

Stiff Little Fingers "Half A Life Away"

Visit "[Half A Life Away](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Gill and Galloway were working late
On a summers night in '58
In a small town, Alabama hideaway
In the U.S.A.

Two cops were knocking on the door
Of a young black boy, it was a quarter to four
They said, "Hey, nigger, hit the floor
You're about to be history"

Pop Bickham was the young black man
He couldn't work it out, he didn't understand
But when they come with their guns, you do what you
can
So he picked up his rifle and he shot them down

They said, "He killed them in cold blood"
And the jury, they agreed
They said, "You'll be sorry for what you've done"
And the whole town they agreed

They picked you up and they sent you down
A poor black boy in a rich white town
And for thirty eight years you never made a sound
That was half a life away, half a life away

You see one of the cops had something to hide
He'd raped Pop's sister more than once or twice
And Pop wasn't going to let it go this time
So the cops had to take him out

But the courtroom didn't hear all of the story
They held back facts from the all white jury
No doubt, what the verdict would be
Take him down, he's guilty

They picked you up and they sent you down
A poor black boy in a rich white town
And for thirty eight years you never made a sound
That was half a life away

All these years in a prison cell

Never once complaining half your life gone to hell
All because of hatred and bigotry
You're a better man than me

They picked you up and they sent you down
A poor black boy in a rich white town
And for thirty eight years you never made a sound
That was half a life away, oh, ohh

They picked you up and they sent you down
A poor black boy in a rich white town
And for thirty eight years you never made a sound
That was half a life away, half a life away

Visit [Stiff Little Fingers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.