

## Belfast Cowboys

## The Pretty Things

Celtic children born with stone in hand  
Cast against the dark  
Revolution spark  
Bitter tears they flood the sea  
They're drowning me.

Frightened soldiers fighting for a queen  
Streets of orange and green  
Ancient building scream  
As exploding motor cars  
Leave their scars.

Hey, belfast cowboys,  
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.

Towards the dawn the lights of power burn  
Statesmen wrapped in fears  
Wrestling with ideas  
Search their souls to find the key.  
Who has the key?

Hey, belfast cowboys,  
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.

Khaki angles fly the sun,  
Mortar starlight burns  
Tear stained face it turns  
Paid the blood price to be free.

Hey, belfast cowboys,  
What you gonna do, where're you gonna run.