

# Each Dollar a Bullet

## Stiff Little Fingers

Oh, it must seem so romantic  
When the fighting's over there  
And they're passing 'round the shamrock  
And you're all filled up with tears "For the love of dear old Ireland"  
That you've never even seen  
You throw in twenty dollars  
And sing, 'Wearing of the Green' Each dollar a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And Americans kill Irishmen  
As surely as if they fired the gun Now you've never stood on Belfast's streets  
And heard the bombs explode  
Or hid beneath the blankets  
When there's riots down the road No, you've never had your best friend die  
Or lost a favorite son  
But you'll stand there and tell us  
Just what we're doing wrong Each false word a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And Englishmen kill Irishmen  
As surely as if they fired the gun From the minute that you're born  
You're told to hate the other side  
"They're not like us, they're not the same  
We know because we're right But can't you see we're all the same  
There is no right and wrong  
Why can't we stop and realize  
We've hated too much, too long Each old lie a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And Irishmen kill Irishmen  
As surely as if they fired the gun How can you convince yourself  
That what you do is right?  
When people are dying there  
Night after night Don't you ever wonder why it still goes on?  
The hopes and fears and all the tears  
Are buried in your ground  
Buried in your ground Each rumor a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And careless talk kills Irishmen  
As surely as if words fired the gun Well, it's lasted for so long now  
And so many have died  
It's such a part of my own life

Yet it leaves me mystifiedHow a people so intelligent  
Friendly, kind and brave  
Can throw themselves so willingly  
Into an open graveEach new day a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And ignorance kills Irishmen  
As surely as if we fired the gun

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