Young Men

Popa Chubby

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

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