

London Suede

"Young Men"

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ony only reads Asian babes
Danny's doing doves on down the raves
Terry drinks his money away
Oh God, and his sons play drums all day

On the scene, on the dole, in your eyes, in your soul,
The young men
You are the ones, are the scene, are the sons, are the
young men
Young men, here we, here we go again

Les says punk isn't dead
Mick is not impeccably bred
Paul he just can't get out of bed
Oh God, and Phil's still off his head

On the scene, on the dole, in your eyes, in your soul,
The young men
You are the ones, are the system, are the sons, are the
young men
Young men, here we, here we go again

On the scene, on the dole, in your eyes, in your soul,
the young men
You are the ones, are the scene, are the young men
Cheating on the wives, all shiny suits and lazy lies, the
young men
Insulting everyone, picked up your sister, kicked your
son, the young men
Fighting in the clubs, flash on the streets, cash in the
pubs, the young men
Boozing on the train, p-45's and cheap champagne --
the young men

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