

Get Me?

The Skints

We stay unreported, like a jackin' on a bus
And them man too scared of repercussions to dish the dirt on us
"I'm a fearless little mug that really couldn't give a fuck"
If you dig it or you rate it so here's my views on UK punk
Well, I can count on both hands the bands I think are worth a damn
They've got the passion and the love and aren't afraid to say "Fk the man"
To an empty club or a venue rammed
So me and my boys and girl are gonna get in the van
And most are so bland that they don't cop no fans
Then they just wither up and die like an old man
You've gotta stamp your own brand and ideas on a scene
Or an overflowing bucket of shite is all it will ever be

Too much violence and bloodshed inna my hometown, inna my hometown
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Too much violence and bloodshed inna my hometown, inna my... to wn

And in that dog just keeps on biting it's gonna have to be put down
While the whip is accelerating keep on putting my foot down
I take a look round at this city we call home
And if you reside outside the M25, then I'm afraid you're just not involved
Most are stoned fam, then they crack open cans
Then the youngsters start to up and die more than the old man
Still we stand alone man, while the blood of another stains the streets
Another statistic is all they will ever be

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