

All the Young Punks (New Boots and Contracts)

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
y' 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
Cos there ain't much to cry for
All the young cunts
Live it now
Cos 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 a poster
Of course we got a manager
Though he ain't the mafia
A contract is a contract
When they get 'em out on yer

You gotta drag yourself to work
Drug 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 the factory
Now that's no place to waste your youth
I worked there for a week once
I luckily got the boot