

Running London  
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Drink motherfucker  
Drink motherfucker  
Drink motherfucker, drink.  
I'm drinkin'.  
My brother's drinkin'.  
You're drinkin'.  
It's Christmas time in London and  
we're all drinkin', punk—

Spike hair anarchistic freak of the people  
who are you trying to fool  
sitting with your rough hewed bunch of punks  
under the statue of Eros  
love stoned free and frisky  
in Picadilly circus  
you tease and demand tourist attention.

But woe be the tourist cameraman from Manchester  
just attempting to capture some of your rebellious color on video  
not ready to offer up your demanded '5 pound compensation'  
quick to retort on the freedoms of his country  
'I can film here, England's a free country'  
or simply cry for bobbie protection,  
'Police, help, Police.'

Both fruitless attempts to rebuff your  
slaps and jabs for his camera  
and pure punk anger.  
Finally as your punk comrades converge,  
he outwits you with a 'Who are they?'  
and before you can spit and say, 'My . . .'  
He escapes into tourist crowd anonymity.

Now, you want a fight,  
Mr. Punk of the light blue hair.  
You need a fight, Mr Punk,  
for lifestyle verification—non-occupational justification.  
Yes, you feel you've been wronged, again.  
Society has given you the big metal shaft—  
the short end of nothing but hassle  
and you wear it raw.

You rebel  
you punk and scoff  
drink and fight  
and fuck your punk girlfriend in the park  
both fucked up on cheap canned lager  
careful only that your piercings don't catch on one and other  
careful as you can be

careful punk  
careful.

I sit to the side of all this  
soaking in your discarded bitterness.  
My brother snapping a quick shot  
with my cheap ass camera—  
me casual cool foreigner in the foreground  
you there fuming about in the back—

five punks  
three Mohawks  
one dog—

You don't notice one green jeaned American;  
You don't notice his little brother fininshin' the Guinness;  
You don't notice the waves of canned confrontation floodin' in  
Johnny Rotten riots ragin in  
a mosh pit regression  
a stout fire within  
to fuck with you too punk  
and maybe it's just the beer talking,  
but your shit's pissin' me off

'Fuck you Punks!', I said that out loud?  
'Yeah, Fuck you!', my bother chimes in.

And we are running.  
Running  
chased by your drunken booted defiant punk legs  
through the crowded Picadilly traffic.

Running, taunting,  
'Poor punks'—'cause I think it sounds cool.  
'Poor punks'—maddening you more.  
'Poor punks'—dodging a car or two.  
Running.

Running and diving, my brother first,  
into McDonalds for sanctuary.

Poor pierced punk  
Poor drunken punks  
Poor little punk dog  
leering through the fast food glass.

I thank Big Mac and Converse  
I am on the inside  
and you're  
out.