

Dropkick Murphys, Boston Asphalt

Searching for the best break the black forties could afford them
Came these ever-proud world-renowned rowdy, roving men
With a firmness and a purpose that so many did dismiss
Sailed these huddled human ballasts on their stinking coffin ships

[Chorus:]

From the prison of their lonely hearts they labored long and hard
A poor needy down trodden rough and ready sod
Working 18 hour days for the B.A.C.

Intelligent, respectable, but made of modest means
With an independent spirit, so full of hopes and dreams
Opportunity denied them in a doomed and starving land
Came these openhearted kindly spirits of a truly threatened man