

## **The Boys**

# **"Neighbourhood Brats"**

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Through the concrete piazzas they roam  
Safe in numbers they're never alone  
The mutant offspring of council house schemes  
The dreaded nightmare of town planners dreams  
Neighbourhood brats, neighbourhood brats  
Folks step aside when they pass  
You blame the teachers, the troubles at home  
You blame the parents, where did we go wrong  
You blame the violence in films that they see  
You blame the drugs, the sex on TV  
Neighbourhood brats, neighbourhood brats  
Church goes hide when they pass  
And then he kicked me...  
Blame the plastic, the concrete and glass  
The carefully measured out pieces of grass  
The comprehensive's concentration camp wall  
The desolated community hall  
The one-car garage and semi-detached  
Neat little garden and yard at the back  
The little boxes with nowhere to hide  
Two up, two down, toilet inside

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