

Chaos

The 4-Skins

Do you remember in 1969?
Seeing all the skinheads standing in a line
Foaming at the mouth, Waiting for a fight
High boots, cropped hair, what a fuckin sight

Come back of the skinhead
come back of the boot
People that we don't beat up
We're gonna fucking shoot
We are the new breed, we will have our say
we are the new breed, we ain't gonna die

Trouble east London
Trouble in the street
On the street corners
Where the gang still meets
Talking about the weekend
What they're gonna do?
If you aint careful
They are gonna do you!

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come back of the boot
People that we don't beat up
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Chaos in the city
Civil war now
Skinheads taking over
Like skinheads know how
Skinhead with his boots on
Nobodys fool
Skinheads taking over
Chaos is the rule!
Chaos, chaos, chaos - dont give a toss
Chaos, chaos, chaos - dont give a toss!

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