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True luck of the Irish

Thatcher, Thatcher! She's taken over! The cries of many, from ireland. Overseas. And Dover.

They called it the troubles for a reason, people lay in the rubbles as many (they) scream, "treason!"...

The testing of times, was it war or just crimes? The greed as they bleed, life lost in their primes.

Kids with no Christmas, holding guns in their hands. Revolts from the brave.

lays a grave with the name Bobby sands.

The sadness the gloss, the pain and the loss. The Tories prevail, leaving many so frail.

The people of derry. The town I love so well. Parliament gets merry, the Belfast Boys missed that last orders bell.

What was so gained when we look back all those years? People were slain, leaving mother's in tears.

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