

Tomblands

The Libertines

High register operational

In the land of the gauching skiving sun
Their bodies are in the room, lad
Never an honest days work is done
They call it the Tomblands

No, they're never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no

Fifteen holes in the dealer's chest
Yo ho ho, he was a Mini Martell man

Pieces of eight in the jukebox
Didn't want to be the one to tell you
She was only fourteen
Sussed out your dirty sordid little scene

No, never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me now

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