

## **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