Stiff Little Fingers, All The Rest

He's drinkin' supermarket cider
In a doorway in the town
And he's shouting 'bout the government
And how they let him down
He's got a sister lives in Brixton
Always tried to do her best
Yet she winds up broke and shafted
Just the same as all the rest

He's got a torn and greasy greatcoat
And a New York Yankees vest
And some strongly held opinions
That he must get off his chest
Yet his friends don't think about him
They all gave him up for dead
And they all got real embarrassed
About the problems with his head

[Chorus:]

Shout it out! (Shout it out with me)
Shout it out! (It's a mystery)
Shout it out! ('cause what I can't see)
Why he's invisible to them
Yet so obvious to me

He make his home in cardboard boxes
And the pigeons are his friends
And you cross over to avoid him
Never try to make amends
For the way that he's been treated
And we all must share the blame
And we never look him in the eye
And never ask his name

I thought we were past this stage
Never in this day and age
These things are still going on
Tell me where did we go wrong
I thought we had changed for good
Maybe I misunderstood
Does our new and caring nation
Only care for politicians
Those that have will all do well
All the rest can go to hell

[Chorus x2]