

Libertines "Tomblands"

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High register operational

In the land of the gouging skiving sun
Their bodies in the room, lad
Never an honest day's work is done
They call it the Tomblands

This times of the year you
(Know)
No, they're never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no

Fifteen holes in the dealer's chest
Yo ho ho, he was a Mini Martell man
Some of those are pitching up the rest

Pieces of eight in the jukebox
Didn't wanna be the one to tell you
She was only fourteen
Sussed out your dirty sordid little scene

No, never gonna get me no
They never gonna get me no
They never gonna get me no
They'll never gonna get me no

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