

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 blossums
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 rosery 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 hatered and remourse
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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