

Standing on the terraces hands in the air
All the old biz just stand and stare
They don't realize we're loyal ones
All they know is the use of guns

Batons crashing on boney skulls
See the blood spurt hear their yells
I don't care cos' I'm a true Brit
I don't have to take this kind of shit

Riot squad, riot squad
They call us the British sods

Riot squad, riot squad
They call us the British sods
Don't they realize we're not fools
Don't they know that Britain rules
Riot squad, riot squad
They call us the British sods

They lead us out of the ground
Trouble ahead I'll be bound
Attacking all the innocent fans
And packing us like sardines into their vans