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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