

Sound Of A Revolution

Sonic Boom Six

There was a boy that I knew at school, never one to break any rules, never many friends cos he wasn't exactly cool treated like a fool to be fair never scored at footy so the other kids did not care. Just a nerd, till heard them on the Wod screaming "fuck you I won't do what you tell me". Went and brought the tape the next day, within a week got all the words in his memory. Jealous kids say "he's a cliché", but man a-changing from the music that the band play. Walk the corridor with boots and his head shaved, bully get him pissed, swing a fist and the boy say "fuck you I won't do what you tell me". This is the sound of a revolution. They've come to take away all your uncertainty and insecurities and spell an end to this confusion. Blown out of your mind; leaving the old life behind in a song. This is where I belong for tonight. And so the kid's alright now, ring in his nose and rudeboy is a sight now. Scallys well want to bottle him other half cut their hair and want to follow him digging on the style of the bands that he borrowing, running round the park and the playground hollering "fuck you I won't do what you tell me". Isn't it strange the change of one tune? How the place in the space can trace to one tune... How the grey of the day can fade when one tune put the colour in his life like Manga cartoons. 1-2 mic check Saturday afternoon having it large in the garage as they run through "fuck you I won't do what you tell me". So hear the sound of a revolution as it accompany this new reality and sing along with this conclusion.