

Down By Law, Get Out

With a rumble of boots and a soldier's suit they march through irish land
fresh-faced boys turned to grim young men, with a union jack in hand
look to the roofs for trouble boy, and don't trust anyone
you're a foreigner in a foreign land, and you don't belong my son
get out, england, get out
you know you don't belong
get out, england, get out
cause it's bloody and its wrong
a beautiful people, proud and free you'll never keep them down
how do you think they've made it through history ? balls have a name and sound
you say you stand for noble things, so I don't understand
the guns and the boots and the soldier's suits on green and noble land
get out england, get out - you know you don't belong
get out england, get out - cause it's bloody and it's wrong
get out england, get out - it's time to put things right
get out england, get out - cause this is not your fight
don't think this is a catholic thing
you're wrong
I'm a wasp just like you but I sing a different song
there's not excuse to split a country or think that you know best
england I love you in so many ways but lets put this crap to rest