

# The Clash, Cheapskates

I have been a washer up  
An' he has been a scrubber up  
An' I seen him a picking up  
Dog ends in the rain  
An' he has never read a book  
Though I told him to take a look  
He lifted his poolhall cue  
For another game  
But it ain't no modern miracle  
That we found the golden rule  
What you can't buy you gotta steal  
An' what you say can't steal you better leave

I don't like to hang about  
In this lonely room  
'Cos london is for going out  
And trying to hear a tune  
But people come pouncing up to me  
And say what are you doing here  
You're supposed to be a star  
Not a cheapskate bleeding queer

Like a load of rats from a sinking ship  
You slag us down to save your hip  
But you don't give me the benefit  
Of your doubt  
'Cos I'll bite it off and spit it out

We're cheapskates anything'll do  
We're cheapskates what are we supposed to do?  
An' we can rock  
Hey hey let's roll  
An' we can walk  
An' do the stroll

Just because we're in a group  
You think we're stinking rich  
'N we all got model girls  
Shedding every stitch  
'N You think the cocaine's flowing  
Like a river up our noses  
'N every sea will part for us  
Like the red one did for Moses

Well I hope you make it one day  
Just like you always said you would some day  
And I'll get out my money and make a bet  
That I'll be seein' you down the launderette