

# Stiff Little Fingers, Protect And Serve

Mama Papa It's cold in here  
I'm hurt and I'm bleeding and I'm really scared  
I don't wanna go back outside  
Cause the bigboys are waiting and they'll get me one more time

And if we can't protect the weak  
How can we call ourselves strong  
Is the assurance that they seek  
So beyond us all

Help me, someone, is anyone there?  
This man asked directions and I said I'd help  
Now I'm tied up and all alone  
And I don't think he ever plans to let me  
Go back home

And if we can't protect the young  
How can we call ourselves grown  
They place their trust in anyone  
Only to lose it all

And when it happens we seem so surprised  
Like we've not seen it all before  
We wring our hands & cry  
What do they do it for  
What do they do it for  
What do they do it for

Broken fingers & the phones too far  
Can't even think now why I opened the door  
Robbed and battered I've lost all pride  
There was only enough cash to see that I got by

And if we can't protect the old  
How can we call ourselves civilized?  
And is the comfort they deserve  
So difficult to provide?