

## **Kid British "Rum Boys"**

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Two rum mates on an afternoon  
They played their football after school  
Made the choice that they would go around and cause  
a big fuss  
But instead took the next bus  
So what did come to their minds  
It was trouble that they would find  
So what did come to their minds  
It was trouble that they would find  
It was trouble that they would find

There's so many things they could have done  
When they were younger  
Kicking pebbles down cobbled streets soon turns to  
grief  
There's so many things they could have done  
Instead they're causing trouble  
Many things they could have done to waste the day  
Lads are lads  
They're just rum kids as they say

Skip school garden trot over fences  
Hang outside the shops smoke a pack of Benson's  
(Doing nothing but hanging around)  
Ask their mums and they'll say their sons are whiz kids  
If they only knew the truth they'd go ballistic  
(Doing nothing but hanging around)  
And if it's fist fights, fist fights  
They're around  
And if things don't seem right  
They're around  
If your motor is knackered  
Or if your window get shattered  
They're around  
Cos there's nothing but badness when they're around

It was trouble that they would find  
It was trouble that they would find

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