

Blisterhead "On Parole"

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In the street of our town
There's a band on the run.
And they're always looking for fun.
They left their cell
With a rebel yell
And they headed towards the town.

Oi Oi Oi B-boys on parole.
The streets aint safe no more.
Oi Oi Oi B-boys on parole.
Yeah they have lost all control
Oi Oi Oi B-boys on parole.
Now they are ready to rock'n roll.
Oi Oi Oi B-boys on parole.

Witch converse shoes and cheap tattoos
They're going out to seek their roots.
Blisterhead the scream and shout
Kick the windows out.

In the street of our town
There's a band on the run.
And they're always looking for fun.
They left their cell
With a rebel yell
And they headed towards the town.
They wanna riot, they wanna fight
The kids are ready coz it's friday night
The punx they know, the word is out,
The hooligans are back so shout.

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