

# Irish Son

Brian McFadden

I was born in the heart of Dublin  
To a Holy book full of rules  
Made get on our knees every Sunday with the other fools

We were warped by the Christian Brothers  
In the cell blocks at our schools  
Get a hand print on your skin  
From a glove of jewels

Go hit me now  
That I'm twice your size  
Brushed off the accusations  
And bowed before your lies

This is the city that raised me  
With the religion they gave me  
Now I'm old enough to know my own mind  
And it was leaving that saved me  
I've seen so much that has changed me  
So just break with your past  
Feed your own mind  
This Irish son has moved with the times

Weddings deaths or baptizing children  
That's my debt paid to the church  
I don't need that kind of salvation  
When I get hurt

Don't fill my head with sermons  
And force me to believe

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Our father who art in heaven  
Come down here and make your presence known  
We can't do it on our own  
The lunatics let run the asylum  
How can we find peace inside your home  
When you can't trust your own

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