

Roller Disco

Britonica

Hey, the first time that I met my mate
Was in the roller rink where I went to skate
It was early in the decade around '83
Back then Maskell's was the place to be Pay two quid for your entry fee
I glide into the arena, ecstasy
When you were seven you didn't realize
Most of the adults were stoned out of their eyes Some jacked up on the seats around the edge
Others were so fucked that they turned into veg
I didn't care 'cos I made my pledge
Rollskating at Maskell's got respect I used to listen to Public Enemy
Erik B and Rakim and BVSMP
But before that in 1983
I'd go break dancing after my tea Down the Youth Club, eating the fruit pastels
Saturday morning I'd go down to Maskell's
It was my favorite place to go
Dancing all day at the Roller Disco N-n-nineteen eighty three When Maskells is over it's out on your bike
Doing bunny hops and wheelies if you like
Nicking from the shop and comparing your Nike
Dropping bricks onto trains was a delight Then I'd find a weak kid and have a fight
Use your pocket money to buy a head band for the night
From Fussels, Newport's health-sports store
This is the stuff I used to do before Draw Paul Hardcastle, n-n-nineteen
Was always played on the roller disco scene
I would listen to the music 'til I went deaf
Skating around backwards to Axel FEven back then I was still wearing gold
They had an ice rink upstairs so I was told
It was ecstasy going round a pillar
Doing a special dance to Michael Jackson's 'Thriller' Y-y-you fukin' knows it
N-n-nineteen eighty three
How was the year son?
N-n-nineteen eighty three Oh, eating cola cubes and watching Grange Hill
Riding my chopper to the Chip shop in Pill
I didn't know words like Cunny or Vag
Getting my two hundred meters swimming badge Back then you were seven, I was eight
I only just started to masturbate
When I was in school the days went slow
'Cos I was dreaming of a fuckin' roller disco
F-f-fucking alright
S-s-say first fuck I didn't smoke, I didn't drink booze

I collected 'Star Wars' stickers and bubble gum tattoos
Stuck 'em on my face 'cos it made me feel hard
Then popped into the shop to buy some football cards
Finished the album, Panini '83
Get back home in time for the A-Team and tea
Then watch Bullseye and Saint and Greavsie
Go to bed, 'til tomorrow, see?
I watch the A-Team and Airwolf too
Before I found drugs and started sniffing glue
Riding round the lane on my Grifter or my Chopper
Even back then I was a hip hopper
N-n-nineteen eighty three
N-n-nineteen eighty three
Y-y-you knows it
F-f-fresh bra
F-f-fresh bra
Y-y-you knows it
F-f-fresh bra
N-n-nineteen eighty three
G-G-Goldie Lookin Chain
G-G-Goldie Lookin Chain
N-n-nineteen eighty three
N-n-nineteen eighty three
Y-y-you knows it
N-n-nineteen eighty three
You knows it
F-f-fresh bra

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>