

## Each Dollar a Bullet

Stiff Little Fingers

Oh it must seem so romantic  
When the fighting's over there  
And they're passing round the shamrock  
And you're all filled up with tears  
"For the love of dear old Ireland"  
That you've never even seen  
You throw in twenty dollars  
And sing "Wearing of the Green"

R:  
Each dollar a bullet  
Each victim someone's son  
And Americans kill Irishmen  
As surely as if they fired the gun

Now you've never stood on Belfast's streets  
And heard the bombs explode  
Or hid beneath the blankets  
When there's riots down the road  
No, you've never had your best friend die  
Or lost a favourite son  
But you'll stand there and tell us  
Just what we're doing wrong

From the minute that you're born you're told  
to hate the other side  
"They're not like us, they're not the same  
We know because we're right"  
But can't you see we're all the same  
There is no right and wrong  
Why can't we stop and realise  
We've hated too much, too long

How can you convince yourself  
That what you do is right?  
When people are dying there  
Night after night  
Don't you ever wonder  
Why it stillll goes on?  
The hopes and fears and all the tears  
Are buried in your ground  
Buried in your ground

Well it's lasted for so long now  
And so many have died  
It's such a part of my own life  
Yet it leaves me mystified  
How a people so intelligent  
Friendly, kind and brave  
Can throw themselves so willingly  
Into an open grave