

Elders

"American Wake"

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In the year of forty seven a new tradition came home
From necessity came a brand new name
For the hunger that stalked their bones
They got their affairs in order
And gathered their friends around
What was left of the food and the whiskey too
Was rounded up from this town
Well they listened to the lies and the stories
A last chance to look them in the eye
Like a walking corpse behind the horse
And you didn't even get to die

An American Wake was all they had
They never went back to their native land
They left to find a place to stand
With everything they could take
But first they had to face their American Wake

Well the Brits all said it was coming
The famine was willed by God
The Tory crimes of the London Times
Sent many to die in the fog
Now some gave gifts for the journey
Some only had tears and a prayer
An eleven week ride when they caught the tide
If they even lived halfway there

An American Wake was all they had
They never went back to their native land
They left to find a place to stand
With everything they could take
First they had to face their American Wake

Then a jig was danced, a one last chance
For the father to face the son
As the keener wailed they could count the sails
In the rising of the sun
There were blessings and toasts, they buried old
ghosts
And they drank to the now and then
As the minutes passed by they tried to deny

They would never see Ireland again

An American Wake was all they had
They never went back to their native land
They left to find a place to stand
With everything they could take
First they had to face their American Wake

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