

Stiff Little Fingers, No Surrender

Here's your mask and here's your glove
It's all an arcade game
We call it "Virtual Reality
So nothing's what it seems
Although we may want you to kill
Just do it now for fun
You play on the computer screen
While these men load your gun
Men who only think of fortune
No matter the price
Men who kill for sand and petrol
Never thinking twice

[Chorus:]
So let the young men fight
Die in battle for the glory
And we know it's right
So shoot son never worry
That your mother cries
She can't see the reason
Your battle cry is
No Surrender Here At All

Here's your mask and here's your gun
It's no longer a game
This is absolute reality
Though it's not what it seems
We told you we need you to fight
For freedom and for right
What we want is our man restored
To hell with what he's like
Our man sells us oil and petrol
At a price that's fair
Our man kills collaborators
In the Public Square

I believe in hopes and dreams
I believe in life
I don't believe in hate and greed
Tyranny or spite

Might is Right
My will be done
I pull the trigger
You fire the gun
No surrender