

Irish Son

Brian McFadden

I was born in the heart of Dublin
To a Holy book full of rules
Made get on our knees every Sunday with the other fools

We were warped by the Christian Brothers
In the cell blocks at our schools
Get a hand print on your skin
From a glove of jewels

Go hit me now
That I'm twice your size
Brushed off the accusations
And bowed before your lies

This is the city that raised me
With the religion they gave me
Now I'm old enough to know my own mind
And it was leaving that saved me
I've seen so much that has changed me
So just break with your past
Feed your own mind
This Irish son has moved with the times

Weddings deaths or baptizing children
That's my debt paid to the church
I don't need that kind of salvation
When I get hurt

Don't fill my head with sermons
And force me to believe

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Our father who art in heaven
Come down here and make your presence known
We can't do it on our own
The lunatics let run the asylum
How can we find peace inside your home
When you can't trust your own

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