

The Libertines, Tomblands

In the land of the gouching skiving sun
There's bodies in the room, lad
Never an honest day's work is done
They call it the Tomblands
No, they're never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no
Never gonna get me no
Fifteen holes in the dealer's chest
Yo ho ho he was a mini martial man
Social unrest
Pieces of eight in the jukebox
Oh, you know
Didn't wanna be the one to tell you
She was only 14
Sussed out your dirty sorded little scene