

## The Clash

# "All the Young Punks"

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I'm hanging about down the market street  
I spent a lot of time on my feet  
When I saw some passing yabbos  
And we did chance to speak

But I knew how to sing, you know  
And they knew how to pose  
And 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 you young cunts, live it now  
'Cos there ain't much to die for

All the young punks, laugh your life  
'Cos there ain't much to cry for  
All you 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 and got our name in small print on the  
poster  
Of course we got a manager and though he ain't the  
mafia  
A contract is a contract, when they get 'em out of here

All the young punks, laugh your life  
'Cos there ain't much to cry for  
All you young cunts, live it now  
'Cos there ain't much to die for

All you young punks, laugh your life  
'Cos there ain't much to cry for  
All you young cunts, live it now  
'Cos there ain't much to die for

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 some factory  
Now that's no place to waste your youth  
I worked there for a week once  
And I luckily got the boot

All the young punks, laugh your life  
'Cos there ain't much to cry for  
All you young cunts, live it now  
'Cos there ain't much to die for

All the young punks, laugh your life  
'Cos there ain't much to cry for  
All you young cunts, live it now  
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