

What's Left Of The Flag

Flogging Molly

His eyes they close
and his last breath spoke
he had seen all to be seen
a life once full
now an empty vase
wilt the blossoms
on his early grave
walk away me boy
walk away me boy
and my morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me
then the rosary beads
count them 1 2 3
fell apart as they hit the floor
in a garb of black
we must pay respect
to the colour we were born to mourn
walk away me boys
walk away me boys
and my morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me
In a spiked ruin
an angry festered wound
full of hatred and remorse
where I pick and scratch
at the blooded mess
silent rage that now fills my lungs

for there are many ways
to kill a man they say
with bayonette axe or sword
but son a bullet fired
from a shapeless guise

leaves but the shell of a Thompson gun
walk away me boy
walk away me boys
and my morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me
from the east out to the western shore
where many men and many more will fall
but no angel flys with me tonight
though freedom reigns on all
and curse the name for which
we slaved our days
so every men chose Kingdom Come
But sure as night turns day
it's the fashion pallay
oh my god
what have they done
with madmen rage
well the dogged craze
but the dead rise again you fools
walk away me boys
walk away me boys
and my morning we'll

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