

Urban Guerilla

Chaos UK

Khaki trousers, army boots
Clothes worn by today's youth
An unseen war without the crime
Population growing all the time
Fighting against their so-called masters
Without the aid of bombs and plasters
Mummy worrying, What shall we do
Father says, Put 'em in a zoo
Politicians blab the crap
Vote for me, I'm a clever chap
We know he's just a bore
What the hell does he take us for
We must fight their so-called schemes
Put an end to their shit regime
Come on, chaps, just join the call up:
You're just one big fucking balls up

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