

Stiff Little Fingers, Protect And Serve

Mama Papa It's cold in here
I'm hurt and I'm bleeding and I'm really scared
I don't wanna go back outside
Cause the bigboys are waiting and they'll get me one more time

And if we can't protect the weak
How can we call ourselves strong
Is the assurance that they seek
So beyond us all

Help me, someone, is anyone there?
This man asked directions and I said I'd help
Now I'm tied up and all alone
And I don't think he ever plans to let me
Go back home

And if we can't protect the young
How can we call ourselves grown
They place their trust in anyone
Only to lose it all

And when it happens we seem so surprised
Like we've not seen it all before
We wring our hands & cry
What do they do it for
What do they do it for
What do they do it for

Broken fingers & the phones too far
Can't even think now why I opened the door
Robbed and battered I've lost all pride
There was only enough cash to see that I got by

And if we can't protect the old
How can we call ourselves civilized?
And is the comfort they deserve
So difficult to provide?