

Walk Away

Stiff Little Fingers

You feel the damp in the evening air
You see them standing, you can feel their stare
You hear their insults, you can hear them shout
You try to answer but no words come out
Your face gets hotter as the anger rise
You can see excitement in their eyes
As they free their aggression in the usual way
It's easier to fight, harder just to walk away

The streets are empty as you're going home
You got your collar turned against the cold
You're tired and hungry and you're fit to drop
The rain is pouring won't it ever stop
You hear a voice from the alleyway
Saying "Come here boy don't I know your name"
And there's no use in running so you gotta stay
It's easier to fight, harder just to walk away

The corner boys on the march again
Got a size 10 boot where they keep their brain
Drinking cheap wine acting hard and loud
You cross the road get lost in the crowd
You feel your heart beat as the taunts ring out
No comprehension what it's all about
They don't need a reason for this anyway
But it's easier to fight, harder just to walk away

So you stand and lash out, though you know that it's wrong
And it's hard to believe that's how we get along
Here in every city, happens every day
Easier just to fight, easier just to fight
Easier just to fight than walk away

No sense of logic in a flying fist
No point in calculating what they've missed
That's what we made them, it's not their fault
We just ignored them when they needed taught
You hear a voice from inside your head
Saying "With that life you'd be better off dead"
You know they got no hope from day to day
But it's hard to try and help, much easier to walk away