

Chroming Rose

"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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