

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