

# Stiff Little Fingers, The Message

Broken glass everywhere  
People pissing on the station  
Y'know they just don't care  
I can't take the smell  
I can't take the noise  
I got no money to move out  
I guess I got no choice  
Rats in the front room  
Roaches in the back  
Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat  
I tries to get away but I couldn't get far  
Cos a man with a truncheon re-possessed my car

[Chorus:]  
Don't push me cos I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head  
It's like a jungle sometimes  
It makes me wonder how I keep from going under

My son said: "Daddy, I don't wanna go to school  
Cos the teacher's a jerk, he must think I'm a fool  
And all the kids smoke reefer I think it'd be cheaper  
If I just got a job learned to be a street sweeper  
I'll dance to the beat, shuffle my feet wear a shirt and tie  
And run with the creeps"  
Cos it's all about money ain't a damn thing funny  
You got to have a car in this land of milk and honey  
A child is born with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but he's frowning too  
Because only God knows what you'll go through  
You'll grow in the ghetto living second rate  
And your eyes will see a song of deep hate  
The places you play and where you stay  
Looks like one great big alleyway

You'll admire all the number book takers  
The pimps the pushers and the big money makers  
Driving great big cars spending twenties and tens  
And you want to grow up to be just like them  
Smugglers scramblers burglars gamblers  
Pickpocket pedlars even panhandlers  
You say I'm cool I'm no fool  
But then you end up dropping right outa school

Now you're unemployed null and void  
Walking round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd  
Turn stick up kid look what you done did  
Got sent up for an eight year bid  
Being used and abused to serve like hell  
Till one day you was found hung dead in the cell