

The Chosen Few

Dropkick Murphys

Allow me to tell a story about our little town,
The big movies film here now and the stars all hang around,
Some celebs are from here but we still hope they know
That we're the ones that made you, we'll decide when you can go.

We can't stand your success, we aren't afraid to let it show,
Just ask Lenny Clark, he'll be sure to tell you so.
We're arguing for sport here, and itching for a fight,
We're obsessed with your presence,
Yet repulsed by your sight.

God loves the city's chosen few congrats to one and all,
You've battled to the top my friends, now we're ready for your fall,
You've reached new heights and seen the sights,
Smell the roses while you can,
For another star is falling in Boston tonight!

We're creatures of habit, nothing ever changes here.
2 a.m last call, so you better buy more beer.
When our teams win it all, all we get's a rolling rally,
And every goddamn function's MC'd by Mike O'mally.

It's 2008 and new kids are still the rage,
Well at least we know when they play Peter Wolf won't come on stage.
The church is in a bind, there's trouble in the halls,
But it's that senator from Arlington that tried to grab my balls.

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If your name ain't Russell, Williams, Brady, Ortiz, Yaz, Orr, Bird,
This place can be a little tough, some might say absurd.
Dale and Holly build you up while the big show tears you down,
Just like Edgar Renteria, we'll ship you out of town.

But it's the GM's and the owners who'll take it on the chin,
Cause we don't want excuses, we just wanna win.
Ya see when losing your everyone's enemy,
I wish Henry, Kraft and Wyc would kick the shit out of Jeremy.

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How about those "Automatics", Ernie's got a lot of fans.
They don't sleep in cheap hotels or ride in crappy vans.
They're headed for the top, though they may not be there yet,
They're still the only bar band that's touring in a jet.

And don't forget our actors, Chapman, Scannell, Lynch and Goodman,
The directors always seem to make our hometown guys the hoodlum,
But i'll tell ya finding talent in this town it ain't easy,

Even Marty had to use a lousy local band from Quincy.

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