

Riot on Broad Street

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

My father once told this to me Boston city's gritty history
Another ruthless battle In a useless holy war
Handed down discrepancies
And tensions that will never ease
One early afternoon on
Broad Street It blew up down there for sure
Broad Street 's just not broad enough
And you just don't love God enough
And if that isn't odd enough
We've taken too much crap
You've pushed us 'round the sod enough
We've scrapped and rapped and jawed enough
You poke, provoke, and prod enough
Something's gonna snap.
The Boston fire-fighting volunteers
On their way to fight a fire
somewhere Met with a funeral procession
Proceeding way too slow
A brownstone burns out of control
We need to lay to rest this
soul
Loggerheads on Broad Street
Eye to eye and toe to toe
Broad Street 's just not broad enough
And you just don't love God enough
And if that isn't odd enough
We've taken too much crap
You've pushed us 'round the sod enough
We've scrapped and rapped
and jawed enough
You poke, provoke, and prod enough
Something's gonna snap
Riot down on Broad Street
Hand me a brick, a stick,
a picket Bottle, axe or cobblestone
Riot down on Broad Street
If I'm going down Hell, I'm not going down alone
I won't go down alone.
When the fight was over
They retired to the Clover Silver Dollar,
Thirsty Scholar
Whatever pubs they had back then
The brownstone was in ashes
Broken bones and bloody gashes
A casket sat on Broad Street
til the sun came up again
Broad Street's just not broad enough
And you just don't love God enough
And if that isn't odd enough
We've taken too much crap
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We've scrapped and rapped and jawed enough
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