

# Oblivious

Christy Moore

What will it take to make us angry, where is the spark to light  
our flame  
We've been sold out, taken in, yet blindly  
We'll do it all again, fuel that gravy train..  
Oblivious

They give all we treasure away for half nothing  
Banish our children to labour on rich foreign shores  
Prey on the weak, bow to the ones who have plenty  
We follow them blindly again as we did before

We stick with The Tribe, we stand by our man  
Whipped into line by this great master plan  
Stuck in a spiral still fighting an old civil war  
The Men and Women of 1916  
Riskyed their lives for a National dream  
One hundred years later, what was it all for  
Hear their voices resounding, calling to me and to you  
All they dreamt of and died for, squandered by scoundrels and fools,  
Is this the best we can do?