

# Stiff Little Fingers, Walking Dynamite

No one knows exactly where he came from  
It wassomewhere in arkansaw  
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]