

## Mountjoy

Morrissey

The joy brings many things

It cannot bring you joy  
Sons of mothers huddle here  
Men and boys

1850 swung the doors  
And human sewage swept inside  
Where victims speak in whines  
And where the hardened cried

I was sent here by a 3 foot half-wit in a wig  
I took his insults on the chin, and never did I flinch

A swagger hides the fear in here  
By this rule we breathe  
And there is no one on this earth  
Who I'd feel sad to leave

You see we all lose  
We all lose

What those in power do to you  
Reminds us at a glance  
How humans hate each others guts  
And show it given a chance

We never say aloud the things  
That we say in our prayers  
Cause no one cares

Many executed here  
By the awful lawfully good  
But the only thing that makes me cry  
Is when I see the sky

Brendan Behan's laughter rings  
For what he had or hadn't done  
For he knew then as I know now  
That for each and every one of us  
We all lose  
Rich or poor, we all lose  
Rich or poor, they all lose