

On the Bridge

Christy Moore

There's thirty people on the bridge and they're standing in the
rain

They caught my eye as I passed them by, they tried to explain
Why they were standing there, I did not want to hear
When trouble gets too close to home, my anger turns to fear

With my eyes turned to the ground I moved along
I covered up my ears and I held my tongue
The rain poured down relentlessly upon the picket line
And the empty words fell from my lips, "Your troubles are not mine"

Though the rain it made the colours run the message it was plain
Women are being strip searched in Armagh jail

We kneel in adoration before effigies of stone
Our eyes turned to heaven blind to what's going on
Six women hold a naked woman pinned down on the floor
Without trial or jury, like a prisoner of war

Though the rain it made the colours run the message it was plain
Women are being strip searched in Armagh and Brixton Jail