

# The Rudeboy Returns

Roger Robinson

Like some gunslinger. Slowly emerging  
from the shadow of the underpass  
the Rudeboy returns to reclaim his style.  
He's come to take ska back from the name they've called it.  
First he takes his unpaid image off any records,  
and has his loafers, polished, shined and returned.  
He retrieves the accurate tilt of his pork pie hat  
and the exact width and length of his side part.  
See him now ripping the scarlet silk lining out of the mohair overcoats in the mod boutique.  
Rudeboy is not someone to mess with, you can't  
friend him. He'd rather you not watch 'pon him.  
He don't beg friend and his switchblade is heavy  
and warm in the crease of his pocket, so be warned.  
What do they know 'bout his hurts and hungry bellies?  
What do they know 'bout death and games of cards?  
They know nothing of the scars these clothes have covered.  
They only know 'bout the flower but not the twisted matted roots.