

Tom Robinson Band

"Number One Protection"

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Well we used to see his roller all around the Gate
With the smoked glass windows and the personal
plates

In the big league bastards he was Number One
He had half of North Kensington under his thumb
Sweet as razorblade, twice as cruel
Compromising as a paranoid mule
Warm and assuring as a sawn-off gun
Everyone was terrified of Number One

Get some protection
Everybody had to get protection
Get some protection
You'll never get ahead without protection

He had a half-inch barnet and Italian shades
Went jogging with the doberman every day
Had a West End attorney in a jacket and tie
And all the cops in his pocket that his money could buy
Sweet as razorblade, twice as cruel
Compromising as a paranoid mule
Warm and assuring as a sawn-off gun
He was Notting Hill's answer to Atilla the Hun

Get some protection
Everybody had to get protection
Get some protection
You'll never get ahead without protection

Well he got a bit cocky - so the story goes
And he ended up treading on too many toes
The Ali supermarkets they decided to fight
And the sons of Mohammed took him out that night
The police followed them to Acton Town
But a burnt BMW was all they found
Nobody testified, everyone
Was glad to see the back of him - Number One

Get some protection
Too bad he never had protection
Get some protection

You never get ahead without protection

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