

The Kilburn High Road

Flogging Molly

One, two, three, four
Many 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 song
Bathe awhile, awash in slumber
Cry what's left to sleep
Where you dream of the love you left forever
Pity no more nor grieve
For 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 High
Listen 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 ground
Toast 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 soared
For we're the kings of it all, the day we were born
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[Incomprehensible] London's a wonderful sight

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