

Cockney Rejects, It's Alright

i'm running down the road
with a bottle in my hand
don't know what i'm doing
i think i'm going mad
trying to tell myself that i'll be ok
that's what i tell myself every single day
i get gutted cos it seems that
it always happens to me
in the end i know i'll be ok
it's a teenage fantasy
it's alright, i can take it
it's alright, i don't care
it's alright, i ain't crying
it's alright
i thought there would be a change but i
i was prove wrong
the scum crawl from everywhere
where does the scum belong
but in the end i know i'll win
i won't run away and hide
i'll come back to face you all
i won't swallow my pride