

The Clash "Last Gang in Town"

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Everybody's looking for
Last gang in town
You better watch out for
They're all comin' around

The sport of today is exciting
The in crowd are into infighting
When some punk sees some rock-olla
It's rock and roll all over

In every street and every station
Kids fight like different nations
And it's brawn against brain and knife against chain
But it's all young blood flowing down the drain

The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town

Meanwhile down in black town
Those old soul rebels are haingin' around
An' when some punk come looking for sound
Rastaferi goes to ground

The white heart flipped the pocket dipped
'Cos a black sharp knife never slips
And they never say to one another
That tomorrow we might kill our brother

The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town

Oh, come on, come on
[Incomprehensible]
Yeah, come on, come on

Come on an' yell out, baby

Down from the edge of London
The Rockabilly rebels came
From another edge of London
Skinhead gangs call out their name

But not the Zydeco kids from the high rise
Though they can't be recognized
When you hear a cajun fiddle then you're nearly in the
middle
Of the last gang in town

The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the
quiffs
Now, they're all looking 'round
The crops hit the stiffs an' the spikes whipped the
quiffs
They're all looking 'round for the last gang in town

Where are they now?
Where are they now?

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