

# The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Riot On Broad Street

My father once told this to me  
Boston's gritty history  
Another ruthless battle  
in a useless holy war  
Handed down discrepancies  
and tensions that'll never ease  
One early afternoon on Broad street  
It blew up down there for sure

Broad street's just not broad enough  
and you just don't love God enough  
and if that isn't odd enough  
We've taken too much crap  
You've pushed us round the sod enough  
We'e scrapped and rapped and jawed enough  
poked, provoked and prod enough  
Something's gonna snap

The Boston fire fighting volunteers  
On their way to fight a fire somewhere  
Met with a funeral procession  
proceeding way too slow  
A brownstone burns out of control  
We need to lay to rest this soul  
Loggerheads on broadstreet  
Eye to eye and toe to toe

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Riot down on Broad street  
Hand me a brick, a stick, a picket  
Bottle, axe or cobblestone  
Riot down on Broad street  
And if I'm going down  
Hell, I'm not going down alone  
I won't go down alone

And when the fight was over  
they retired to the Clover,  
Silver Dollar, Thirsty Scollar  
Whatever pubs they had back then  
The Brownstone was in ashes  
Broken Bones and bloody gashes  
and a casket sat on Broad street  
'til the sun came up again

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There's a Riot down on broad street (x 4)