

Stiff Little Fingers, Piccadilly Circus

Piccadilly Circus in the dead of night
Just passing time beneath the lights
Up in town and all alone
Got no business so minds his own

The hotel room is lonely and cold
He might as well go for a stroll
Idly looking in a hi-fi shop
Footsteps, a chuckle, and one hard slap

And they didn't even see his face
See him flinch or hear him groan
They didn't even see his eyes
One mean blow and on they ran

He put his fingers to his side
And felt his flesh was open wide
He felt the rent the blow had made
For the hand that fell had held a blade

And they didn't even see his face
See him stumble, hear his cry
They didn't even see his eyes
Just lashed out in passing by

What can it mean?
Who can make some sense of that?
Did it mean a thing to them?
What can make a mind like that?

Those forty stitches helped him over
Who can live life over his shoulder?
He tried to put it in his past
And flew safe home back to Belfast

And they didn't even see his face
See him stagger, watch him fall
They didn't even see his eyes
They never knew him at all

Never knew him
Tried to kill him
Never knew him
Tried to kill him