

The Toy Dolls, Park Lane Punch Up

Oh sittin in the Taxi rank in Park Lane
in comes a trendy geazer with no brain,
and staring at a punk who was a good mate,
I said lets make a move but it was too late

CHORUS:

Up goes a shout, a rumble in the crowd
a fight breaks out, someone starts clouting me,
call in the Army oooh
call in the Army
call in the Army oooh
call in the Army...

The Park Lane punch up escalates
somebody's teeth have gone
it's too much for the coppers
there's a RIOT going on, so
call in the Army, call in the Army...

Park Lane quickly turns into a bloothbath
a disco boy lies unconcious on the red path,
Coppers helmets knocked off in the gutter
all because of a trendy townty nutter

CHORUS