

Dropkick Murphys

"Curse Of A Fallen Soul"

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Another wake, another time, a premature goodbye
I've watched you go and I've seen you pass
I always knew that it wouldn't last
Together now we mourn the loss and remember all the
fun
We'll drink the beer and we'll hang out where death
took another son
So all for one and one for all, do we ever wonder why?
Though the reason's clear
This friend so dear was taken before his time

So may this round be on the corpse of a dead man
With a toast that tells of the love you never shared
So as we dance on the grave of the misbehaved
Raise your glass! Sing the praise of a fallen soul

Now many bow their heads for this man they know so
well
With solemn thoughts they'll drink and drug for a
resurrection
(Facing death we fear no danger)
While mothers shed their tears through a veil of
desperation
These fiends of a vicious breed raise holy hell

So may this round be on the corpse of a dead man
With a toast that tells of the love you never shared
So as we dance on the grave of the misbehaved
Raise your glass! Sing the praise of a fallen soul

How many times can fate be changed
The dice be rolled is there no path of least resistance
for the bold
(It's never sought and rarely taken)
Shocked and dismayed how it stole his life
When this grateful course of action takes its toll

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With a toast that tells of the love you never shared
So as we dance on the grave of the misbehaved
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Now let's all gather round in our costume suit and tie
Telling how this soul was A source of inspiration
(Love him now, he lives no longer)
But you never tell the tales of the times you turned your
back
On this friend who never found his grateful path

So may this round be on the corpse of a dead man
With a toast that tells of the love you never shared
So as we dance on the grave of the misbehaved
Raise your glass! And sing the praise of a fallen soul

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