

# The Kilburn High Road

## Flogging Molly

One, two, three, fourMany is the day I took for granted  
Breathing the air that silenced some  
As the North Wind blew with its head of thunder  
Beating its breast with a war drenched songBathe awhile, awash in slumber  
Cry what's left to sleep  
Where you dream of the love you left forever  
Pity no more nor grieveFor we're the kings of it all, the day we were born  
Now we're the Kings of the Kilburn High  
Sure we'll always take a drop and we'll never leave a sup  
Your empty glass is but a tear filled eye  
We were the Kings of the Kilburn HighListen to the sound of dead men dying  
March as they flee but exiled, bound  
Their ship once sailed no longer anchors  
For gone is the green and their hallowed groundToast to tears of times past glories  
This ageless clock chime stalls  
Were to kiss the lips of that love forgotten  
To fly where no others have soaredFor we're the kings of it all, the day we were born  
Now we're the Kings of the Kilburn High  
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We were the Kings of the Kilburn High  
We were the Kings of the Kilburn High[Incomprehensible] London's a wonderful sight

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