

## Staring at the Rude Boys

The Ruts

It's a very small world in the middle of a crowd  
the room gets dark when the music gets loud  
treble cuts thru' when the rythmn takes the bite  
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  
'Never surrender'  
A hand in the crowds flying propaganda:  
'Never surrender, we'll never surrender'  
The skins in the corner are staring at the bar  
the rude boys are dancing to some heavy heavy ska  
it's getting so hot people are dripping with sweat  
the punks in the corner are speeding like a jet  
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  
Staring at the rude boys...  
A bunch of peers march in on the DM's  
with some standing there saluting the air  
they wanna be pirates but the sea is not calm  
tattooed crossbows on their arm  
A voice shouts loud  
'we'll never surrender'  
A voice in the crowd  
'Never surrender'  
Another hand fly fly propaganda,  
propaganda, propaganda  
The lights come alive in a blinding flash  
dance floor clears as the mutants clash  
everyone leaves when the heavy's arrive  
someone hits the floor, someone takes a dive  
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  
Staring at the rude boys...  
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  
Staring at the rude boys...  
(fighting)  
we'll never surrender x 8