

Michael Conway

Solas

Oh me name is Michael Conway, in old Ireland I was born
Near the lake of Cloonacolly on a bright summer's morn
But soon came cruel winter to break and scatter my poor home
Soon came the harsh day that forced me to roam.

Well I reached bold Philadelphia in the brave land of the free
Where I met with my two brothers; There was Pat, James, then me
We were destined for the rich land, fate owes us all from birth
We were bound for Butte, Montana, the richest hill on earth

Where their pockets they bulge heavy, when copper's running high

Where the hill rewards her brave sons, it's fortune or die
Where they tread on silver dollars on the crowded barroom floor
While they strip the granite mountain of her precious copper ore.

Well we leaped down off that steam train, and stepped out into
the yellow
mist

With holes still in our hearts then, and a fight in either fist
No kind face to lead us up to where the dirty smelter spat
And it's there I took to hard labor as a Butte mining rat

Where we trade the hours of daylight for the smell of copper ore,

Where it's whiskey and the cow pats to cure our copper sores
Where half the town it labors while the other half it sleeps
Where upon the granite mountain, a mile high and deep.

Oh they know me down in Dogtown, bare knuckle I would go
For there's not a man could best me while standing toe to toe
But I defied the crooked sheriff, for I wouldn't throw his fight away

He should have laid it on at 5 to 2, and backed the bold Conway

I was lifted in Con Peoples, with the beer and music flowing free

Where my brothers had just left me, Oh bad fortune for me
Dragged out by crooked cowards, their batons knocked me off my feet

And they left me to die there, like a dog in the street.

Far from the Anaconda, the mine with seven stacks

Far from the ashen faces of young men with crooked backs

Far from the granite mountain and the dusty grave in which I lie

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My spirit chases starlings 'round a clear Mayo sky.