The Pogues, Streets Of Sorrow / Birmingham Six

(Shane MacGowan / Terry Woods)

Oh farewell you streets of sorrow
Oh farewell you streets of pain
I'll not return to feel more sorrow
Nor to see more young men slain
Through the last six years I've lived through terror
And in the darkened streets the pain
Oh how I long to find some solace
In my mind I curse the strain

So farewell you streets of sorrow And farewell you streets of pain No I'll not return to feel more sorrow Nor to see more young men slain

There were six men in Birmingham In Guildford there's four That were picked up and tortured And framed by the law And the filth got promotion But they're still doing time For being Irish in the wrong place And at the wrong time

In Ireland they'll put you away in the Maze In England they'll keep you for several long days God help you if ever you're caught on these shores And the coppers need someone And they walk through that door

You'll be counting years
First five, then ten
Growing old in a lonely hell
Round the yard and the stinking cell
From wall to wall, and back again

A curse on the judges, the coppers and screws Who tortured the innocent, wrongly accused, For the price of promotion And justice to sell May the judged be their judges when they rot down in hell

You'll be counting years
First five, then ten
Growing old in a lonely hell
Round the yard and lousy cell
From wall to wall, and back again

May the whores of the empire lie awake in their beds And sweat as they count out the sins on their heads While over in Ireland eight more men lie dead Kicked down and shot in the back of the head

You'll be counting years
First five, then ten
Growing old in a freezing hell
Round the yard and the lousy cell
From wall and back again

Counting years
First five, then ten
Growing old in a lonely hell
Round the yard and the lousy cell

From wall to wall and back again