

Damo

Indigo Girls

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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