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 gunNow you've never stood on Belfast's streets
And heard the bombs explode
Or hid beneath the blankets
When there's riots down the roadNo, 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 wrongEach false word a bullet
Each victim someone's son
And Englishmen kill Irishmen
As surely as if they fired the gunFrom 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 rightBut 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 longEach old lie a bullet
Each victim someone's son
And Irishmen kill Irishmen
As surely as if they fired the gunHow can you convince yourself
That what you do is right?
When people are dying there
Night after nightDon'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 groundEach rumor a bullet
Each victim someone's son
And careless talk kills Irishmen
As surely as if words fired the gunWell, 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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