

Mods Skins Punks

The Professionals

I remembered when they told you that you had to leave it out
That the King's Road fade on a Saturday; that's what it's all about
The 100 Club on Monday was the only place to be
Bultex on a Tuesday; what else did you need?
Everybody's rocking to the rhythm of the reggae sound
No one wants to get left out, everyone's around
Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking?

Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking? Are you in it for a love, boy? Are you in it for the change?

Are you in it for anything? Well, I'm in it all the same

My band upon my back, son; we're back there again today

It's not the same as the last one, but anything makes a change

Now everybody's dancing to the motor city beat

You got to look real sharp, boy; you got to move your feet
Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking?

Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking? Well, there they caught you skanking to the sick new bleeding fun

Everything's just dandy; just stay and fucking run
Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking?

Are you mod?

Are you a skin?

Are you punk?

Or are you just faking? Is there a mod?

Are you a skin?

The punk rockers, we're hearing it again

Is there a mod?

Are you a skin?

The punk rockers, we're hearing it again

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