

## Damien Dempsey "Shots" Lyrics

### SING ALL OUR CARES AWAY

Mary loves the grouse, hides the bottles round the house,  
Watches chatshows and the soaps, broken-hearted but she copes,  
Michael's out of work, feels he's sinking in the murk,  
He's unshaven and a mess, finds it hard some days to dress  
Stevie smashed the delf, cos he can't express himself,  
He's consumed by rage, like his Father at his age  
Rita's little child, has a lovely little smile,  
This means nothing to her father, because he's never even seen her  
We sing, sing all our cares away  
We'll live, to fight another day  
Joey's off the gear, he's been clean for half a year,  
He gets bored out of his mind, but he's tryin to toe the line  
Maggie's in a chair, twas joyriding put her there,  
She puts the kettle on the boil, and she's always got a smile  
We sing, sing all our cares away,  
We'll live, to love another day  
We grow strong, from it all  
We grow strong, or we fall

### NOT ON YOUR OWN TONIGHT

Walkin through the city  
Was as lonely as could be  
I wander in the night-time out in search of company  
I feel real isolation  
When all around me life  
Familiar but unfriendly  
Unfriendly with no choice  
Well I can see the evil  
But I can feel the good  
Shining out to greet me  
From within bone and blood  
I'm throwin off this loneliness  
I can't stick it anymore  
Only need myself tonight to open up that door  
And I know that sometimes it gets so bad  
But you're not on your own so don't be sad  
Cos if you feel real bad then you're not on your own tonight  
Please don't be so sad coz you're not on your own tonight  
Oh yeh yeh yeh,  
Y'know I know the feelin  
Don't have to tell me nothin  
Coz y'know I know the feeling  
Everybody seems to think it's they who bear the pain  
They who bear the biggest cross

The loneliness and the shame  
Day to day you suffer when you're livin in your past  
If you started livin for the now you could free yourself at last  
If you started living for the now, for yourself and those around,  
experience and celebrate the freedom that you've found  
You could free yourself forever  
and live life as you should  
The choice is yours to make now coz I've said all that I could.

### **St. Patrick's Day**

Mammy sings wonderfully, lamenting melodies  
Then Daddy comes home from work, he falls in and goes beserk  
The priest calls around for tea  
He also seems so terribly lonely  
Talks of industrial school  
as he looks at me so cool  
On Paddy's day, well they marched in Amerikay  
On Paddy's day, well they dance down Cricklewood way  
On Paddy's day, well they sang around Botany bay  
On Paddy's day, for my sanity I'll pray  
Da fought the Black and the Tans  
So did our Uncle Dan  
Then there was civil war,  
And we ne'er saw Dan anymore,  
We all have to walk to Cobh  
A family of thirteen, both young and old  
Transport our poverty to a room and a ditch cross the sea  
On Patrick's Day, St Patrick's Day

### **CURSED WITH A BRAIN**

Count your blessings that you have  
enough bread  
Your belly full and there's a roof over your head  
Don't go forgetting how lucky you are  
You have your health and you've a job and you've a car.  
What is it with us we always wanting more?  
Till greed consumes us and we're rotten to the core  
We should be humble and wise and true  
In this world today that's getting so hard to do.  
I don't know  
I feel as though  
I was cursed with a brain  
Mother Earth she gave us all we possess  
But we keep on takin till she has less and less  
Are we gonna realise that greed results  
SING ALL OUR CARES AWAY  
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He's unshaven and a mess, finds it hard some days to dress  
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### **PARTY ON**

Doin' E, doin' speed, doin' cocaine  
Mix it with alcohol and go insane  
In the morning the edge of the knife  
Where the hell is the bright side of life  
It's a farcical high for a few hours  
Then you're blind and you can't see the bright flowers  
Or the light of a child and their glee  
If you splurge then I know you'll agree  
Turns you into a shell of what you used to be  
All the week sure you're livin in a fantasy  
Fantasise bout the party to come  
Day to day life just doesn't seem fun  
I'm not tellin you how to do your thing  
I'm just laying down some facts about indulging  
How the shit goin round can become  
Your controller, dictator, your one.  
I'm givin it up I swear, In the New Year  
No more of that for me, you'll see  
I'm gonna be goin straight, I can't wait  
Until this year is gone, party on...  
Comin down on the ground in a small house  
You're a man but you feel like a small mouse.  
Not so long ago you felt like a King  
Someone give my psychiatrist a ring  
I've no bread and I feel feckin braindead  
All alone in a room full of e-heads  
Feel so hollow and sickly and worthless  
There's no cure in the mosques or the the churches.  
I'm with strangers who barely six hours ago,  
Were the best friends I thought that I'd ever know  
Now they're strangers again cos I'm down  
And I won't say hello if I see them in town.

