

## Scapegoats

Christy Moore

There was five men playing poker, on the Heysham train  
fate was dealing them a cruel hand;  
Hugh Callaghan was walking home, through the evening rain  
not knowing what lay in store for him.  
You'll find traces of nitro on cigarettes and matches,  
on formica tabletops and on decks of playin' cards;  
when forensic found traces on the hands of these six men  
the police drove up from Birmingham,  
they were hoping the case was closed.  
Have you ever seen the mugshots that were taken  
after forty eight hours in custody?  
battered and bruised, haunted looks upon their faces  
the judge accepted they confessed willingly -  
please take another look at what you see.  
If you tell me my family are being terrorised,  
keep me awake for six days and nights, confused and  
terrified;  
in the lonely dark of night, I'll swear that black is  
white -  
if you let me just lay down and close my eyes;  
I'll sign anything, if you let me close my eyes.  
Scales of justice, balance up your act -  
am I talking to myself or to the wall?  
Hugh Callaghan, Paddy Hill, Gerry Hunter, Johnny Walker,  
Billy Power, Dick McIlkenny scapegoats all  
for sixteen years they've been talking to the wall.