

Van Diemon's Land

by U2

 G C G C G
Hold me now, oh hold me now
 Em C D
Till this hour has gone around
 Bm Em C
And I'm gone on the rising tide
 G D G C G
For to face Van Diemon's Land

It's a bitter pill I swallow here
To be rent from one so dear
We fought for justice and not for gain
But the magistrate sent me away

Now kings will rule and the poor will toil
And tear their hands as they tear the soil
But a day will come in this dawning age
When an honest man sees and honest wage

Hold me now, oh hold me now
Till this hour has gone around
And I'm gone on the rising tide
For to face Van Diemon's Land