Back to Front

Stiff Little Fingers

On cheap returns to summer places
Awayday herd, all out in the heat
Kicking black looks in sunshine faces
A race to vote with their feet, back to frontFlock off to find someone to play with
He's not like us he must be done
Buckets and spades to make your day with
It hurts so good, it must be funAnd it's 'Made in London Town'
Fists are up to knuckle down
Because we are the boys
Who've got the noise and cloutAnd it's argue upside down
Black and white and wrong way round
In fight, outright, uptight, downright, inside out
Back to frontFight on the beaches and back home streets
Welcoming in with out clenched hands
Standing on others with your own feet
You've got to prove that you're a manAnd it's 'Made in London Town'
Fists are up to knuckle down
Because we are the boys
Who've got the noise and cloutAnd it's argue upside down
Black and white and wrong way round
In fight, outright, uptight, downright, inside out
Back to frontI glance over my shoulder
As they head for the past
But I've still got my eyes up ahead
I'm not going back to frontBack to front, back to front
Back to front, upside down, inside out, wrong way round
Back to front, upside down, inside out, wrong way round
Back to front

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