# These Exiled Years

## Flogging Molly

It's four in the mornin', battered and numb
A loaded room, an empty gun
I whistle a tune I heard years before
The clock started tickin', where did the time go?
Danced to the mornin' she called out my name
The wind was a howlin' and down came the rain
Her arms they caressed me, sweet was her brow
She opened my eyes to banish the doubt
Wash me down in all of your joy
But don't drag me through this again
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's another day older in these exiled years
The dew on the ground blankets the face
Cold was the night and gone her embrace

For your land of the free now prisons me
To rot in this jail of lost liberty
Wash me down in all of your joy
But don't drag me through this again
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's another day older in these exiled years
Walk away, watch me as I wave
One foot here but sure the other's in the grave
Walk away, walk away
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's another day older in these exiled years

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