

Settlers Blues

Primal Scream

They came in ones and twos at first
Then whole families until it got much worse
In hundreds and thousands in ships they arrived
To claim our land as their rightful prize

A Government in a land far away
Decided to gift our land one day
To an alien race with a different faith
Of the land where our fathers lived and prayed

The stream turned into a torrent, a storm
And with those ships came bullets and guns
And the fight for the land hurt everyone
As the towns and the cities and the villages burned

They torched our houses, shelled our towns
Poisoned our wells, cut the olive trees down
Exiled us in our own land
Cast out like lepers in the desert sands

All for profit, all for gain
Colonial pawns in the Imperial game
Killed our husbands, imprisoned our sons
Put us in ghettos when they left their own

We lost our country by deceit
By European law decrees
In the League of Nations our fate was sealed
By British law and British steel

In the rebel year of '45
The Jacobites once more did rise
At Culloden field the dream was crushed
As the Red Coats covered it in Highland blood

There were crofts on fire across the glens
Put to the sword by Cumberland's men
And the lowland mercenary Scots
Who raped and plundered for their English Lords

For English gold, the auld Clan chiefs
Drove the Gaels off the land
There was more profit in sheep
To America's shores an exiled race
Sailed in thousands to escape

Ooooh oh the women are crying
Ooooh oh where are our men?
Ooooh oh it's happening somewhere
Again... again...

The planters arrived with Cromwell's purge
We paid in land, we paid in blood
Saw us as beasts, to be tamed
Banned our language, cursed our faith

They took the crops from Irish farms

To feed the people of England
We emigrated or we starved
In the Black '47, the Great Hunger

Colonial Master, cracking his whip
With his cannon and armour and great battleships
A sword in one hand, in another a cross
Killing in the name of his vengeful God

When the conquered become the conquerors
A murderous diaspora
They'll stab and shoot and persecute
The boot now on the other foot

The right to return is our dream
To our home that was stolen
It remains to be seen
As they build more walls and steal more land
We're prisoners still in our own land

Keep your hand on the plough and your eyes on the stars
And Connolly's vision may yet come to pass
That humanities gulf will one day fuse
And we'll rid ourselves of the settlers blues

Hope grows large in the hearts of the brave
Who's land has been plundered and people enslaved
That humanities gulf will one day fuse
And we'll free ourselves of the settlers blues

Ooooh oh the women are crying
Ooooh oh where are the men?
Ooooh oh it's happening somewhere
Again... again...