

# Stiff Little Fingers, High

She got a 2 year old in nursery  
And then lately got the sack  
She gets a phone call from her mother  
And she takes a little flak  
Cause she earns all her money now  
By lying on her back  
Yet it's just an even change she needs  
A lucky break she lacks

She's searchin'  
High&low  
For something to believe in  
And for sure  
She knows she's has enough of dreaming  
If she got the start  
She's certain she could do it  
Cause it seemed complicated  
But there's really nothing to it

He works from home everything evening  
Baby laxative & scales  
And he's make a bloody fortune  
If he just stays out of jail  
Got a network of runners  
And a friend who'll stand his bail  
Yet he's give up in a minute  
If he has a real career

They're twoccing cars for excitement  
Tearing up council estates  
They're painting walls and doors of businesses  
With messages of hate  
Hanging round street corners till' late  
Cause they see no exit, no way out  
There's no way to escape