

# Pogues, Streets Of Sorrow / Birmingham Six

Oh farewell you streets of sorrow  
And farewell you streets of pain  
I'll not return to feel more sorrow  
Nor to see more young men slain  
Through the last six years I've lived through terror  
And in the darkened streets the pain  
Oh how I long to find some solace  
In my mind I curse the strain

So farewell you streets of sorrow  
And farewell you streets of pain  
No I'll not return to feel more sorrow  
Nor to see more young men slain

There were six men in Birmingham  
In Guildford there's four  
That were picked up and tortured  
And framed by the law  
And the filth got promotion  
But they're still doing time  
For being Irish in the wrong place  
And at the wrong time  
In Ireland they'll put you away in the Maze  
In England they'll keep you for seven long days  
God help you if ever you're caught on these shores  
The coppers need someone  
And they walk through that door

You'll be counting years  
First five, then ten  
Growing old in a lonely hell  
Round the yard and the stinking cell  
From wall to wall, and back again

A curse on the judges, the coppers and screws  
Who tortured the innocent, wrongly accused  
For the price of promotion  
And justice to sell  
May the judged by their judges when they rot down in hell

May the whores of the empire lie awake in their beds  
And sweat as they count out the sins on their heads  
While over in Ireland eight more men lie dead  
Kicked down and shot in the back of the head