Beirut Moon

Stiff Little Fingers

"We'd like to help you." the consul said
"But there's nothing we can do
Well, you knew the risks when you took the job
After all you're not a fool
So, don't call me, don't call meI just can't bend the rulesKeep your chin up, I know it's tough
Somehow you'll get through."
It seems the Americans bargain and rescueBut if you get caught you're left to rot
Under a Beirut, under a Beirut Moon(Chorus:)
Under a Beirut MoonSorry son, there's nothing we can do
Under a Beirut MoonDifferent rules, we haven't got a clue"We can't be seen to be giving in
To these terrorists you see
If we talk with them it would mean the end
Of all that we hold dear
So don't call me, don't call meI'm doing all I can
Although it seems from where you sit
I don't give a damn."
Back home they'll remember you in papers, on TV
Because when you're caught you're left to rot
Under a Beirut, under a Beirut Moon(Chorus)And though you dream of being free
There's not much hope that I can seeUnder a Beirut, under a Beirut MoonNow just today on the news I saw
A hostage walking free
He talked of how it came aboutHe gained his liberty
He said, don't give up, don't give upArgue, beg and plead
Keep the pressure up, don't let it drop
Somehow you'll get free
He said the Americans would bargain and rescue
But when Brits get caught they're left to rot
Under a Beirut, under the Beirut Moon

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