

Yoko Ono, Sunday, Bloody Sunday

Well, it was sunday, bloody sunday when the shot the people there.
The cries of thirteen martyrs filled the free derry air.
Is there anyone amongst you dare to blame it on the kids?
Not a soldier boy was bleeding when they nailed the coffin lids!

Sunday, bloody sunday, bloody sunday's the day.

Well, you claim to be majority, well, you know that it's a lie.
You're really a minority on this sweet emerald isle.
When stormont bans our marches, they've got a lot to learn,
Internment is no answer, it's those mothers' turn to burn.

Sunday, bloody sunday, bloody sunday's the day.

Hey! yeah!
Yeah!

Sunday, bloody sunday, bloody sunday's the day.

All you anglo pigs and scotties sent to colonise the north,
You wave your bloody union jacks and you know what it's worth.
How dare you hold to ransom a people proud and free?
Keep ireland to the irish, put the english back to sea!

Sunday, bloody sunday, bloody sunday's the day.

Hey, hey, hey!
Alright!
Ooh -
Yeah!

Sunday, bloody sunday, bloody sunday's the day.

Well, it's always bloody sunday in the concentration camps.
Keep falls road free forever from the bloody british hands.
Repatriate to britain all of you who call it home,
Leave ireland to the irish not for london or for rome.

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