

Take Away

The Kelly Family

At 18 years old
And I rent the farm
This men came in with arms
They burnt the house
They took our lands
Brooke our living plants
My father said
If you want to live
Fight them white to men
So I punch their nose
And kick their ass
But then my hands were confet
Take away take away
Take away take away my son (3x)
Give a litle heart break gave a little soul (2x)
6 hungry years
Behind the bars
Were not enough for me
To change my mind
To find that all my brothers

Finded tree
At 24 I get on my horse and fought my enemy
But at the fields they lay and shaking in the back
At least I did got free.

Take away...

Give a little...

Lalala lalala lalalalalalalalala

Take away...

Now my bodie is dead andmy spirit lives up
Here with other Saints
St. Patrick and I having fun
And drinking tons of beer.

Below there the irish farmers
Are fighting for their land

I wish I were there with my gun in my hand
Fighting for and to be free.

Take away...
oh please don't
Take away...