The Last One

Dropkick Murphys

How can you call a man a man when you treat him like a dog?
And how can you call a man a man when you kill him like a hog?
How can you call him an eternal soul and grind him in the dirt?
And how can you say a fella's free, chained down and tied to work?

She's upside down, she's broke apart
And getting worse every day
A working man's hand is the hardest card
In the whole damn deck to play

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How can you talk about equal rights and jail the man that uses them?
How can you worship the rich man that sees poor folks and refuses them?
How can you talk of freedom and jail the man that talks it?
You kiss the man's ass that rides the road and you jail the old boy that wal
ks it

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How can you like the United States and kill us for unitin'?
How can you accuse us of being violent when you start all the fightin'?
Every time we organize, you rich guys pull a fast one
Oh, we might lose many a fight but we'll damn sure win the last one

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