

Neighbourhood Brats

Boys

Through the concrete piazzas they roam
Safe in numbers they're never alone
The mutant offspring of council house schemes
The dreaded nightmare of town planners dreams

Neighbourhood brats, neighbourhood brats
Folks step aside when they pass

You blame the teachers, the troubles at home
You blame the parents, where did we go wrong
You blame the violence in films that they see
You blame the drugs, the sex on TV

Neighbourhood brats, neighbourhood brats
Church goers hide when they pass
And then he kicked me...

Blame the plastic, the concrete and glass
The carefully measured out pieces of grass
The comprehensive's concentration camp wall
The desolated community hall

The one-car garage and semi-detached
Neat little garden and yard at the back
The little boxes with nowhere to hide
Two up, two down, toilet inside