

Oh the boys of Dublin's Donaghmede  
Come to hear their boxer sing  
To tell the stories of their streets  
To quell their suffering  
They say let me go another round  
And never take it laying down  
'Cause in my heart I know  
I'm strong enough to grow

Damo sing another song  
For all the sons of fisticuffs  
For the daughters of the truncheon  
Damo sing a song of love

What do I know of Ireland  
Except what made it here  
Through the ports, into the hills  
A whistle and a jig  
They worked the fields, they worked the rails  
And sang the songs of slaves  
To keep the chains from binding on  
To keep their bodies brave

Damo sing another song  
For all the sons of toil and tug  
For the daughters of the weary road  
Damo sing a song of love

So gather round and bear this ground  
While your brothers sweat and swing  
Or hold each other for their life  
In their love and in their rage  
Sing of tribes and ties that bind  
And sing yourself anew  
Yeah the Dog of war, Lamb of God  
The spirit is in you

Damo sing another song  
For all the sons of fisticuffs  
For the daughters of the truncheon  
Damo sing a song of love  
Damo sing another song

For all the sons of toil and tug  
For the daughters of the weary road  
Damo sing a song of love