

## Irish Folksongs

### "THE BIRMINGHAM SIX"

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There were six men in Birmingham, in Guildford  
there's four  
That were picked up and tortured and framed by the  
law  
And the filth got promotion, but they're still doing time  
For being Irish in the wrong place and at the wrong  
time

In Ireland they'll put you away in the Maze  
In England they'll keep you for several long days  
God help you if ever you're caught on these shores  
And the coppers need someone and they walk through  
that door

You'll be counting years, first five, then ten -growing  
old  
in a lonely hell round the yard and the stinking cell

From wall to wall, and back again, a curse on the  
judges  
The coppers and screws who tortured the innocent  
Wrongly accused, for the price of promotion and  
justice to sell  
May the judged be their judges when they rot down in  
hell

May the whores of the empire lie awake in their beds  
And sweat as they count out the sins on their heads  
While over in Ireland eight more men lie dead  
Kicked down and shot in the back of the head

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