At the Edge

Stiff Little Fingers

Back when I was younger they were talking at me
Never listened to a word I said
Always yap, yap, yapping and complaining at me
Made me think I'd be better off deadI don't want to talk about it
I don't want to hear no lip
Take your share, don't shout about it
That's your lot, remember you're a kidThey would always teach me that to swear was a sin
Always speak your mind but not aloud
Think of something that you want to do with your life
Nothing that you like, that's not allowedI've no time to talk about it
All your stupid hopes and dreams
Get your feet back on the ground, son
It's exams that count not football teamsAnd I'm running at the edge of their world
They're criticising something they just can't understand
Living on the edge of their town
And I won't be shot downTaught me to defend myself and to be a man
How to kick someone and run away
Gave me everything that any young man could need
But don't understand why I won't stayHere's your room and here's your records
Here's your home and here you'll stay
Here's somewhere I don't believe in
Wish someone would take it all awayAnd I'm running at the edge of their world
They're criticising something they just can't understand
Living on the edge of their town
And I won't be shot down

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