

## **Dropkick Murphys "The Torch"**

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Wash away all the lines on your face that show how  
you've aged  
It's a long way down, your back's been broken, you  
can't make the rounds  
The tables are turned as the litany goes...  
You're a rotten old man who'll be covered in dirt  
On your knees, and pray to the maker that caused you  
to bleed.

Chorus:

Turn back the hand on the clock  
You're a bitter old man who's done nothing but work  
Your hands to the bone on the assembly lines  
You've grown cold to the touch of the ones that you  
love  
Ignorance is something you can't overcome  
But you've passed it on down and that's something  
much worse  
For a bitter young man... is now taking the torch  
A bitter young man... is now taking the torch

Silent scorn, you've taken it out on the ones you adore

Inside rage, they've left you before but they'll come  
back again  
They'll pray for you with all their love  
But this time your indifference just can't be excused  
Forced amends, well it's something you'll die with but it  
goes on for them...

Chorus:

Turn back the hand on the clock  
You're a bitter old man who's done nothing but work  
Your hands to the bone on the assembly lines  
You've grown cold to the touch of the ones that you  
love  
Ignorance is something you can't overcome  
But you've passed it on down and that's something  
much worse  
For a bitter young man... has now taken the torch  
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