

Hunger Strike

The Bleeding Irish

When the IRA put their guns away from the British Parliament
They fought battles through their mind and hearts against their
heathen opponents

Queen Thatcher British Dictator her leadership so cruel
Made our Irish brothers starve to death classified as criminals
Let's raise our pints and whiskey shots to all those hungered souls
Here's to Bobby Sands and brave soldiers for centuries told

CHORUS:

In 1981 we put up a fight
the IRA and Sinn Fein say:
"Tionscail a Hunger Strike."
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A struggle for independence and a country of our own
The celtic men swore to the Brits that the Irish live alone
Don't burn the Embassy don't lift a hammer or a gun
The Irish fought so mightily with the army of God's Son

CHORUS

And I'll wear no convicts uniform nor meekly serve my time
That Britain might become Ireland's fight 800 years of crime

Chorus

Lyrics submitted by Nicholas.

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