

Stiff Little Fingers, What If I Want More?

I'm sick of being pushed around
I'm tired of being forced back down
So all your dreams and your ambitions
Lie there on the floor
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more

I'm fed up hearing "no can do";
I'm hacked off listening to you
Just because you've given in
Doesn't mean they have to win
Scraps of hope from rich man's table
Fall down on the floor
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more

I've had enough of hopeless clowns
If you don't want to swim, then drown
You want to wallow there in sorrow
Sit there on the floor
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more
What if I want more