

The Hardest Mile

Dropkick Murphys

I'm heading for a life in the land of the free
Sending every penny home to the family
Off to find fortunes that can't be bought
Now Paddy's struck down from a single shot

Paddy's struck down from a single shot!

They lured the men away they promised wealth and riches
A thousand miles from home lying steel and digging ditches
The work would be a challenge nary a soul could stand the trial
These wayfaring boys built the railways toughest mile

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile!

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile
Murdered for their troubles, left to die
Immigrant sons from Donegal, Tyrone & Derry
Their numbers were few but they did the job of many

Eight weeks went by and the path was clear
Fifty-seven men had all disappeared
Not a mention of their name no stone was ever turned
It would be so many years before the truth was ever learned

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile
Murdered for their troubles, left to die
Immigrant sons from Donegal, Tyrone & Derry
Their numbers were few but they did the job of many

Now ghosts dance a jig on an unmarked grave
A slug full of lead was the price they were paid
Vigilante justice, prejudice and pride
No one in this valley will be seen again alive

Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile
Murdered for their troubles, left to die
Immigrant sons from Donegal, Tyrone & Derry
Their numbers were few but they did the job of many
Fifty-seven men on the hardest mile
Murdered for their troubles, left to die
Immigrant sons from Donegal, Tyrone & Derry
Their numbers were few but they did the job of many