

# Oliver Boy (All Of Our Boys )

## Flogging Molly

Oh, Oliver boy, what did you do?  
But crushed a hand you never shook  
Then robbed the rights of people to be free Oh, Oliver boy, it's a terrible state  
You left behind the worse of race  
Where dignity and pride fought for their place Oh, Oliver boy now you are gone  
And we're still here where we belong  
Forgiveness being our strength you'll never see Now the sunshine's on the page I write  
Though it's raining hard in Palestine  
Though lands are promised, lands when will we see? So don't tell me that your God's my God  
I don't think they even care at all  
Just a phantom man behind the curtain lies does he Oh, listen to me bark out loud  
Without a voice and a little growl  
Snapping at the hills I wait for something more to change  
The more they stay the same Oliver boy, it's the same violation  
Oliver boy, just the clothes are different  
Oliver boy, it's the same old story  
Where there's blood there's definite glory Look into his empty eyes  
Fed upon my parasites  
His beauty's ugly  
Head devours it's pride While the borders of our hate created  
Nothing more than to reach our fate  
Trapped between our comfort and our grind So stand along the graveyard wall  
And watch the souls perform this song  
Sickening lust, the dead above  
As the mourners come to pray, the living stay away Oliver boy, it's the same violation  
Oliver boy, just the clothes are different  
Oliver boy, it's the same old story  
Where there's blood there's definite glory Oliver boy, someone stands there  
Oliver boy, just to count the guns, yeah  
Oliver boy, you're dead but listen  
You were wrong but we're no different Marching to the left  
Everyone in step  
Don't ask the question  
Why we're here with no direction Marching to the right  
This is not our fight  
The curse of friction  
Born of man and contradiction Oliver boy, it's the same violation  
Oliver boy, just the clothes are different  
Oliver boy, it's the same old story

Where there's blood there's definite glory  
Oliver boy, someone stands there  
Oliver boy, just to count the guns, yeah  
Oliver boy, you're dead but listen  
You were wrong but we're no different  
All of our boys  
Now the sunshine's on the page I write  
Though it's raining hard in Palestine

Songwriters

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