

# Young Men

## Spear Of Destiny

Tony only reads Asian Babes  
Danny's doing doves down the raves  
Terry drinks his money away  
Oh God, and his sons play drums all day  
    On the scene, on the dole  
    In your eyes, in your soul  
The young men, you are the ones  
    Are the scene, are the sons  
Are the young men, young men  
    Here we, here we go again  
    Les says, "Punk isn't dead"  
    Mick is not impeccably bred  
    Paul he just can't get out of bed  
Oh God, and Phil's still off his head  
    On the scene, on the dole  
    In your eyes, in your soul  
The young men, you are the ones  
    Are the system, are the sons  
Are the young men, young men  
    Here we, here we go again  
    On the scene, on the dole  
    In your eyes, in your soul  
The young men, you are the ones  
Are the scene, are the young men  
    Cheating on the wives  
    All shiny suits and lazy lies  
The young men insulting everyone  
Picked up your sister, kicked your son  
The young men fighting in the clubs  
Flash on the streets, cash in the pubs  
The young men boozing on the train  
    P-45's and cheap champagne  
    The young men