

Harp

Stiff Little Fingers

Don't pity this poor immigrant
My eyes were open when I caught the boat
All I wanted was your shelter, and maybe just a little hope
But you turned your anger on me for the courage that you lack
I don't want your half-assed freedom
You can have the whole deal back
Now let me tell you something
Let's get this straight from the start
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

You said "Bring me your poor and destitute
And I can kick them when they're down"
Cause there's always enough misery
And we'll be sure to share it round
Now I'll turn my anger on you for the decency you lack
For the morals you fail to uphold, your cocaine, crack and smack
To the land that wears its heart up front
I'm screaming from the back
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

And the ghetto's almost full now
It's time the trash was moved uptown
And the sight of all those beggars on the streets
Must really get you down
Soon they'll turn their anger on you for the promises you broke
For all the lies you told them as their dreams went up in smoke
And I feel I stand among them as I shout this from the heart
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

You built your land on principles decent, brave and true
I find it hard to understand just what went wrong with you
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp