

Jim Woodrow - This One's For The Punks

(G, C, D, G)

Drink up they're at the door, let the fuckers in,  
swingin' from the chandelier in some old bastard's mansion.  
Threesomes in the bedroom, candle lit dinner army boots,  
Some bloke shouting bedlam at the dogs blue suit.

Lets hope the fucker makes it, before they catch us later,  
singing fucking Christmas carols to the fucking neighbours.  
Pirate radios are dying, smack the pans and fry the bacon,  
but we don't really give two shits cause half of us are vegan.

Crack that old tom barrel, give the cage a rattle,  
like the old man said, send me to bed before I'm arrested.  
There goes that blind assassin, he's walking into lamp posts,  
at least he's got his freedom now the government has paid him.

(Stop Singing)

On a serious note, there's a young lad outside he's lost everything,  
but what he hasn't found yet is what's really golden.

I hope he fucking finds it, it's just beneath the surface,  
We'll all be here for an hour or two before we hit the circus.  
I wake up fucking crying, but laugh myself to sleep mate,  
you'll never meet a sailor with matching drapes and curtains.

(Life is fleeting. This song isn't specifically about punk culture  
but for anyone who stands up against the troubles we all face in life  
and refuses to give up, finding a place for the ones who slip through  
the cracks in society and try to help them survive)