

All The Young Punks

The Clash

Hanging about
Down the market street
I spent a lot of time on my feet
When I saw some passing yabbos
We did chance to speak I knew how to sing
Why' know an
They knew how to pose
An' one of them had a Les Paul
Heart attack machine All the young punks
Laugh your life
'Cause there ain't much to cry for
All the young cunts
Live it now
'Cause there ain't much to die for Everybody wants to bum
A ride on the rock 'n' roller coaster
And we went out
Got our name in small print on the poster
Of course we got a manger
Though he ain't the mafia
A contract is a contract
When they get 'em out on yer You gotta drag yourself to work
Drag yourself to sleep
You're dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week Face front you got the future shining
Like a piece of gold
But I swear as we get closer
It look more like a lump of coal
But it's better than some factory
Now that's no place to waste your youth
I worked there for a week once
I luckily got the boot

Songwriters

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