

# 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 France So I took my last waltz  
Got caught up on the wire  
Wrote a letter for my love  
As I hid from the fire An old soldier carried me  
Away to the coast  
Bathed my wounds in the sea  
I'm in the hands of a ghost And 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 day And 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 home See my girl she gave up  
She had taken me for dead  
She forgot all her promises  
And everything she said And I'm living in the darkest dream  
I rose up in the cold  
And this scar that I wear outside  
It's two years old Living by the past  
And living by the mile  
I took the same walk down  
That I did as a child The flags flew full mast  
Unaware of the fade  
No one saw me walk down  
At my very own parade So watching thoughts turn into dust  
'Cause I headed for the mount  
I strayed off the path  
Waiting for the count The 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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