

# Unfinished Revolution

Christy Moore

From the health center porch she looks to the North  
Where Nicaragua's enemies hide  
Polio crippled and maimed before things were changed  
Slowly they're turning the tide  
In the twilight she stands, with a rifle in hand  
And a memory of what used to be  
Now she's part of the unfinished revolution

Feudal landlords they've known seen overthrown  
Afghanistan comes into view  
Learning to read and to write is part of the fight  
But for her it's something that's new  
Down all of the years ashamed of her tears  
Imprisoned behind a black veil  
Now she's part of the unfinished revolution

Soldiers kicked down the door, called her a whore  
While he lingered in Castlereagh  
Internment tore them apart, brought her to the heart  
Of resistance in Belfast today  
Her struggle is long, it's hard to be strong  
She's determined deep down inside  
To be part of the unfinished revolution

She holds the key to the unfinished revolution