

Bits of Kids (2002 Remastered Version)

Stiff Little Fingers

It was nothing like that in my day
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 'cause he'll just be alone till night time They're only 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 whole
Broken cities, 'n' broken hearts.
Bits of people who fall apart 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 town We're bits of kids.
We're only bits of kids
It's only bits of kids today
Bits of kids.
We're always
Here in my town

Songwriters

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