

# The Only One

## Stiff Little Fingers

It makes you so angry, You rage and rage again  
But you can't spit it outside, it's bottled in your brain  
You feel it in the darkness, the rage inside you grow  
And you know you're a stranger, in the room below

R:

There are no words to say just what it is you mean  
But if you feel it's real it's real it's real

It makes you so angry, why can't they see red?  
Can no-one else imagine, what can't be said?  
You try to put it over, but that gets you nowhere  
You wouldn't have to bother, if you didn't care

R:

And as for all the rest, they think you're in a mess  
And say that the know best  
But you know better, you keep your temper  
It proves that you're still alive

It makes you so angry, a rage that's all your own  
It makes you feel so lonely, but you're not alone  
For I still feel it that way, and he and she do too  
And it's enough for us to know, that it's enough to know.

R:

What you feel is real  
You're not the only one.