
With what there is to be learned  
They got Burton suits, ha, you think it's funny  
Turning rebellion into money  
All over people changing their votes  
Along with their overcoats  
If Adolf Hitler flew in today  
They'd send a limousine anyway  
I'm the all night drug prowling wolf  
Who looks so sick in the sun  
I'm the white man in the Palais  
Just lookin' for fun  
Only lookin' for fun  
Oh, please this time just give me a nod

Well I'm only, lookin' for fun  
Lookin' lookin' lookin' for fun, F U N

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