

# Seanchai, Bloody Sunday

Right from the start this here's a rebel song  
It's from the heart I wanna tell you 'bout a wrong  
Committed by Britain back in the day  
Fourteen murdered, they refused to be slaves  
To the crown  
In Derry Town  
They wouldn't bow down  
So they were shot down  
A peaceful protest the turnout was large  
So the soldiers decided to show who was in charge  
Vexed so they flexed, did what papas can do best  
When the smoke had cleared fourteen were laid to rest  
No riots, no lootin' to start off the shootin'  
People emulated King not Seal or Newton  
Things forever changed after that afternoon  
Brothers started doin' what they had to do  
On Bloody Sunday

(chorus)

Sunday Bloody Sunday - still haunted by the cries  
Sunday Bloody Sunday - twenty five years of lies

How long must we sing this song  
Till the government finally admits that they were wrong

And finally show some decency  
Reparation to each family  
Treat our people with some dignity  
You know their shit really gets to me  
The way they try to deny my history  
Twenty five years on our people gettin' strong  
Thought may hit the Brits it's time to move on  
Order the border to be cast out to sea  
Coz that is where it was meant to be  
And that would be an appropriate way  
To honour those who were slain  
On Bloody Sunday