

London Skinhead Crew

Booze & Glory

Coz we got nothing else to do
London Skinhead Crew
Scars, tattoos, crombie coats, full of trouble
We grew up on dead end streets
Lack of teeth - full of dreams
Drinking beer and forever blowing bubbles Years go passing by but we are still about
Against society and all that crap
This is not a fashion its a way of life
Getting older but we wont give up Coz we got nothing else to do
London Skinhead Crew
Scars, tattoos, crombie coats, full of trouble
We grew up on dead end streets
Lack of teeth - full of dreams
Drinking beer and forever blowing bubbles Football on Saturday, Camden Sunday night
And were skint again but we dont care
Smell of 2 stroke every year at Isle of Wight
Skinhead Reggae beat and short cropped hair Coz we got nothing else to do
London Skinhead Crew
Scars, tattoos, crombie coats, full of trouble
We grew up on dead end streets
Lack of teeth - full of dreams
Drinking beer and forever blowing bubbles We are the lost generation with not much left to lose
Wearing shiny brogues and tonic suits
All we want is a bit of thrill, fags and booze
And crazy skinhead girls in monkey boots Coz we got nothing else to do
London Skinhead Crew
Scars, tattoos, crombie coats, full of trouble
We grew up on dead end streets
Lack of teeth - full of dreams
Drinking beer and forever blowing bubbles (x2)

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