

# The Clash, Last Gang In Town

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 it's 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

For the last gang in town

Meanwhile down in black town  
Those old soul rebels are haingin' around  
An' when some punk come alooking for sound  
Rastaferi goes to ground  
The white heart flipped his pocket dipped  
'Cos a black sharp knife never slips  
And they never say to one antoher  
That tomorrow we might kill our brothers

Down from the edge of London  
The rockabily 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