

Let's Hang The Landlord

The King Blues

I was classic bullying material strictly speaking,
I was 4ft tall with a 3ft mohican,
I bunked off school and bought some tattoo ink,
Engraved 'punk 4 life' on my arm with a safety pin,
I was sleeping in a park and selling The Big Issue,
But this ain't no sob story so don't reach for the tissue,
Cos these Spanish punks took me under their wing,
Opened a squat in Clapham Common they let me move in,

This place was fucking huge, I couldn't believe my luck,
But it was no stranger to the odd ruck,
I was sharing a room with this bloke called Jeff,
He had rotting teething and world's worst breath,
But we had such a time graffing up all the walls,
Day trips to Brighton when the occasion called,
Drinking red wine and Coke, playing our music loud,
On a shitty old tape player we sung it proud,
We used to sing,

If we hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
We can live here forever without a care,
So let's hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
And we'll live like a millionaire,

We looked out for each other, as a group we were tight,
All coppers are bastards but we were alright,
Painting our leather jackets, soaping up our hair,
We looked like aliens out of anywhere,
If the tourists wanted a photo we would charge them a pound,
When we had enough we'd buy a bottle and pass it around,
A bag of cheap glue Evo Stick, Fix a fix,
And whatever we could find got thrown into the mix,
We used to sing,

If we hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
We can live here forever without a care,
So let's hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
And we'll live like a millionaire,

Me and Al always blagged it into gigs for free,
Sneaking in our own cans after a robbing spree,
Getting chased out the offy and halfway down the street,
Smiling at the girls we thought looked sweet,
And Puff used to give me all his hand me downs,
He had a great big heart but he done too much brown,
Sarah used to look out for me, make sure I was alright,
When Alan and the bigger ones got in a fight,
We used to sing,

If we hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
We can live here forever without a care,
So let's hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
And we'll live like a millionaire,

A couple years ago the tramps in Piccadilly told me Aaron had died,
My head spun around till I sat on the kerb and cried,
And I found myself sitting on Puff's begging patch,

Well I ain't seen him around,
I pray that he didn't lose the match,
Now Al's in prison and he was the sensible one,
Don't let the bastards grind you down mate, our time ain't begun,
Don't let the screws get in your head and fuck you up,
Cos when you get out we'll string that landlord up,
And we can sing,

If we hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
We can live here forever without a care,
So let's hang the landlord from the top of the stairs,
And we'll live like a millionaire.