

## **Goldie Lookin' Chain "Roller Disco"**

Visit "[Roller Disco](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Hey, the first time that I met my mate  
Was in the roller rink where I went to skate  
It was early in the decade around '83  
Back then Maskell's was the place to be

Pay two quid for your entry fee  
I glide into the arena, ecstasy  
When you were seven you didn't realize  
Most of the adults were stoned out of their eyes

Some jacked up on the seats around the edge  
Others were so fucked that they turned into veg  
I didn't care 'cos I made my pledge  
Rollskating at Maskell's got respect

I used to listen to Public Enemy  
Erik B and Rakim and BVSMP  
But before that in 1983  
I'd go break dancing after my tea

Down the Youth Club, eating the fruit pastels  
Saturday morning I'd go down to Maskell's  
It was my favorite place to go  
Dancing all day at the Roller Disco

N-n-nineteen eighty three

When Maskells is over it's out on your bike  
Doing bunny hops and wheelies if you like  
Nicking from the shop and comparing your Nike  
Dropping bricks onto trains was a delight

Then I'd find a weak kid and have a fight  
Use your pocket money to buy a head band for the  
night  
From Fussels, Newport's health-sports store  
This is the stuff I used to do before

Draw Paul Hardcastle, n-n-nineteen  
Was always played on the roller disco scene  
I would listen to the music 'til I went deaf  
Skating around backwards to Axel F

Even back then I was still wearing gold  
They had an ice rink upstairs so I was told  
It was ecstasy going round a pillar  
Doing a special dance to Michael Jackson's 'Thriller'

Y-y-you fukin' knows it  
N-n-nineteen eighty three  
How was the year son?  
N-n-nineteen eighty three

Oh, eating cola cubes and watching Grange Hill  
Riding my chopper to the Chip shop in Pill  
I didn't know words like Cunny or Vag  
Getting my two hundred meters swimming badge

Back then you were seven, I was eight  
I only just started to masturbate  
When I was in school the days went slow  
'Cos I was dreaming of a fuckin' roller disco  
F-f-fucking alright  
S-s-say first fuck

I didn't smoke, I didn't drink booze  
I collected 'Star Wars' stickers and bubble gum tattoos  
Stuck 'em on my face 'cos it made me feel hard  
Then popped into the shop to buy some football cards

Finished the album, Panini '83  
Get back home in time for the A-Team and tea  
Then watch Bullseye and Saint and Greavsie  
Go to bed, 'til tomorrow, see?

I watch the A-Team and Airwolf too  
Before I found drugs and started sniffing glue  
Riding round the lane on my Grifter or my Chopper  
Even back then I was a hip hopper

N-n-nineteen eighty three  
N-n-nineteen eighty three  
Y-y-you knows it  
F-f-fresh bra  
F-f-fresh bra

Y-y-you knows it  
F-f-fresh bra  
N-n-nineteen eighty three

G-G-Goldie Lookin Chain  
G-G-Goldie Lookin Chain

N-n-nineteen eighty three  
N-n-nineteen eighty three  
Y-y-you knows it

N-n-nineteen eighty three  
You knows it  
F-f-fresh bra

Visit [Goldie Lookin' Chain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.