

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