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 hopeBut 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 backNow let me tell you something
Let's get this straight from the start
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me HarpYou 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 roundNow I'll turn my anger on you
For the decency you lack
For the morals you fail to uphold
Your cocaine, crack and smackTo the land that wears it's heart up front
I'm screaming from the back
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me HarpAnd the ghetto's almost full now
It's time the trash was moved uptown
And the sight of all those beggers on the streets
Must really get you downSoon 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 smokeAnd I feel I stand among them
As I shout this from the heart
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me HarpYou built your land on principles
Decent, brave and true
I find it hard to understand
Just what went wrong with youDon't call me Harp
Don't call me Harp

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/