

# Harp

## Stiff Little Fingers

Don't pity this poor immigrant  
My eyes were open when I caught the boat  
All I wanted was your shelter  
And maybe just a little hope But you turned your anger on me  
For the courage that you lack  
I don't want your half-assed freedom  
You can have the whole deal back Now let me tell you something  
Let's get this straight from the start  
Don't call me Harp  
Don't call me Harp You said, "Bring me your poor and destitute  
And I can kick them when they're down"  
'Cause there's always enough misery  
And we'll be sure to share it round Now I'll turn my anger on you  
For the decency you lack  
For the morals you fail to uphold  
Your cocaine, crack and smack To the land that wears its heart up front  
I'm screaming from the back  
Don't call me Harp  
Don't call me Harp And the ghetto's almost full now  
It's time the trash was moved uptown  
And the sight of all those beggars on the streets  
Must really get you down Soon they'll turn their anger on you  
For the promises you broke  
For all the lies you told them  
As their dreams went up in smoke And I feel I stand among them  
As I shout this from the heart  
Don't call me Harp  
Don't call me Harp You built your land on principles  
Decent, brave and true  
I find it hard to understand  
Just what went wrong with you Don't call me Harp  
Don't call me Harp

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