

The King Blues

"Let's Hang The Landlord"

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was classic bullying material strictly speaking
I was 4ft tall with 3ft mohican
I bunked off school and bought some tattoo ink
Engraved "punk 4 life" on my arm with a safety pin
I was sleeping in a park and selling the Big Issue
But this ain't no sob story so don't reach for the tissues
These Spanish Punks they took me under their wing
Opened up a squat in Clapham Common, they let me
move in

This place was fucking huge, I couldn't believe my luck
But it was no stranger to the odd ruck
I was sharing a room with a bloke called Geoff
He had rotten teeth and the World's worst breath
But we had such a time, graffing up all the walls
Days trips to Brighton when the occasion called
Drinking Red Wine and Coke, playing our music loud
On a shitty old tape player we sung it proud
We used to sing

If we hang the Landlord from the top of the stairs
We can live here forever without a care
So let's hang the Landlord from the top of stairs
We'll live like a millionaire
Like a millionaire

We looked out for each other, as a group we were tight
All coppers are bastards, but we were alright
Painting our leather jackets, spiking up our hair
We looked like aliens out of anywhere
If the tourists wanted a photo we would charge them a
pound
When we had enough we'd buy a bottle and pass it
around
???
And whatever we could find got thrown into the mix

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Now always blagging it into gigs for free
Sneaking in our own cans after a robbing spree
Getting chased out the offie and half way down the street
Smiling at the girls we thought looked sweet
And Bruv used to give me all his hand-me-downs
He had a great big heart but he'd done too much brown
Sarah used to look out for me, make sure I was alright
When Mel and other people once got in a fight
We used to sing

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We'll live like a millionaire
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A couple of years ago a tramp at Piccadilly he told me
how I'm gonna die
My head spun around until I sat on the curb and cried
And I found my self sitting on Puff's begging patch
I ain't seen him around I pray he didn't lose the match
Now Al's in prison and he's the sensible one
Don't let the bastards grind you down mate our time it begun
Don't let the screws get in your head and fuck you up
Because when you get out we'll string that Landlord up

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