

The Only One

Stiff Little Fingers

It makes you so angry, You rage and rage again
But you can't spit it outside, it's bottled in your brain
You feel it in the darkness, the rage inside you grow
And you know you're a stranger, in the room below

R:

There are no words to say just what it is you mean
But if you feel it's real it's real it's real

It makes you so angry, why can't they see red?
Can no-one else imagine, what can't be said?
You try to put it over, but that gets you nowhere
You wouldn't have to bother, if you didn't care

R:

And as for all the rest, they think you're in a mess
And say that the know best
But you know better, you keep your temper
It proves that you're still alive

It makes you so angry, a rage that's all your own
It makes you feel so lonely, but you're not alone
For I still feel it that way, and he and she do too
And it's enough for us to know, that it's enough to know.

R:

What you feel is real
You're not the only one.