

# Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Where Have All T

it's times like these when a neck looks for a knife,  
a wrist for a razor, a heart is longing for bullets.  
tension is high under sea and over sky.  
pressure drop, people are acting foolish.  
ooh - but it's easy to see!  
ooh - we could dance and be free.  
ooh - to that 2-tone beat!  
but it looks like it's gone...  
gangsters and clowns with a stereotyped sound  
it's coming like a ghosst town - someone always knew it.  
hatred and shame, a racist game  
cycles of blame - someone sang me through it.  
who? well it's easy to see.  
ooh - we could dance to be free.  
ooh - to that 2-tone beat!  
but it looks like it's gone...  
i asked jerry, he told terry, terry sang a song just for me,  
lynvall gave a message to me,  
rhoda screamed and then she asked me,  
"where have all the rude boys gone?"