

Drunken Lullabies

Celtic Tribute Players

Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
Five hundred years like gelignite
Have blown us all to hell
What savior rests while on his cross we die
Forgotten freedom burns
Has the shepherd led his lambs astray
To the bigot and the gun
Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies
I watch and stare as Roisin's eyes
Turn a darker shade of red
And the bullet with this sniper lie
In their bloody gutless cell
Must we starve on crumbs from long ago
Through bars these men made steel
Is it a great or little thing we fought
Knelt the conscience blessed to kill
Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies
Ah, but maybe it's the way we're taught
Or but maybe it's the way we fought
But a smile never grins without tears to begin
For each kiss is a cry we all lost
Though there is nothing left to gain
But for the banshee that stole the grave
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies
I sit in and dwell on faces past
Like memories seem to fade
No color left but black and white
And soon will all turn gray
But may these shadows rise to walk again
With lessons truly learnt
When the blossom flowers in each our hearts

Shall beat a new found flame
Must it take a life for hateful eyes
To glisten once again
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies
'Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess
Singin' drunken lullabies
Singin' drunken lullabies

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