

The Guns of Jericho

Flogging Molly

There's something in my eye
Well, there's something in my throat
Or maybe I am not the man I used to be before
Although I'm feeling strong
It's the bed where I belong
Oh dancing days are over so
I'm sipping on, sipping on a tonic made with love
And who is she, dangling in me knee
Core that is my apple or the cruel banshee
Who am I to say or criticize
The Devil gave me warning
So I choose to live a life
Well, perhaps I should go
To where the trumpets roar
And wait to hear the guns of Jericho
I grew up in the East
And I threw up in the West
All rant and rave, then thinking
Holy Jesus this is great
King of my domain
Well, there's nothing in the name
And it wasn't long
Before I grew to realize
Realize the fact we're all the same
And though I bite, seldom do I fight
I'll tell you all about it in my own good time
From my home I'll hang the scarlet robe
So tell me that you'll leave me and my family alone
Well, perhaps I should go
To where the trumpets roar
And await to hear the guns of Jericho
Where the walls are set to fall
In Jericho
At the hands of Joshua
So blow your horn, your siren call
My seven days reclaimed
And I'm buried with the guns of Jericho
Travel all the while
With the shipmates and the wife
All guaranteed to see the Sun that sleeps before the dawn

So, welcome all aboard
To this madness I adore
And as long as we're together for the better
Now together for the better one and all
And though I bite, seldom do I fight
I'll tell you all about it in my own good time Well, perhaps I should go
To where the trumpets roar
And await to hear the guns of Jericho
Of Jericho
I said the guns of Jericho In Jericho
Where the walls are set to fall
In Jericho
At the hands of Joshua
So blow your horns, your siren call
My seven days reclaimed
And I'm buried with the guns of Jericho
Of Jericho
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