

Pretty Things, Belfast Cowboys

Celtic children born with stone in hand
Cast against the dark
Revolution spark
Bitter tears they flood the sea
They're drowning me.

Frightened soldiers fighting for a queen
Streets of orange and green
Ancient building scream
As exploding motor cars
Leave their scars.

Hey, belfast cowboys,
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.

Towards the dawn the lights of power burn

Statesmen wrapped in fears
Wrestling with ideas
Search their souls to find the key.
Who has the key?

Hey, belfast cowboys,
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.

Khaki angles fly the sun,
Mortar starlight burns
Tear stained face it turns
Paid the blood price to be free.

Hey, belfast cowboys,
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.