

Sunday Hardcore Matinee (Live At Fenway Park)

Dropkick Murphys

Now the fog and smoke is lifting from the fallen row on row
In 1861 they prayed for god to keep their souls Jimmy left home in April, that was one year to the day
Writes his mother back home in brighton but he ain't got much to say
He's forgotten what his town looks like, the smell of death is all around
He dreams of the blue atlantic to once again be homeward bound
Homeward bound Though the road was long and winding
Many snares lay in their path
But their struggle they saw as righteous
They fought with might and struck with wrath Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls that April day
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their graves As the train pulled in the station and the
families gathered 'round
You could hear the first car echo with a loud triumphant sound
But the last car it was silent, they listened close but they couldn't hear
It was laden down with coffins, that didn't speak and couldn't cheer Now the battle hymns are playing, report of
shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls that April day
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their graves As the train pulled in the station and the
families gathered 'round
You could hear the first car echo with a loud triumphant sound Now the battle hymns are playing, report of shots
not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save their souls that April day Now the battle hymns are playing,
report of shots not far away
No prayer, no promise, no hand of god could save the souls of the blue and gray
Tell their wives that they fought bravely as they lay them in their graves

Songwriters

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