

Stiff Little Fingers, Walkin' Dynamite

No one knows exactly where he came from
It was somewhere in Arkansas
grew up flat broke with no education
Had his run-ins with the law
His fists became his passport out of hell
When some guys saw he used them pretty well
They'd found something to sell

But Sonny tell me
when you were young you had to fight
Became the champion
And you were walkin' dynamite
prayed on their fears
though quite sincere
They wouldn't let you change
Oh can't you tell me?

flying back to Philly in the morning
With the belt stashed in his bag
he talked of how the whole world would treat him better.
now he was the champ
Said he'd like to give a little break
But no-one listens to a despised black
except a well-worn hack

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Minds made up and ears closed against you
You just couldn't understand
You'd made them rich, yeah you'd entertained them.
You were still a hated man
It seemed like they had used you as their clown
But never let the bastards grind you down.

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A man deserves his dignity
A man deserves his pride
[Repeat]