

## **Stiff Little Fingers "The 'Cosh'"**

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Everything is turning upside down in this town  
The crime rate's rising up as employment swoops down  
Kids can't trust their parents to protect them no more  
And if you're Black or Irish you just can't trust the law

Winos on the corner with no hope and no plan  
Kids on five quid drug deals waiting for their man  
Estates in states of chaos, hatred scrawled on the walls

The men of law and order writhe about on the floor  
No one dream of living, those hopes lie on the rocks  
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard box

And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees

Old folk freeze to death in flats  
Where damp streams down the walls  
Poll tax bailiffs scream unheard in countless council  
halls

Plans for new development that never cure the mess  
Benefits that won't be paid unless you've an address  
And no one dream of living, those hopes lie on the  
rocks  
Your newly detached haven is a cardboard box

And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees

Our Welfare State's collapsing  
And no one seems to care  
As long as money's being made  
And profits there to share

Buy into a service that belonged to you and me  
Soon you'll find our country is the UK pic

And no one dream of living  
Those hopes lie on the rocks

Your newly detached haven is a cardboard box

And it seems, and it seems  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's on its knees

Down on its knees, down on its knees  
Someone's used the cosh  
And the country's down on its knees  
Down on its knees, down on its knees

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