

The man behind the whire

Armoured cars and tanks and guns aimed to take away our sons.

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In the little street of Belfast, in the dark of early morn',

British soldiers came a running reckling little homes with gun.

Hear the sounds of crying children dradding fathers from their bed,

watch the scene of helpless mothers, watch the blood fall from their heads.

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Not for them a judge or jury, all in deed are crime at all.

Being irish means their guilty so their guilty one at all.

On the world a truit were leckor, honest men are here again.

England's name again is sully in the eyes of honest men.

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Proudly march behind our banner, proudly march behind our men,

we will leave them free to help us built a nation once again.

All the people step together, proudly marching on their way,

never fear or never folture will the boys come home to stay.

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(Mc Guigan)