

# Amadan, Black & Tans

I was born in the Dublin streets  
Where the loyal drums did beat.  
And their loving English feet  
They walked all over us.  
And I remember every night,  
When my dad would come home tight,  
And he'd call the neighbors out with this fine chorus:

Come out you Black and Tans,  
Come out and fight me like a man.  
Show your wife how you won medals down in Flanders,  
Show them how the IRA made you run the hell away,  
From the green and lovely lanes of Killeshandra.

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