

Dropkick Murphys "Boston Asphalt"

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Searching for the best break the black forties could
afford them
Came these ever proud, world renowned, rowdy,
roving men
With a firmness and a purpose that so many did
dismiss
Sailed these huddled human ballasts on their stinking
coffin ships

From the prison of their lonely hearts they labored long
and hard
Of all needy, down trodden, [incomprehensible]
Working eighteen hour days for the B.A.C, the B.A.C

Intelligent, respectable, but made of modest means
With an independent spirit, so full of hopes and
dreams
Opportunity denied them in a doomed and starving
land
Came these openhearted kindly spirits of truly
threatened man

From the prison of their lonely hearts they labored long
and hard
Of all needy, down trodden, [incomprehensible]
Working eighteen hour days for the B.A.C, the B.A.C

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The B.A.C, the B.A.C

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