

Rough Trade

Stiff Little Fingers

Record boss said we would be a smash
Yeah, go straight to Number One
He talked of hits and tours and lots of cash
And all the time it wasn't on
And I believed every word was true
yeah I swallowed every line
I believed every word he said
And I didn't find out in time

R:

We were betrayed, betrayed, betrayed
Betrayed, betrayed by rough trade lies

We quit our jobs and got all set to fly
Your promises had us riding high
but it's a dirty rough tough trade we find
"Yeah we agreed, but you hadn't signed
Sorry son, gonna have to throw you
Our lawyers say we don't even know you"
Music is money, kids are no-account fools
You trade in us, we get betrayed by you

R:

And you're sitting there in your London office
Snug and warm
And you think that you've won but
Just remember this is just round one
We're gonna do it our way
We're gonna make it on our own
Because we've found people to trust
People who put music first

R:

Why can't you tell us the truth?
Why did you lie to us?