

## 4 Ft. Fingers

### "Irish Eyes"

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For one hundred years my land's been torn in two  
Bigoted people think that they are fighting for you  
A coded warning, a distant shooting  
I've never seen an army act quite like this  
A son without a father, another widow made, playing  
god  
They banded together in 1916  
Defending our island from the British regime  
The people they loved them for fighting their cause  
Where are the heroes now?  
But every day we take one step closer to a time in our  
lives  
Where we can't remember hate  
Our lives all the time moving where we're not afraid of  
you.

Innocent children caught up in a war  
They've lived with bombing and terror since they were  
born.  
Their cause is replaced by greed  
They keep all their guns to help them fight for their  
drugs  
Politicians they tug at the threads of our peace  
Till nothing's left but a divided race  
Irish eyes aren't smiling anymore.

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