

## 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