

# 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