

## **Boomtown Rats**

### **"Rat Trap"**

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There was a lot of rocking going on that night  
Cruising time for the young, bright lights  
Just down past the gasworks, by the meat factory door  
The five lamp boys were coming on strong  
The Saturday night city beat had already started and  
the  
The pulse of the corner boys just sprang into action  
And young Billy watched it under the yellow street light  
And said "right of all nights there's gonna be a  
fight"

Billy don't like it living here in this town  
He says traps have been sprung long before he was  
born  
He says "e bites the dust behind all the  
closed doors  
And pus and grime ooze from its scab-crusted sores  
There's screaming and crying in the high-rise blocks"  
It's a rat trap, Billy, but you're already caught  
And you can make it if you want to or you need it bad  
enough  
You're young and good-looking and you're acting kind  
of tough  
Anyway it's Saturday night, time to see what's going  
down  
Put on a bright suit, Billy, head for the right side of  
town  
It's only eight o'clock, but you're already bored  
You don't know what it is, but there's got to be more  
You'd better find a way out, hey, kick down that door

It's a rat trap, and you've been caught

In this town Billy says "rybody's trying to tell  
you what to do"  
In this town Billy says "rybody says you gotta  
follow rules"  
You walk up to the traffic lights  
You switch from your left to your right  
You push in that button, and that button comes alight  
And it's  
"Walk, don't walk, walk, don't walk"

Talk, don't talk, talk, don't talk  
Walk, don't walk, walk, don't walk  
Talk, don't talk, talk, don't talk"  
Hey, Billy, take a walk, take a walk, take a walk  
Billy, take a walk, take a walk, take a walk  
Billy, take a walk, take a walk, take a walk  
Hey, Billy take a walk with me

Well, little Judy's trying to watch "Top; of the Pops"  
But mum and dad are fighting, don't they ever stop  
She takes off her coat and walks down to the street  
It's cold on that road, but it's got that home beat  
Deep down in her pocket she finds 50p  
Hey, is that any way for a young girl to be  
'm gonna get out of school, work in some  
factory  
Work all the hours God gave me, get myself a little  
easy money"  
Now, now, now, na na

Her mind's made up

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