Bank Robber
The Clash

From: * (Peter Palmer)

Lyrics c/o uwp

This is as close as my ear could get it. The problem
is there really isn t any straight guitar playing.
The intro lines are what I play along with the initial
humming. As always, corrections encouraged.


```
Guitar
------------------------------------------------|
------------------------------------------------|
------------------------------------------------|
----0----2-0---0--------------------------------|
-------------3-----------------2---3-2-0-2----|
3--------------------------3----------------|
```

```
bass
-------------------------------------------------|
-------------------------------------------------|
---5-5-5-5-5----5-5-5--------5-5-5-5-5-0--------|
3------------3-----------3-------------3-----|
```

```
Guitar
---------------------------------------------------|
---------------------------------------------------|
---------------------------------------------------|
-----0---2-0---0-------------0-------------------|
-----------3----------3--------------------|
3-----------------------------3--3-3-3-3--------|
```

```
bass
----------------------------------------------------|
-----------------------------0------------------|
---5-5-5-5-5----5-5-5-5-5---3-------------------|
3------------3-------------------3-3-3-3-3--------|
```


```
G                    C       G
My Daddy was a bankrobber

G                           C G (is this G here right?)
But he never hurt nobody
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G                 C        G
He just loved to live that way

        C        D        G
And he loved to steal your money

G                 C        G
Some is rich, and some is poor

G                    C      G (eh?)
That s the way the world is

G                      C      G
But I don t believe in lying back

C         D        G
Sayin  how bad your luck is

So we came to jazz it up
We never loved a shovel
Break your back to earn your pay
An  don t forget to grovel

The old man spoke up in a bar
Said I never been in prison
A lifetime serving one machine
Is ten times worse than prison

Imagine if all the boys in jail
Could get out now together
Whadda you think they d want to say to us?
While we was being clever

Someday you ll meet your rocking chair
Cos that s where we re spinning
There s no point to wanna comb your hair
When it s grey and thinning

Run rabbit run
Strike out boys, for the hills
I can find that hole in the wall
And I know that they never will
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