

# Far Away Coast

## Dropkick Murphys

Here in the trenches the fist of the beast  
For fear of an atmosphere poisoned deceased  
With a gas mask to keep me-from breathing my death  
It's American soil I hope for at best But the duty I serve can't begin to compare  
To my ancestors battles and wars through the years  
Though the loneliness strikes like an enemy shell  
I pray for my home but still sit here in hell Sail away to a place that's unknown  
Taken away from my friends and my home  
To a place they call sacred a place I call hell  
I long for that corner I once knew so well Go to the grind it's all that I have  
Work on and on with nothing to show  
But a graying face in this dying place  
That's a lock in my solitude I think of a place on a faraway coast  
Where friends are so dear and there's reason to toast  
A cloudy dark images of a middle east land  
Comes down and wrecks my hopeful thought Sail away to a place that's unknown  
Taken away from my friends and my home  
To a place they call sacred a place I call hell  
I long for that corner I once knew so well Here in the trenches the fist of the beast  
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