

All The Young Punks
The Clash

ALL THE YOUNG PUNKS - The Clash

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(Intro)

B F#/B F# /F

B C F#

Do

B F#/B F# /F

Wah

B F#/Bb C# F#

Oh

B F#/Bb

Hanging about down the market street

F#

I spent a lot of time on my feet

B F#/Bb

When I saw some passing yabbos

B C# F#

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

B E B

All the young punks

E

Laugh your life

B/Eb B/Eb C#m

Cos there ain t much to cry for

B E B

All the young cunts

F#

Live it now

C#m B

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 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

A

You gotta drag yourself to work
Drag yourself to sleep

A

You re dead from the neck up
By the middle of the week

Guitar Solo

E---2/7--7--7--7--7--7-----7--7-----4--2-----4-----4-----7-----
B-----4-----5--2-----
G-----
D-----
A-----
E-----

E---7--7--7--7--7-----7--7-----4--2-----2/7-----
B-----4-----7--4--0-----2--4--5--7-----
G-----
D-----
A-----
E-----

E-----
B-----7--7--7h9-----7--5--4-----5--4-----0-----7h9-----7p5-----4-----
G-----
D-----
A-----
E-----

E-----9--9--7-----9--9h11--11-----11p9-----7-----4-----
B---h5p4-----
G-----
D-----
A-----
E-----

E---p7--4-----2-----2--2-----4--4-----2-----
B-----4--4-----6--6-----2-----
G-----4--4-----6--6-----3-----
D-----4--4-----6--6-----4-----
A-----2--2-----4--4-----4-----
E-----2--2-----4--4-----2-----

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

Send questions and comments to: jendave@lycosmail.com
