

Stiff Little Fingers, Bits Of Kids

It was nothing like that in my day Here in my town
We didn't get things all our way. Till we were full-grown
Now they go into pubs. And you're gonna get mugged
In my town

So you read about it every day In the headlines
How they take and take and drive away. Sex and late nights
And it's gotta be wrong. Because they're so young

They're only bits of kids. They're only bits of kids
It's always bits of kids today

She makes the breakfast, one of eight All in one room
Each uncle's call keeps them up late. Yes, in this town
And he won't go home cos he'll just be alone till night time

They're only bits of kids. They're only bits of kids
It's always bits of kids today

Broken cities, 'n' broken homes. Bits of kids who don't grow whole
Broken cities, 'n' broken hearts. Bits of people who fall apart

And it seems there's nothing anyway Not here in this town
Everything is only yesterday. And on the way down
And we're gonna be wrong. So we gotta be strong
In our town

We're bits of kids. We're only bits of kids
It's only bits of kids today
Bits of kids. We're always
Here in my town