The Hardest Mile

Dropkick Murphys

I'm heading for a life in the land of the free Sending every penny home to the family Off to find fortunes that can't be bought Now Paddy's struck down from a single shot

Paddy's struck down from a single shot!

They lured the men away they promised wealth and riches A thousand miles from home lying steel and digging ditches The work would be a challenge nary a soul could stand the trial These wayfaring boys built the railways toughest mile

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile!

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile Murdered for their troubles, left to die Immigrant sons from Donegal, Tyrone & Derry Their numbers were few but they did the job of many

Eight weeks went by and the path was clear Fifty-seven men had all disappeared Not a mention of their name no stone was ever turned It would be so many years before the truth was ever learned

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Now ghosts dance a jig on an unmarked grave A slug full of lead was the price they were paid Vigilante justice, prejudice and pride No one in this valley will be seen again alive

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