

## Bullhead

The Rumjacks

The scraps lay scattered on the floor  
70 days had been ignored  
The people wake as a martyr goes to sleep  
His figure frail of 7 stone  
A fire fights beneath his bones  
"I will not die after you bury me!"

If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!  
If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!

A poet and a scholar of his day  
Commandant of the Cork Brigade  
His friends and foes revered him just the same  
The crown then feared his influence  
His threatening wit and intellect  
So they locked him up in a Brixton prison cage

But no tank or gun, or brick or bullet or stone  
Could turn a rebel mind on their own

Should my death do more than my release  
Then let me die in chains  
If it brings the enemy to his knees  
It's not who can inflict the most  
But who can most endure  
That in 100 years will see their children free

1920 - Hallow's Eve, 100,000 filled the streets  
A procession flowed beside the river lee  
A nation lost her rebel son  
But the bells of freedom would be rung  
The truce was signed in 1921

And the cheers of the world  
Would echo from afar  
Never underestimate a rebel heart

The scraps lay scattered on the floor  
70 days had been ignored  
The people wake as a martyr goes to sleep  
His figure frail of 7 stone  
A fire fights beneath his bones  
"I will not die after you bury me!"

If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!  
If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!  
And if my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!  
If my will is the wind, then I will die willing and free!