

That Boy That Girl

Hadouken!

That boys a Hoxton Hero,
Skinny fit jeans and dressed in pink,
How he dresses I care zero,
As long as he don't steal my drink.

That girls an Indie Cindy,
Lego haircut and polka-dot dress,
I don't care if she thinks she's indie,
How she's different is anyones guess.

You've got you skin tights, colours on the floor,
With all your white lines, every slut and whore,
All the band boys in your specs and sneakers,
We got your back, now its time to blow the speaker,

I went to a rave and it got real moody,
How can a screwface have a good time?
Was he deprived of his mothers boobie?
I doubt he's lived a life of grime,
I went to a gig but nobody danced,
Everybody was far too cool,
All the kiddies they just stood there,
Is it the same at their public school?

I stay hard like metal,
You could never merk me,
Dirty like skettle,
I kill germs like dettol,
Get mucky,
But I will never settle.

I'm an indie limey,
Yeah but I like it grimey,
And I rave with a grin,
I'm not too cool for the next big thing,
I dont wanna f**k about,
I wanna good time and thats why I'm out,
And you look silly,
When you put on your best myspace pout