

Where were you born **On History**

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
We have different ways

Nobody likes us
I wonder do we care

We don't really need them
We've plenty of friends 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, 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 Mommies 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 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
That's the way God made you
With your easy going mind

Bad things in my Mind

Eviction

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

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
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

Mountain Epilogue

Burry me high in a mountain
In a coffin made of all glass
 High in the mountain
 Where I can see the stars

 Then I can look down
 And see you
 And walk all around
 With bright light from a lonely star

 If you burry me low,
 I'll smother
 I know
 And lonely without the stars

 Or burry me in the
 Fork of a tree
 How happy I will be
 The robins will sing for me

 Won't need no flowers
 Nor visitors at my grave
 Won't need no wreathes
 Nor stone for my head

 Just burry me
 High in a mountain