

# Famine

## Sinead O'Connor

Okay, I want to talk about Ireland  
Specifically I want to talk about the 'Famine'  
About the fact that there never really was one  
There was no 'Famine' See Irish people were only allowed to eat potatoes  
All of the other food, meat, fish, vegetables  
Were shipped out of the country under armed guard  
To England while the Irish people starved And then on the middle of all this  
They gave us money not to teach our children Irish  
And so we lost our history  
And this is what I think is still hurting me See, we're like a child that's been battered  
Has to drive itself out of it's head because it's frightened  
Still feels all the painful feelings  
But they lose contact with the memory And this leads to massive self-destruction  
Alcoholism, drug addiction  
All desperate attempts at running  
And in it's worst form becomes actual killing And if there ever is gonna be healing  
There has to be remembering and then grieving  
So that there then can be forgiving  
There has to be knowledge and understanding All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from? An American army regulation  
Says you mustn't kill more than ten percent of a nation  
'Cause to do so causes permanent 'psychological damage'  
It's not permanent but they didn't know that Anyway, during the supposed 'Famine'  
We lost a lot more than ten percent of our nation  
Through deaths on land or on ships of emigration  
But what finally broke us was not starvation  
But it's use in the controlling of our education School go on about 'Black '47'  
On and on about 'The Terrible Famine'  
But what they don't say is in truth  
There really never was one (Excuse me)  
All the lonely people  
(I'm sorry, excuse me)  
Where do they all come from (That I can tell you in one word)  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong? So let's take a look, shall we?  
The highest statistics of child abuse in the EEC  
And we say we're a Christian country  
But we've lost contact with our history See we used to worship God as a mother  
We're suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Look at all our old men in the pubs  
Look at all our young people on drugsWe used to worship God as a mother  
Now look at what we're doing to each other  
We've even made killers of ourselves  
The most child-like trusting people in the UniverseAnd this is what's wrong with us  
Our history books the parent figures lied to us  
I see the Irish as a race like a child  
That got itself bashed in the faceAnd if there ever is gonna be healing  
There has to be remembering and then grieving  
So that there, then can be forgiving  
There has to be knowledge and understandingAll the lonely people?  
Where do they all come from  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?We stand on the brink of a great achievement  
In this Ireland there is no solution to be found  
To our disagreements by shooting each other  
There is no real invader hereWe are all Irish in all our different kinds of ways  
We must not, now or ever in the future  
Show anything to each other  
Except tolerance, forbearance and neighborly loveBecause of our tradition  
Everyone here knows how he is  
And what God expects him to do

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