

Bits of Kids

Stiff Little Fingers

It was nothing like that in my day, not here in my town
We didn't get things all our way till we were full-grown
Now they go into pubs, and you're gonna get mugged in my town
So you read about it every day, in the headlines
How they take and take and drive away, sex and late nights
And it's gotta be wrong, because they're so young

They're only bits of kids, they're only bits of kids
It's always bits of kids today

She makes the breakfast, one of eight, all in one room
Each uncle's call keeps them up late, yes, in this town
And he won't go home. 'cos he'll just be alone till night time

They're bits of kids, they're only bits of kids
It's always bits of kids today

Broken cities, 'n' broken homes, bits of kids who don't grow wh
ole
Broken cities, 'n' broken hearts, bits of people who fall apart
In my town

And it seems there's nothing anyway, not here in this town
Everything is only yesterday, and on the way down
And we're gonna be wrong, so we gotta be strong
In our own time

We're bits of kids, we're only bits of kids
It's always bits of kids today
Bits of kids, we're always, here in my town