

# The Gaslight Anthem, I'da Called You Woody, Joe

I was crawling around in my head in the haze of a trance.  
Rico said, "I'ma turn you onto a sound, cool out your head.  
This is the sound from Camden town."

And then I heard it like a shot through my skull to my brain,  
I felt my fingertips tingle and it started to rain,  
When the walls of my bedroom were tremblin' around me,  
This ramshackle voice over attack of a bluesbeat,  
Tellin' me he's only looking for fun.  
This was the sound of the very last gang in town.

As heard by my wild young heart, like directions on a cold dark night,  
Sayin', 'Let it out... You're doin' all right.'  
And I heard it in his chain gang soul.  
It wasn't just the same sad song.  
Saying, 'Let it out, you're doing all right.'  
And you doing all right, are you doin' all right?

And I carried these songs like a comfort wherever I'd go.  
They was there when my summers was high, there when she left me alone.  
Saying... 'The soul is hard to find.'

And I never got to tell him so I just wrote it down,  
I wrapped a couple chords around it and I let it come out,  
When the walls of my bedroom trembled around me,  
To this ramshackle voice over attack of a bluesbeat,  
And a girl, on the excitement gang.  
And this was the sound of the very last gang in town.

As heard by my wild young heart, like directions on a cold dark night,  
Sayin', 'Let it out... You're doin' all right.'  
And I heard it in his chain gang soul.  
It wasn't just the same sad song.  
Saying, 'Let it out, you're doing all right.'  
And you doing all right, are you doin' all right?

That was the sound...  
I hear the sound...  
Do you hear the sound....  
I hear the sound...  
Of the very last gang in town...