

Where were you born  
On History

WHERE WERE YOU BORN?

Where were you born?  
It doesn't matter I'm sure  
Born to a mother  
On the side of a road  
She gave birth to a baby  
In winter wind  
In a camp back road  
They moved her wagon  
with nowhere to go  
packing her extra bundle  
Just a day old  
Walking the road  
In winter rain  
In her body so much pain  
Ireland never worried  
Only the Lord  
Another little bundle  
With sadness in the heart  
Where were you born?  
It doesn't matter I'm sure  
When you are a traveller  
On the side of the road  
The trouble you get  
When you belong to a clan  
A traveller-tinker  
With stars in the heart  
Moving around with a jolly sound  
Blocking the pain away  
From your heart

Nobody likes us  
Family clan

NOBODY LIKES US

Nobody likes us  
We have different ways  
Nobody likes us  
I wonder do we care?  
We don't really need them  
We've plenty of freinds of our own  
We stick together  
Through thick and thin  
We're not lost  
We have our own people  
Till the day we die  
We don't have no rights  
You know that's true  
In this life what can we do?  
Because nobody likes us  
Why should we lie down and die?  
We have our family to share all our lives.

Mick  
Identity

MICK

Mick, you're always dirty  
We never see your face  
You're feet they're always smelly  
People think it's from this place  
What am I going to do with you  
No matter how hard I try  
I never really change you  
You're just like a dirty-faced child

If you were tidy - your happiness would be gone  
When you are dirty you have the soul of a happy man  
When you pick the children  
you surely ruin their clothes  
the little children love it  
but Mammies cock their nose

Mick you're so happy  
And contented in the mind  
No matter what people say about you  
You turn around and smile  
If you had a white shirt  
and a matching shirt and tie  
The children wouldn't know you  
They'd walk the other side

It would be sad to change you  
It could do a lot of harm    a right went to east - le  
That's the way God made you  
With your easy going mind.

Bad Things in my Mind  
Eviction

BAD THINGS IN MY MIND

The shiny buttons  
The long black coat  
The tall hat  
With the fancy crown  
The heavy baton  
The cowboy gun  
Belong to those police  
Who always came around  
Our hearts were scared  
When they came near  
They kicked our fire  
And called us names  
And moved us off at the crack of dawn  
We had no breakfast  
Because of those shiny buttons  
We couldn't stay  
Sent us hungry every day  
Kicked our tent flat on the ground  
Rain from heaven  
Would spill down  
Wet our blankets while police laughed and jeered  
Our poor children standing in the rain  
Those bad things in my mind  
Will stay till the day I die.

Song for Mary  
Emigration

SONG FOR MARY

I write this song for Mary  
For I am going away  
This song is only for Mary  
In my heart she will always stay

I write this song for Mary  
She's my only love  
Without her I will die  
I will never smile again

When I get to Britain  
I will write to her every day  
If I had work in my own country  
I would never go away  
I will leave my heart in Ireland  
And I am on my way

I write this song for Mary  
My tears are dripping away  
I will send for Mary  
One fine summer day.

Hills and Hollows  
Living on the Edge

**HILLS AND HOLLOWS**

*Hills and hollows  
You seem to climb  
In your heart  
No peace of mind  
Travelling through  
This troubled land  
Can't find hope to live on  
Smoky cities, noisy sounds  
Mental patients walking around  
Stolen cars late at night  
Drunken people having a fight  
Bags of glue, treasure dust  
Smoky engines in a line  
Black chimneys with thick black smoke  
In this land there's no hope  
Hills and hollows you seem to climb  
Seeking for peace of mind  
Grave problems, full of fear  
Upset people, do not care  
Crying out for broken hope  
All they have is plenty of fumes and smoke.*