

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"Where Have All The Rudeboys Gone"

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It's times like these when a neck looks for a knife,
A wrist for a razor, a heart is longing for bullets.
Tension is high under sea and over sky.
Pressure drop, people are acting foolish.
Ooh - but it's easy to see!
Ooh - we could dance and be free.
Ooh - to that 2-tone beat!
But it looks like it's gone...
Gangsters and clowns with a stereotyped sound
It's coming like a ghosst town - someone always knew
it.
Hatred and shame, a racialist game
Cycles of blame - someone sang me through it.
Who? well it's easy to see.
Ooh - we could dance to be free.
Ooh - to that 2-tone beat!
But it looks like it's gone...
I asked jerry, he told terry, terry sang a song just for
me,
Lynvall gave a message to me,
Rhoda screamed and then she asked me,
"where have all the rude boys gone?"

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