

## All the Rest

### Stiff Little Fingers

He's drinkin' supermarket cider  
In a doorway in the town  
And he's shouting 'bout the government  
And how they let him down  
He's got a sister lives in Brixton  
Always tried to do her best  
Yet she winds up broke and shafted  
Just the same as all the rest

He's got a torn and greasy greatcoat  
And a New York Yankees vest  
And some strongly held opinions  
That he must get off his chest  
Yet his friends don't think about him  
They all gave him up for dead  
And they all got real embarrassed  
About the problems with his head

R:

Shout it out! (Shout it out with me)  
Shout it out! (It's a mystery)  
Shout it out! ('cause what I can't see)  
Why he's invisible to them  
Yet so obvious to me

He make his home in cardboard boxes  
And the pigeons are his friends  
And you cross over to avoid him  
Never try to make amends  
For the way that he's been treated  
And we all must share the blame  
And we never look him in the eye  
And never ask his name

I thought we were past this stage  
Never in this day and age  
These things are still going on  
Tell me where did we go wrong  
I thought we had changed for good  
Maybe I misunderstood  
Does our new and caring nation  
Only care for politicians  
Those that have will all do well  
All the rest can go to hell

R: (x2)