

# 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 dead I 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 kid They 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 allowed I'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 teams And 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 Taught 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 stay Here'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 away And 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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