

# The 'Cosh' (Alternate)

## 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 law  
Winos 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 walls  
The 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 box  
And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees  
Old folk freeze to death in flats  
Where damp streams down the walls  
Poll tax bailiffs scream unheard in countless council halls  
Plans 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 box  
And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees  
Our Welfare State's collapsing  
And no one seems to care  
As long as money's being made  
And profits there to share  
Buy into a service that belonged to you and me  
Soon you'll find our country is the UK pic  
And no one dream of living  
Those hopes lie on the rocks  
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard box  
And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees  
Down 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

Songwriters

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UNIVERSAL-POLYGRAM INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING, INC.

Lyrics provided by

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