

Stiff Little Fingers, Beirut Moon

(Announcer: Speech)

"We'd like to help you," the consul said
"But there's nothing we can do."
"Well, you knew the risks when you took the job.
After all you're not a fool.
So don't call me, don't call me.
I just can't bend the rules.
Keep your chin up, I know it's tough.
Somehow you'll get through."
It seems the Americans
Can bargain and rescue
But if you get caught
You're left to rot
Under a Beirut, under a Beirut Moon

[Chorus:]
Under a Beirut Moon
Sorry son, there's nothing we can do
Under a Beirut Moon
Different rules, we haven't got a clue

"We can't be seen to be giving in
To these terrorists you see.
If we talk with them it would mean the end
Of all that we hold dear.
So don't call me, don't call me
I'm doing all I can
Although it seems from where you sit
I don't give a damn."
Back home they'll remember you
In papers, on TV
Because when you're caught
You're left to rot
Under a Beirut, under a Beirut Moon

[Chorus repeat x2]

And though you dream of being free
There's not much hope that I can see
Under a Beirut, under a Beirut Moon

Now just today on the news I saw
A hostage walking free
He talked of how it came about
He gained his liberty
He said, don't give up, don't give up
Argue, beg and plead
Keep the pressure up, don't let it drop
Sometime you'll get free
He said the Americans
Would bargain and rescue
But when Brits get caught
They're left to rot
Under the Beirut, under the Beirut Moon

[Chorus repeat x2]