Damo

Mutrone

Oh the boys of Dublin's Donaghmede
Come to hear their boxer sing
To tell the stories of their streets
To quell their suffering
They say let me go another round
And never take it laying down
'Cause in my heart I know
I'm strong enough to grow
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of fisticuffs
For the daughters of the truncheon
Damo sing a song of love
What do I know of Ireland
Except what made it here
Through the ports, into the hills
A whistle and a jig
They worked the fields, they worked the rails
And sang the songs of slaves
To keep the chains from binding on
To keep their bodies brave

Damo sing another song
For all the sons of toil and tug
For the daughters of the weary road
Damo sing a song of love
So gather round and bear this ground
While your brothers sweat and swing
Or hold each other for their life
In their love and in their rage
Sing of tribes and ties that bind
And sing yourself anew
Yeah the Dog of war, Lamb of God
The spirit is in you
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of fisticuffs
For the daughters of the truncheon
Damo sing a song of love
Damo sing another song
For all the sons of toil and tug

For the daughters of the weary road
Damo sing a song of love

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