

## Log

### "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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