

Clash, The

"Cheapskates"

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(Strummer/Jones)

I have been a washer up
An' he has been a scrubber up
An' I seen him a picking up
Dog ends in the rain
An' he has never read a book
Though I told him to take a look
He lifted his poolhall cue
For another game
But it ain't no modern miracle
That we found the golden rule
What you can't buy you gotta steal
An' what you say can't steal you better leave

I don't like to hang about
In this lonely room
'Cos london is for going out
And trying to hear a tune
But people come pouncing up to me
And say what are you doing here
You're supposed to be a star
Not a cheapskate bleeding queer

Like a load of rats from a sinking ship
You slag us down to save your hip
But you don't give me the benfit
Of your doubt
'Cos I'll bite it off and spit it out

We're cheapskates anything'll do
We're cheapskates what are we supposed to do?
An' we can rock
Hey hey let's roll
An' we can walk
An' do the stroll

Just because we're in a group
You think we're stinking rich
'N we all got model girls
Shedding every stitch
'N You think the cocaine's flowing

Like a river up our noses
'N every sea will part for us
Like the red one did for Moses

Well I hope you make it one day
Just like you always said you would some day
And I'll get out my money and make a bet
That I'll be seein' you down the launderette

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