Two Years Old

Bobby Long

I lost my British soul
Pulling out the corpse
Sheltering in the trenches again
Crying for remorse
I laid my arms down
Walked away in a trance
There's parts of me laid out
All over FranceSo I took my last waltz
Got caught up on the wire
Wrote a letter for my love
As I hid from the fireAn old soldier carried me
Away to the coast
Bathed my wounds in the sea
I'm in the hands of a ghostAnd so their boats came on in
And I tried to run away
And I got taken high by the throat
In the burning light of dayAnd I was sent down by the iron punch
So broken and alone
I left my blood on the beach
For the tide to take me homeSee my girl she gave up
She had taken me for dead
She forgot all her promises
And everything she saidAnd I'm living in the darkest dream
I rose up in the cold
And this scar that I wear outside
It's two years oldLiving by the past
And living by the mile
I took the same walk down
That I did as a childThe flags flew full mast
Unaware of the fade
No one saw me walk down
At my very own paradeSo watching thoughts turn into dust
'Cause I headed for the mount
I strayed off the path
Waitng for the countThe shook those steel clad gates
And filled me up with cold
This scar that I wear inside is more
than two years old
These scars that I wear inside are more

than two years oldIt's more than two years old

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