

Constitution Hill

Well once we had a Constitution, believe it if you will,
But now the only Constitution is called Constitution Hill.
A bitter pill we swallowed, Yes Brussels sprouts insane,
And now we are playing an entirely ubiquitous refrain.

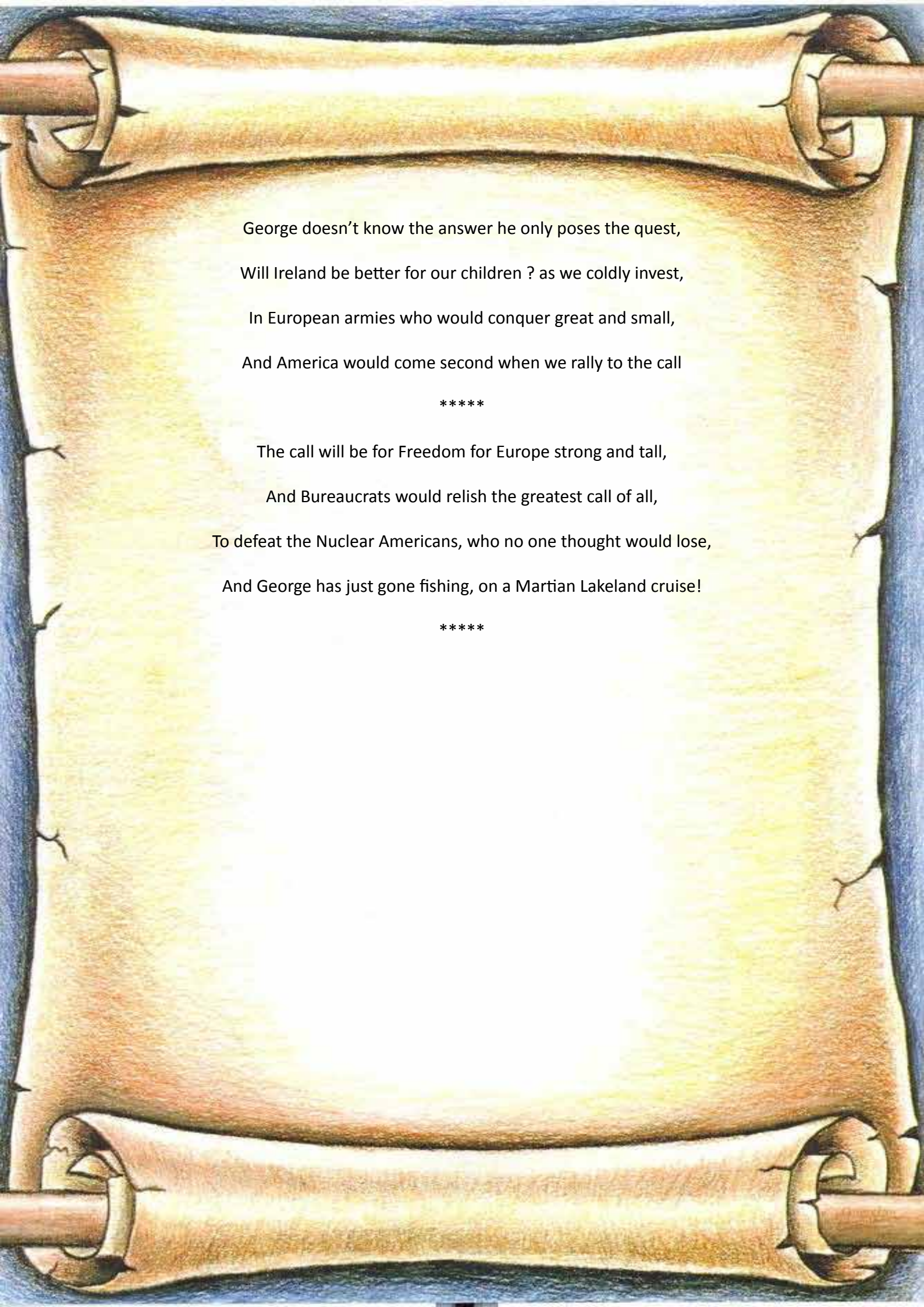
Your sense of Irish freedom, is now but just a name,
And War Eagles in Brussels, are playing a different game
But now they really rule you.... The money has been paid,
And TD's act like Puppets, The country they mislaid!

Or maybe given reason, the power of an Irish mind,
They pulled a Venetian, and now we're only blind,
Not seeing what is happening, power corrupts them all,
And there will be no answer to a humble Irish call.

The call will be for freedom, but not from Queen so fat,
But rather from Brussels, asking what are you really at ?

Do they think the liaison made the Irish better off?

Or when Td's walk in do they stifle a laughing cough?

A scroll of parchment is unrolled, showing text. The scroll is held by wooden rods at the top and bottom. The parchment is yellowed and has some cracks. The text is centered on the scroll.

George doesn't know the answer he only poses the quest,
Will Ireland be better for our children ? as we coldly invest,
In European armies who would conquer great and small,
And America would come second when we rally to the call

The call will be for Freedom for Europe strong and tall,
And Bureaucrats would relish the greatest call of all,
To defeat the Nuclear Americans, who no one thought would lose,
And George has just gone fishing, on a Martian Lakeland cruise!
