

# Stiff Little Fingers, Here We Are Nowhere

Friday night's here  
What's the scene?  
Nothing to do  
Y'know what I mean?  
Nothing on the telly  
There is no late-night show  
No shows in town  
There is no place to go  
Here we are nowhere  
Nowhere left to go

Is it a crime  
To be young  
Cos every time  
We have some fun  
They put us down  
And tell us that we're wrong  
Every time they sing the same old song  
Here we are nowhere  
Maybe that's where we belong

You know it's not  
But what do we do  
Don't look at me now  
I'm looking at you  
And sitting there  
Won't change a thing  
Must we only wait and see  
What the future will bring