Flogging Molly "For The Summer That Was Lost"

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Title: The little Ol' Beggers Bush

"Stuck on limbo bridge where below me old nick grins then laughs through the chaos of it all gets up off his chair, spins a jig to my despair, he cant wait to count the times where i went wrong.

Underneath a bush, lay a begger out of luck, on his lips, was a taste he forgets. His hopes were filled with sand, that he watched fall through his hand, Every grain was a lifetime of regret.

So go and bow, you head and weep, for your world wont change while ya sleep. Ya go and bow your head and weep, for the summer that was lost now is gone ya the summer that was lost now is gone...

Fertile Mrs. Moore, had thirteen kids but still looked good

Till her old man jumped leave on a ship. She never read a book, but by Christ she understood, that the meaning of life starts in bed.

So go and bow, you head and weep, for your world wont change while ya sleep. Ya go and bow, your head and weep, for the summer that was lost, now is gone ya the summer that was lost, now is gone...

Killer, Killbain, kicked me senseless everyday, I hope that bastard is beneath a head of stone. For I'd dance upon his grave, for all the madness, I now crave While the scars, that remain, are still a curse.

So I'm stuck on limbo bridge, where below me old nick grins then laughs through the chaos of it all gets up off his chair, spins a jig to my dispair, he cant wait to count the times where i went wrong, Yeah he cant wait to count the times where i went wrong!

So go and bow your head and weep for your world wont change while ya sleep Yeah go and bow your head and weep for the summer that was lost now is gone for the summer that was lost now is gone the summer that was lost now is gone the summer that was lost now is gone

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