

# Stiff Little Fingers, The Only One

It makes you so angry  
You rage and rage again  
But you can't spit it outside  
It's bottled in your brain  
You feel it in the darkness  
The rage inside you grow  
And you know you're a stranger  
In the room below

There are no words to say just what it is you mean  
But if you feel it's real it's real it's real

It makes you feel so angry  
Why can't they see red?  
Can no-one else imagine  
What can't be said?  
You try to put it over  
But that gets you nowhere  
You wouldn't have to bother  
If you didn't care

There are no words to say just what it is you mean  
But if you feel it's real it's real it's real

And as for all the rest  
They think you're in a mess  
And say that they know best  
But you know better  
You keep your temper  
It proves that you're still alive

It makes you so angry  
A rage that's all your own  
It makes you feel so lonely  
But you're not alone  
For I still feel it that way  
And he and she do too  
And it's enough for us to know that  
It's enough to know

There are no words to say just what it is you mean  
But if you feel it's real it's real it's real

What you feel is real  
You're not the only one