

## Half a Life Away

Stiff Little Fingers

Gill and Galloway were working late  
On a summers night in '58  
In a small town Alabama hideaway  
In the U.S.A.  
The two cops were knocking on the door  
Of a young black boy  
It was a quarter to four  
They said:  
"Hey nigger! Hit the floor.  
You're about to be history."

Pop Bickham was the young black man  
He couldn't work it out, he didn't understand  
But when they come with their guns you do what you can  
So he picked up his rifle and he shot them down  
They said he killed them in cold blood  
And the jury they agreed  
They said: "you'll be sorry for what you've done"  
And the whole town they agreed

R:  
They picked you up and they sent you down  
A poor black boy in a rich white town  
And for 38 years you never made a sound  
That was half a life away

You see one of the cops had something to hide  
He'd raped Pop's sister more than once or twice  
And Pop wasn't going to let it go this time  
So the cops had to take him out  
But the courtroom didn't hear all of the story  
They held back facts from the all white jury  
No doubt what the verdict would be  
Take him down, he's guilty

R:  
All these years in a prison cell  
Never once complaining  
Half your life gone to hell  
All because of hatred and bigotry  
You're a better man than me

R: (x2)