

Not In My Name

Five Knuckle

I shy away from your flag, hard to relate to it.
I was born in this country, I'm not a part of it.
I sense Irish pride through my father's eyes,
But with history comes injustice, won't play a part in any side
.

"Strong words for a little man," you might say,
And what gives me the right to speak this way?
I'm young, I may lack understanding,
Compared to some, my life's far from demanding.
But I'm not content standing here saying nothing,
Try to provoke thought and offer you something.
Open myself up to criticism
In a sea of judgement and cynicism.

To those who fly the flag, what exactly is it for?
Are you promoting segregation, are you promoting war?
I ask myself, "What is it that they're saying,
And I wonder if they're aware of what they're representing?"

Politics and history,
I am what I am.

Yes, I question our rules and leaders, I question the powers that
are,
Their morals, their values, and priorities,
The laws, our rights, our history,
The impact this has on you and me.

Politics and history,
I am what I am.

I question as a nation, what it is we have to be proud of?
And I guess what I'm saying is that it's just not good enough.
So will you bear these things in mind,
Will you bear these things in mind:

War, the arms trade,
Poverty and violence, inequality,
The rich and the poor, corporate rule,
The abuse of the environment, our racial divides.