The 'Cosh'

Stiff Little Fingers

Everything is turning upside down in this town
The crime rate's rising up as employment swoops down
Kids can't trust their parents to protect them no more
And if you're Black or Irish you just can't trust the lawWinos on the corner with no hope and no plan
Kids on five quid drug deals waiting for their man
Estates in states of chaos, hatred scrawled on the wallsThe men of law and order writhe about on the floor
No one dream of living, those hopes lie on the rocks
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard boxAnd it seems, and it seems
Someone's used the cosh
And the country's on its kneesOld folk freeze to death in flats
Where damp streams down the walls
Poll tax bailiffs scream unheard in countless council hallsPlans for new development that never cure the mess
Benefits that won't be paid unless you've an address
And no one dream of living, those hopes lie on the rocks
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard boxAnd it seems, and it seems
Someone's used the cosh
And the country's on its kneesOur Welfare State's collapsing
And no one seems to care
As long as money's being made
And profits there to shareBuy into a service that belonged to you and me
Soon you'll find our country is the UK picAnd no one dream of living
Those hopes lie on the rocks
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard boxAnd it seems, and it seems
Someone's used the cosh
And the country's on its kneesDown on its knees, down on its knees
Someone's used the cosh
And the country's down on its knees
Down on its knees, down on its knees

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UNIVERSAL-POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING, INC.

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