

## King Blues, The "Let's Hang the Landlord"

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I 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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Like a millionaire

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 Puff 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 her pimp once got in a fight  
We used to sing

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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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