High & Low

Stiff Little Fingers

She got a 2 year old in nursery
And then lately got the sack
She gets a phone call from her mother
And she takes a little flak
Cause she earns all her money now
By lying on her back
Yet it's just an even change she needs
A lucky break she lacksShe's searchin'
High&low
For something to believe in
And for sure
She knows she's has enough of dreaming
If she got the start
She's certain she could do it
Cause it seemed complicated
But there's really nothing to itHe works from home everything evening
Baby laxative & scales
And he's make a bloody fortune
If he just stays out of jail
Got a network of runners
And a friend who'll stand his bail
Yet he's give up in a minute
If he has a real careerThey're twoccing cars for excitement
Tearing up council estates
They're painting walls and doors of businesses
With messages of hate
Hanging round street corners till' late
Cause they see no exit, no way out
There's no way to escape

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/