## Colony

I sing the song of the colony  
How many years and sure still we're not free  
And your mother cries and you ask god why  
Greed is the knife and the scars run deep  
How many races with much reason to weep  
And your children cry  
And you ask god why  
Annie, she came from Dunlavin Town  
The TB came and killed her family all around  
Population booms  
Eleven in two rooms  
Katie she came from down Townsend street  
Ten in a bed and no shoes on their feet  
1916 came  
They played the patriots game  
Freddy, he came from the Iveagh flats  
Tenement slums and infested with rats  
Sleeping on damp straw  
Trying not to break their law  
Thomas, he came from Kilmaine in Mayo  
Semi starvation was the only life you'd know  
In a two room shack  
Then jailed in Letterfrack  
I look to the east, I look to the west  
To the north and the south, and I'm not too impressed  
Time after time  
After crime after crime  
They raped, robbed, pillaged, enslaved and murdered  
Jesus Christ was their god and they done it in his name  
So he could take the blame if it's not all a game  
With bible in one hand and a sword in the other  
They came to purify my land of my Gaelic Irish mothers  
And fathers, and sisters and brothers  
With our own ancient customs, laws, music, art  
Way of life and culture  
Tribal in structure  
We had a civilisation  
When they were still neanderthal nations  
We suffer with the Native American, the Indian in Asia  
Aboriginal Australia  
The African people with their history so deep  
And our children still weep and our lives are still cheap  
You came from Germany, from France, from England  
And from Spain  
From Belgium, Holland, Portugal  
You all done much the same  
You took what was not yours

Went against your own bible  
You broke your own laws  
Just to out do the rival  
But did you ever apologize  
For the hundreds and millions of lives  
You destroyed and terrorised  
Or have you never realized  
Did you never feel shame  
For what was done in your country's name  
And find out who's to blame and why they were so inhumane  
And still they teach you in your school  
About those glorious days of rule  
And how it's your destiny to be  
Superior to me  
But if you've any kind of mind  
You'll see that all human kind  
Are the children of this earth  
And your hate for them will chew you up and spit you out  
You'll never kill our will to be free, to be free  
You'll never kill our will to be free, to be free  
You'll never kill our will to be free, to be free  
Inside our minds we hold, hold the key

### **PATIENCE**

I take a few shlugs on the kisser  
I'm comin back at ya, ya know I'm gonna catch ya  
Cos you know I got no brakes  
It doesn't matter how long that it takes  
My luck I'm gonna make  
I take a few shlugs on the kisser  
I'm coming back wailin, big right sailin  
cos y'know I got no brakes  
It doesn't matter how long that it takes  
My luck I'm gonna make  
Well I've exchanged the spear and the sword  
For words and melody  
Oh what a felony  
How the record company pushes this McDonalds music  
An oral lobotomy  
For those who choose it,  
Corporations pumpin all this money into pop  
To keep the real singers far away from the top  
So folks are never told what these corporations do  
Fuckin up the planet, exploiting me and you.  
Patience, give me some of that patience, Lord,  
I will keep my eye on my goal  
Patience, give me some of that sweet patience, Lord  
And I'll keep my eye on the ball.  
From my room in Donaghmede

I'm 'bout to kick all your asses  
Stick your pink champagne and fuck your backstage passes  
A warrior comin down the mountain at ya  
A woodkern springin from the trees to catch ya,  
I'm lickin my wounds in the wilderness  
Prayin for the warmth of the sun's kiss  
My time will come,  
Your race is run  
The throne's rightly mine,  
You greedy swine.

### **HOLD ME**

Girl I've been hurt in the past, cut up  
I find it hard to bring down my guard.  
Hold me, closely, and softly sweetly kiss my lips  
It's been so long since I heard that song,  
It always does remind me of us  
The last time that I saw you  
I shouted and I fought you  
That awful night we parted  
Was when this nightmare started  
But now tonight I see you  
And Jesus how I miss you

### **CHOCTAW NATION**

Choctaw nation I am in your debt  
Choctaw nation I just want to thank you  
Choctaw nation I got so upset  
When I learned of your wisdom and your virtue  
I am sorry for that evil man, I feel shame  
That he came from my country  
I am sorry for that Sheridan  
And the other tools used in Colonies.  
You were halved on the trail of tears  
In the wintertime of the year  
Had to leave Nanih Waiya  
For the cold Oklahoma  
Well you lay down upon the road  
Tired and hungry and freezing cold  
Thousands died on the rough terrain  
Food and blankets they never came  
You sent money you could not afford  
You were touched by Irish people's suffering  
And your brave example struck a chord  
Now the Irish are so good at giving  
Choctaw Nation, Thank You.

### **SPRAYPAINT BACKALLEY**

Down a spraypaint backalley, I look up at the sky

And I see through red eyes  
The seagulls wheel around and around.  
Worn out couches and fridges, and mongrel dogs roam free  
There are rags and there are riches  
Inside this head for me  
We drink cheap English cider, and smoke hashish from North Africa  
I've been tryin to get the mix right,  
But I haven't got it right tonight.  
I've a fifteen-year-old moustache  
I'm so desperate for to be a man  
People tell me to shave it off  
If I shave it I'm a boy again  
Watch my Father and my brother  
Fixin old cars  
And their rough oil-stained hands,  
Are skilled and scarred.  
Behind this big rusty shed door,  
There's a punch-bag and a clapped out car  
As the car sits on breezeblocks,  
The punchbag takes some heavy shots  
Down the lane-way sniffin petrol  
I thought pebbledash was snow  
As I stumbled in a blizzard,  
The pain inside me disappeared.  
Cross the city down the alleys  
A thousand kids like me  
They are watching through red eyes,  
The flock of little birds gracefully gliding by  
Fought in the lane, lost in the lane  
Swallowed the shame, then I fought again.  
Fought in the lane, cried in the lane  
Swallowed the pain, then I fought again,  
Fell in the lane, got back up in the lane  
Died in the lane, and came alive again.  
We are all in the gutter but some of us are looking at the stars