

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