

Oliver Boy (all of out 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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