

# Cock Sparrer, Take'Em All

We worked our way up from east end pubs  
To gigs and back stage passes  
Ex-boxing champs, West end clubs  
Americans in dark glasses  
Driving ten grand cars, they drink in hotel bars  
They're even making money in bed  
They wouldn't be no loss, they aint worth a toss  
It's about time they all dropped dead.

[Chorus]

Take 'em all, take 'em all  
Put 'em up against a wall and shoot 'em  
Short and tall, watch 'em fall  
Come on boys take 'em all  
Well tough shit boys, it aint our fault  
Your record didn't make it  
We made you dance, you had your chance  
But you didn't take it  
Well, I gotta go make another deal  
Sign another group for the company  
I don't suppose we'll ever meet again  
You'd better get back to the factory.

[Chorus]

Take 'em all, watch 'em fall [x4]