

# Luka Bloom, Freedom Song

With blisters on her feet, she walked the road each day  
Montgomery, Alabama '55  
Singing, "Justice is going to flow down like a river  
Our children would no longer be deprived";

Rosa's heart was heavy, but she would never cry  
For her people she would stand and hold the line  
Armed with the power of songs and simply dignity  
She swore, "The voice that would surrender won't be mine";

Woman singing a freedom song,  
Woman showing us the way

Rosa never took that bus, but walked on through the rain  
She prayed for the power to make her stand alone  
Soon voices filled the streets from the county's back rooms  
Spirits raised by the courage of just one

Rosa Parks had a dream and it lifted her  
Of simply how much better life could be  
She lit the flame and the fire is still burning  
Inside every heart that's longing to be free

Woman singing a freedom song,  
Woman showing us the way  
Woman singing a freedom song,  
I'd love to hear that voice today

With blisters on her feet, she moved from place to place  
Outside Dublin city '81  
Sick and tired of being a stranger in her own home  
Where others had their comforts, she had none

They gave Nan Joyce's people 48 hours  
To leave with their belongings once again  
But Nan Joyce had seen enough of these evictions  
She dreaded facing the winter's wind and rain

All her life Nan faced fear and ignorance  
Saw her loved ones turned away from countless doors  
With ancient songs and tales around the warm fire  
Spirits raised by the wealth of the travellers' lore

Nan Joyce had a dream and it lifted her  
She stood her ground and held her head on high  
She found her voice and spoke out  
So her children could be loved  
As Irish brothers and sisters by and by