## Stiff Little Fingers, Kicking Up A Racket

I sit and I don't make a sound While I watch the speakers pound And mum shouts up to turn it down Cos I'm waking up half the town But I don't hear a word that's said While the needles hit the red

I'm just -Kicking up a racket Kicking up a racket

I don't smoke and I don't drink But like to see the max lights blink They say that they can't sleep a wink But I don't want to hear me think Life's no fun and life is dull Unless you turn the knobs up full

I like -Kicking up a racket Kicking up a racket

I know a shop that sells
All you need for decibels
As long as what they got ain't quiet
Spend every penny in trying to buy it
I like electric toys
I like making noise

I love -Kicking up a racket Kicking up a racket

I don't care what mom don't allow Gonna play it my way anyhow Bashy tunes speak volumes Gimme a row, gimme a row, gimme a row Louder louder louder -

Kicking up a racket Kicking up a racket

So here I stand and in my hand This guitar is really the man As long as I can go blam blam Don't care if you can't hear the band Don't care what who else does Turn it up and feel the buzz

Hear me -Kicking up a racket Kicking up a racket

Attack attack attack it It's a racket racket racket Kicking up a racket