

Stiff Little Fingers, Still Burning

Now i'm a little bit older
I'm expected to accept all the things that I can't change
I'm supposed to stand aside
While the fairness you can't hide is paraded before my face
I won't acquiesce take second best I'm never satisfied
Cos there's a fire inside won't be denied
And i'm still burning see you'll never put the spark out in my soul
still burning and injustice builds a bonfire in my core
Still burning.

If i turn my back on all the honesty you lack
Would that make me more mature?
By pretending to be blind, and accepting all your lies
I'd be giving in for sure
I won't acquiesce or take second best
I'm never satisfied cos there's a fire inside won't be denied
And i'm still burning you'll never put the spark out in my soul
Still burning and injustice build a bonfire at my core
Still burning

We like to think we live in a fair & justice society
Yet we can still lock a man away for 19 years
Having denied him the use of witness statements
That might have cleared his name
and we call that justice?

Not in my eyes