

# The Men Behind the Wire

The Wolfe Tones

Armoured cars and tanks and guns  
Came to take away our sons  
But every man must stand behind  
The men behind the wire  
Through the little streets of Belfast  
In the dark of early morn  
British soldiers came marauding  
Wrecking little homes with scorn  
Heedless of the crying children  
Cragging fathers from their beds  
Beating sons while helpless mothers  
Watched the blood pour from their heads  
Not for them a judge and jury  
Nor indeed a trial at all  
But being Irish means you're guilty  
So we're guilty one and all  
Round the world the truth will echo  
Cromwell's men are here again  
England's name again is sullied  
In the eyes of honest men.  
Proud we march behind our banner  
Firm we'll stand behind our men  
We will have them free to help us  
Build a nation once again  
On the people step together  
Proudly march on their way  
Never fear never falter  
Till the boys are home to stay