All the Rest

Stiff Little Fingers

He's drinkin' supermarket cider
In a doorway in the town
And he's shouting 'bout the government
And how they let him downHe's got a sister lives in Brixton
Always tries to do her best
Yet she winds up broke and shafted
Just the same as all the rest, he
Just the same as all the restHe's got a torn and greasy greatcoat
And a New York Yankees vest
And some strongly held opinions
That he must get off his chestYet his friends don't think about him
They all gave him up for dead
And they all got real embarrassed
About the problems with his headShout it out
Shout it out with me
Shout it out
It's a mysteryShout it out
Because what I can't see
Why he's invisible to them
But yet so obvious to me, alrightHe make his home in cardboard boxes
And the pigeons are his friends
And you cross over to avoid him
Never try to make amendsFor the way that he's been treated
And we all must share the blame
And we never look him in the eye
And never ask his nameShout it out
Shout it out with me
Shout it out
It's a mysteryShout it out
Because what I can't see
Why he's invisible to them
But yet so obvious to meThought we were past this stage
Never in this day and age
These things are still going on
Tell me where did we go wrongI thought we had changed for good
Maybe I misunderstood
Does our new and caring nation
Only care for politicians
Those that have will all do well

All the rest can go to hellShout it out
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