

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