

# The Kinks, Prince Of The Punks

A well known groover, rock 'n' roll user,  
Wanted to be a star.  
But he failed the blues, and he's back to loser,  
Playing folk in a country bar.

Reggae music didn't seem to satisfy his needs.  
He couldn't handle modern jazz,  
'Cause they play it in difficult keys.  
But now he's found a music he can call his own,  
Some people call it junk, but he don't care,  
He's found a home.

He's the prince of the punks and he's finally made it,  
Thinks he looks cool but his act is dated.  
He acts working class but it's all bologna,  
He's really middle class and he's just a phony.  
He acts tough but it's just a front,  
He's the prince of the punks.

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He tried to be gay, but it didn't pay,  
So he bought a motorbike instead.  
He failed at funk, so he became a punk,  
'Cause he thought he'd make a little more bread.

He's been through all of the changes,  
From rock opera to Mantovani.  
Now he wears a swastika band  
And leather boots up past his knees.

He's much too old for twenty-eight,  
But he thinks he's seventeen,  
He thinks he's a stud,  
But I think he looks more like a queen.

He's the prince of the punks and he's finally made it,  
Thinks he looks cool but his act is dated.  
He talks like a Cockney but it's all bologna,  
He's really middle class and he's just a phony.  
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