No Surrender

Stiff Little Fingers

Here's your mask and here's your glove, it's all an arcade game
We call it, 'Virtual Reality' so nothing's what it seems
Although we may want you to kill just do it now for fun
You play on the computer screen while these men load your gun
Men who only think of fortune no matter the price
Men who kill for sand and petrol never thinking twiceSo let the young men fight, die in battle for the glory
And we know it's right so shoot son never worry
That your mother cries, she can't see the reason
Your battle cry is, 'No surrender here at all'Here's your mask and here's your gun it's no longer a game
This is absolute reality though it's not what it seems
We told you we need you to fight for freedom and for right
But what we want is our man restored, to hell with what he's like
Our man sells us oil and petrol at a price that's fair
Our man kills collaborators in the Public SquareSo let the young men fight, die in battle for the glory
And we know it's right so shoot son, never worry
That your mother cries, she can't see the reason
Your battle cry is, 'No surrender here at all'I believe in hopes and dreams, I believe in life
I don't believe in hate and greed, tyranny or spiteMight is right my will be done
I pull the trigger you fire the gun
No surrender

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