

## Christy Moore

# "Smoke and Strong Whiskey"

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Kids wear white garters and smell like their mothers  
Whose husbands and fathers alike  
Drink black beer in the same public houses  
Smelling of smoke and strong whiskey  
Mammies and daddies and skipping ropes  
Lectures from priests living in hope  
They've not mistaken the brand of their coats  
Paid for by their spiritual teachings  
A busy year this, the streets running red  
How many sent to a nuptial bed  
And how many sent home to a winter of graves  
And how many wait in for the slaughter

Chorus:

Oh the holy ground  
Ceud mile failte, there's saints and there's scholars to  
see  
Oh the holy ground  
The far away hills ain't as green as they once used to  
be

It's Easter again and we cannot forget  
Brothers and sisters and all that was said  
So practise your pipes, stand proud in the wet  
But the eyes of the world are upon you

God in his mercy has given us men  
To lead us to peace but they can't bring an end  
To the profits that pay off the lease on the land  
We still send them over the water  
Seventeen years and Kelly is a man  
Who stands on the street with a gun in his hand  
Protecting the pipers that play in the band  
While the enemy waits with an army

Chorus

Dia le hEireann, suckle the empire  
Dia le hEireann, suffer the loss  
Of the green to the blue while the media feeds  
On the blood and the pain and the hatred  
Father walks home on the colourless night

And the organisation has blinded his sight  
His wife and his kids are sleeping tonight  
In the arms of sweet Jesus and Mary

Chorus

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