

Scapegoats

Christy Moore

There was five men playing poker, on the Heysham train
fate was dealing them a cruel hand;
Hugh Callaghan was walking home, through the evening rain
not knowing what lay in store for him.
You'll find traces of nitro on cigarettes and matches,
on formica tabletops and on decks of playin' cards;
when forensic found traces on the hands of these six men
the police drove up from Birmingham,
they were hoping the case was closed.
Have you ever seen the mugshots that were taken
after forty eight hours in custody?
battered and bruised, haunted looks upon their faces
the judge accepted they confessed willingly -
please take another look at what you see.
If you tell me my family are being terrorised,
keep me awake for six days and nights, confused and
terrified;
in the lonely dark of night, I'll swear that black is
white -
if you let me just lay down and close my eyes;
I'll sign anything, if you let me close my eyes.
Scales of justice, balance up your act -
am I talking to myself or to the wall?
Hugh Callaghan, Paddy Hill, Gerry Hunter, Johnny Walker,
Billy Power, Dick McIlkenny scapegoats all
for sixteen years they've been talking to the wall.