

Promise Land

Dropkick Murphys

You first arrive in Boston
A parochial town
Better love it or leave it
Because the word gets around
You can make a decent living
And there's plenty of jobs
But you better know somebody
Or you won't amount to much
Everybody's angry and parking is a bitch
Because the students take the spots
All their parents are rich
We've got a lot of history
And we're proud of it because
It's the hub of the solar system
And It's like a utopia

Hammers in the Fenway at night
Busing riots blacks and whites
Liberal and conservative feuds
There's been another shooting
Did you read the news

You wanna live in Southie
Because you saw it on TV
But they don't want you there
Track pants aren't your thing
You move on up to Cambridge
But they're all yuppie snobs
So Allston is the place man
They've got all the bars
Enjoy the city nightlife
And try to make some friends
But they're all in the pisser
And there ain't enough stalls
You want to make it here
It's such a crazy place
But soon you come to realize
This ain't the promised land

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Albert DeSalvo
Charles Stuart
Butchie Doe
Bill Fucking Buckner

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