All The Young Punks The Clash

ALL THE YOUNG PUNKS - The Clash

Transcribed by: Raymond P. Sferra (72724.514@CompuServe.COM) Solo Transcribed by Mark Davis (markjd11@hotmail.com)

(Intro)

A E/A E /Eb

A Bb E

Do

A E/A E /Eb

Wah

A E/G# B E

Oh

A E/G#

Hanging about down the market street

Е

I spent a lot of time on my feet

A E/G#

When I saw some passing yabbos

ABE

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

ADA

All the young punks

ח

Laugh your life

A/Eb A/Eb Bm

Cos there ain t much to cry for

A D A

All the young cunts

E

Live it now

Bm A

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

G

You gotta drag yourself to work Drag yourself to sleep

G

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

Guit	ar :	Solo	1																
E	2/7	7-	-7	-7	77		-7-	-7	4-	2-		-4-			4			7	
B											-4-				5	52-			
G																			
D																			
A																			
E																			
E	7	77	7-	7-		77		4	-2	2	/7-								
В									4	4		-7-	-4-	-0	2	24-	-5	7	
D																			
A																			
E																			
E																			
В		7	7-	7h	9	7-	-5-	-4	5-	4-		-0-		-7h9		-7p5		-4	
_																			
E				9	-9	7	9	9h1	11	11			11p	9	7-		4		
													_						
_																			
E	n7-	_4	3)		-2	2		4	_4		2							
	_																		
							<i>_</i> . – – ·												

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
