

Stiff Little Fingers, When The Stars Fall From The

Mid-October, sixty one
The French Police were having fun
Cutting down Algerians
Breaking heads all over town
Yet no-one saw and no-one knew
No-one dared to speak the truth
200 dead became just two
Sweep them in the river
The witnesses were run to the ground
Put the bastards underground
Buried every black in town
Who dared to show their face

[Chorus:]
When the stars fall from the sky
When the world cannot make me cry
That's when the scales will fall from your eyes
And let you see the truth

Boipitong in ninety two
Subjected to a murder crew
Well trained policemen charging through
A crowd that's armed with slogans
Yet no-one saw and no help came
And no-one wants to take the blame
These people that you try to tame
Will get round to you later
The protesters were run to the ground
Put the bastards underground
Buried every black in town
Who dared to raise his voice

Every day around the world
The voice of truth cannot be heard
Men and women disappear
They have to live their life in fear
Yet something makes them stand and shout
One day they will find you out
Dig up every fact in town
And shove them in your face