

Luka Bloom, Freedom Song

With blisters on her feet, she walked the road each day
Montgomery, Alabama '55
Singing, "Justice is going to flow down like a river
Our children would no longer be deprived";

Rosa's heart was heavy, but she would never cry
For her people she would stand and hold the line
Armed with the power of songs and simply dignity
She swore, "The voice that would surrender won't be mine";

Woman singing a freedom song,
Woman showing us the way

Rosa never took that bus, but walked on through the rain
She prayed for the power to make her stand alone
Soon voices filled the streets from the county's back rooms
Spirits raised by the courage of just one

Rosa Parks had a dream and it lifted her
Of simply how much better life could be
She lit the flame and the fire is still burning
Inside every heart that's longing to be free

Woman singing a freedom song,
Woman showing us the way
Woman singing a freedom song,
I'd love to hear that voice today

With blisters on her feet, she moved from place to place
Outside Dublin city '81
Sick and tired of being a stranger in her own home
Where others had their comforts, she had none

They gave Nan Joyce's people 48 hours
To leave with their belongings once again
But Nan Joyce had seen enough of these evictions
She dreaded facing the winter's wind and rain

All her life Nan faced fear and ignorance
Saw her loved ones turned away from countless doors
With ancient songs and tales around the warm fire
Spirits raised by the wealth of the travellers lore

Nan Joyce had a dream and it lifted her
She stood her ground and held her head on high
She found her voice and spoke out
So her children could be loved
As Irish brothers and sisters by and by