

Another Bag of Bricks (Acoustic)

Flogging Molly

It was in the early evenin' near the presence of the moon
You told me you would meet me here, well now is not too soon
This dagger twisting in my back tells me I never should
Have trusted everything to fall from beggar to fool I see your face like every race, a serpent with two arms
Devouring me while rains the sun with dreams in foreign lands
This cold dark tormented hell is all I'll ever know
So when you get to heaven may the devil be the judge
With another bag of bricks I scratch your name across these walls and with my blood turns red
Then drips upon my killing floor where I now call my bed
No precious light to harbor like so many here before
With every drop of blood you take, now breathes a thousand more
With another bag of bricks Temper filled with blindness leads this lost and lonely man
Dragged around your whipping tree a scourge you can't command
So deafen me with silence, drown me with your roar
Scowl me with your hollow eyes still burnin` to the core No door will go unanswered like so many closed before
No vagabond to knock upon, this tired and beaten war
When all return to exile free from all once bound
Decline and brawl old parasites, the truth will yet be found
With another bag of bricks This cold dark tormented hell is all I'll ever know
So when you get to heaven may the devil be the judge
With another bag of bricks

Songwriters

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