

Staring at the Rude Boys

Dag Nasty

it's a very small world in the middle of a crowd
the room gets dark when the music gets loud
the rudies want to groove
but there's no room to move 'cause the floor is packed tight
a voice shouts loud
"we'll never surrender"
a voice in the crowd
"we'll never surrender"
a hand in the air fight propaganda
never surrender, never surrender
skins in the corner staring at the bar
the room starts dancing to some heavy heavy ska
the room is so hot people dripping with sweat
the punks in the corner, screaming like
staring at the rude boys
staring at the rude boys
dancing with the rude boys
dancing with the rude boys
staring at the rude boys
a bunch of skins, marching on ten
while some stand there saluting the air (oi!)
they wanna be pirates but the sea is not calm
tattooed crossbows on their arm's
the lights come alive in a blinding flash
the dance floor clears as the mutants clash
everybody leaves as the heavy's arrive
someone hits the floor, someone takes a dive