

## **Chron Gen "Rockabill"**

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Three punks sitting in a pub saloon  
In the town centre on a saturday afternoon  
Time to drink up 'cos it's half past two  
Now the punks just haven't a clue what to do

They walked into town to buy a cup of tea  
Then they walked around the shops to see what they  
can see

The town is crowded, with mummies and dads  
With their little kiddies hanging onto their hands

Then they see a gang of rockabills  
D'a's and leather, they were dressed to kill  
The crowd was at least 15 strong  
And we all knew we didn't have very long

Rockabill - you're so butch  
You sure three of us ain't too much  
15 of you and only 3 of us  
You still have to us an iron bar

They followed us into the market hall  
And then they trapped us up against a market stall  
We all knew we were as good as dead  
And then I got a crowbar smashed in my head

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