

Funeral Dress, Spirit Of The Streets

Finally here's another Saturday night
Combat boot and mohican tunes
this is my life, this is my roots
boots and braces that's our crew
Trouble at work, trouble at school
we're all mates gimme your booze
mind your own business it's my life
we're gonna get so drunk tonight

We're the boys
We're the boys
We're the spirit of the street

Oi Oi oi for the working class
we're having a say and having a laugh
Where ever you go you see our crew
punk 4 EVER trough and trough
We're hanging around with the lads
Having fun and going mad
We're the youth and we feel alright
we do the things we think are right

We're the boys
We're the boys
We're the spirit of the street

Punx and skins all around
No one fucking cares and jump around
if the kids . We'll shout
united as one, united and proud
Rejected from the clubs, banned from the pubs
One law for them another one for us
We're the youth and we got the right
to do the things we think are right