

Far Away Coast (live)

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.[Chorus]
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 image of a Middle East land
Comes down and wrecks my hopeful thoughts.[Chorus]Here in the trenches the fist of the Beast
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Songwriters

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