

We were in the corner, the Clanduff by the door  
On opposite sides of the dance hall, staring across the floor  
The lights go out, the fists fly in, it's the usual Friday scene  
Because adrenalin is the strongest drug that there has ever been  
There's this funny little bloke asking all these questions writing down what we say  
So we wound him up like a clockwork dog and we watched him trotting away  
Two weeks later there's a feature in the paper called 'Britain's Urban Shame'  
It's got the teenage thugs of the new estates with our photographs and names

So we cut our hair to prove it  
And we wore the clothes to prove it  
And we armed ourselves to prove it  
And we chose our place to prove it  
And we danced that way to prove it  
And we made ourselves believe it  
Until all the world believed it  
Until even you believed it

And I was just a little part but I felt the wheels turning  
And these are all just little flames but the whole damn city's burning  
Now that we were famous they watched everything that we did  
We were the villains of the neighbourhood, heroes to all the kids  
And even when that old bloke died we pretended that nothing was changed  
We just broke the silence with some stupid song and went on with the stupid game

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Yes, we cut our hair to prove it...