

# Stiff Little Fingers, I Don't Like You

If I thought you could find a way  
I'd tell you to go get lost  
But why ask you to pay attention  
When your brain can't stand the cost  
Look at you  
And the state you're in  
Next to you  
Even a brick is thin

[Chorus:]  
You oughta scratch from the human race  
You are a waste of a name  
A waste of time and a waste of space  
You've only one claim to fame  
I don't like you

If a thought came into your head  
It would die of loneliness  
You rate absolute zero  
No more and not even less  
Look at you  
Oh what a state  
Next to you  
Short planks are underweight

[Chorus]  
Annoyed, annoyed, No I'm not paranoid  
Cos that would mean I have to care  
And I couldn't be annoyed

You don't entertain ideas  
You simply bore them  
You couldn't find your feet  
If you were looking for them  
Looking at you  
It's hard for me  
Next to me  
Is nowhere to be

[Chorus]