

Suburban Rebels

The Business

Oi

They're the sons and daughters of well off bankers
Tom Robinsons' army of trendy wankers
Flared blue jeans and anoraks
With yellow streaks all down their backs

Who act so tough when their on TV
But trendy wankers don't scare me

Oi!, Oi! Oi! Chosen few
This is what we think of you
Oi!, Oi! Oi! Chosen few
This is what we think of you

Suburban rebels playing at reds
You would be urban terrorists
You don't scare us with your badges and banners
You know fuck all about heavy manners

You're the middle class kiddies from public schools
Who write the slogans on the toilet walls
Like Tony Benn's clones in plastic masks
You wave a hammer and sickle, never Union Jacks

Got lots of mouth when your in a crowd
But when you're alone you don't speak loud

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