Piccadilly Circus

Stiff Little Fingers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Piccadilly Circus in the bed of night
Just passing time beneath the lights
Up in town and all alone
Got no business so minds his ownThe hotel room is lonely and cold
He might as well go for a stroll
Idly looking in a hi-fi shop
Footsteps, a chuckle and one hard slapAnd they didn't even see his face
See him flinch or hear him groan
They didn't even see his eyes
One mean blow and on they ranHe put his fingers to his side
And felt his flesh was open wide
He felt the rent the blow had made
For the hand that fell had held a bladeAnd they didn't even see his face
See him stumble, hear his cry
They didn't even see his eyes
Just lashed out in passing byWhat can it mean?
Who can makes some sense of that?
Did it mean a thing to them?
What can make a mind like that?Though forty stitches helped him over
Who can live life over his shoulder?
He tried to put it in his past
And flew safe home back to BelfastAnd they didn't see his face
See him stagger watch him fall
They didn't even see his eyes
They never knew him at allNever knew him, tried to kill him
Never knew him, tried to kill him

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