

Telefonos sonando en habitaciones vacias
Sumo

Intro: Am y al aire

Am
Night is down in insect town
Dm
I'm sitting here glued to the glowing tube
Em
Tedious, tedium, flowing slow
Am
I'm crying for something I could really use
Dm
We're worker ants, or ants with wings
Em Am
Saying 'God I'm high' or 'Christ, I'm late'

Asking girls and women
Dm
'Won't you show us the way
Em Am
To crumple sheets and naughtier things? '
Dm
But it's sad, so sad

Em
The old people never had not quite so bad

(not this way, anyway)
Am
And it,s sad, sad, sad

Dm
The sadness of a long dead star on late night TV
Em Am
The sadness of shooting away your bloom

Dm Em
And of old crumpled men in their workday suits

Am
And telephones ringing in empty rooms

Dm Em
All the birds have flown from the uptown

Am
And a family I know has built an ark

Dm
It's been raining long in a steady flow
Em Am
And newspaper headlines read bad and stark

Dm
But is sad, so sad

Em

The old people never had not quite so bad.

Am

And it,s sad, sad, sad

Dm

The sadness of a long dead star on late night TV

Em

Am

The sadness of shooting away your bloom

Dm

Em

And of old crumpled men in their workday suits

Am

And telephones ringing in empty rooms

(Cambia a ritmo de ska)

Am-Dm-Em

SKa ,Ska,....

Am

Dm

People of Babylon, if you want to be wrong

Em

You´ve got to be strong

If not you´ll go down

Am

Down, down down

You can bite the hands that feeds you

Dm

Spit in the face of those who needs you

Em

But when you´re old, who is gonna feed you

Am

When you´re on your own?

I hear my black brothers every day

Dm

Saying how they´ve been put down in so many ways

Em

Well, what about us Rasta?

Am

Some of us been treated just the same way

I look around and all I see is

White trash in a Babylon

Dm

White trash in a London

Em

Am

White trash right here in Buenos Aires town

White trash in Twinckenham

Dm

White trash in Birmingham

Em

Am

White trash where I live in Hurlingham.

Am-Dm-Em

Solo

Am-Dm-Em

Ska, Ska...

Am

People of the Argentine

Dm

You eat your meat everyday

And you dress so fine

Em

What about your brothers in Africa

Dying, starving

Am

All of the time?

Couse you can bite the hands that feeds you

Dm

Spit in the face of those who needs you

Em

But when you're old, who is gonna feed you

Am

When you're on your own?

I hear my black brothers every day

Dm

Saying how they've been put down in so many ways

Em

Well, what about us Rasta?

Am

Some of us been treated just the same way

I look around and all I see is

White trash in a Babylon

Dm

White trash in a London

Em

Am

White trash aca in Buenos Aires town

You've got a bilieve it

White trash in Twinckenham

Dm

White trash in Birmingham

Em

Am

White trash where I live in Hurlingham.

Am-Dm-Em hasta el final.