

The Birmingham Six

Christy Moore

There was five men playing poker, on the Heysham train
Fate was dealing them a cruel hand
Hugh Callaghan was walking home, through the evening rain
Not knowing what lay in store for him

You'll find traces of nitro on cigarettes and matches
On formica tabletops and on decks of playin' cards
When forensic found traces on the hands of these six men
The police drove up from Birmingham
They were hoping the case was closed

Have you ever seen the mugshots that were taken
After forty eight hours in custody?
Battered and bruised, haunted looks upon their faces
The judge accepted they confessed willingly
Please take another look at what you see

If you tell me my family are being terrorised
Keep me awake for six days and nights, confused and terrified
In the lonely dark of night, I'll swear that black is white
If you let me just lay down and close my eyes
I'll sign anything, if you let me close my eyes

Scales of justice, balance up your act
Am I talking to myself or to the wall?
Hugh Callaghan, Paddy Hill, Gerry Hunter, Johnny Walker
Billy Power, Dick McIlkenny scapegoats all
For sixteen years they've been talking to the wall