Punk Boy

Helen Love

Who's that boy with the honey face, looks like he should be sedated
He's all smash and grab in his adidas tags, wound up and agitated,

And I bet he's not a real punk boy
Bet he's not a real punk boy, bet he's not a real punk boy

Does your heart go boom when he walks in the room
Do rain clouds scatter and fall
Do you feel yourself sigh when he passes you by
Or do you grow a hundred feet tall

D'you go bang shang alang, every time you see him
D'you go bang shang alang, every time you're near him
D'you go bang shang alang, every time you hear him

If you don't he's not a real punk boy
If you don't he's not a real punk boy
If you don't he's not a real punk boy at all

Who's that boy with the ocean green eyes
In rough trade every Saturday,
Don't he look cute in his eighties track suit
I wish I hadn't thrown mine away

And I bet he's not a real punk boy
Bet he's not a real punk boy,
Bet he's not a real punk boy at all

Do stars explode when he walks you home, on a cool and clear evening
D'you wanna put him on like your favourite song
Or never wanna hear him

D'you go bang shang alang, every time you see him
D'you go bang shang alang, every time you're near him
D'you go bang shang alang, every time you hear him

If you don't he's not a real punk boy
If you don't he's not a real punk boy
If you don't he's not a real punk boy at all

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