

Robin Hood, Robin Hood here we are again

Living each day outside the law  
Trying not to do what we did before  
Country slag with the Bow Bell voice  
So close to the city we ain't got much choice

Council estates or tower blocks  
Wherever you live you get the knocks  
But the people round here they are so nice  
Stop being naughty take our advice

Hersham boys, Hersham boys  
Lace up boots and corduroys  
Hersham boys, Hersham boys  
They call us the Cockney cowboys

It's down to the hop for the local girls  
The're not beauty queens but they're our pearls  
But when you go to bed tonight  
Don't worry about us, we're alright

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That's right guvnor Jack the lad  
Know what I mean, eh  
Know what I mean

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