

## Staring at the Rude Boys

Dag Nasty

it's a very small world in the middle of a crowd  
the room gets dark when the music gets loud  
the rudies want to groove  
but there's no room to move 'cause the floor is packed tight  
a voice shouts loud  
"we'll never surrender"  
a voice in the crowd  
"we'll never surrender"  
a hand in the air fight propaganda  
never surrender, never surrender  
skins in the corner staring at the bar  
the room starts dancing to some heavy heavy ska  
the room is so hot people dripping with sweat  
the punks in the corner, screaming like  
staring at the rude boys  
staring at the rude boys  
dancing with the rude boys  
dancing with the rude boys  
staring at the rude boys  
a bunch of skins, marching on ten  
while some stand there saluting the air (oi!)  
they wanna be pirates but the sea is not calm  
tattooed crossbows on their arm's  
the lights come alive in a blinding flash  
the dance floor clears as the mutants clash  
everybody leaves as the heavy's arrive  
someone hits the floor, someone takes a dive