

## **Flogging Molly**

# **"On The Back Of A Broken Dream"**

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As your soul drifts on the plate  
To the floor where she is standing  
Rising by the fire  
From the torch you were burning

Many years but many tears  
And many more will soon be arriving  
But I drink this final drop  
To enter your front door

Gone are the days  
When I poured from the rain  
Where once, once marched a man  
Going down life's drain

Oh, in time, time you will see  
Just what you mean to me  
For I have met an angel  
Clip my wings

Come back young volunteer  
For your war, now it is over  
Lay down your blackened gun  
Not another bad word spoken

Come tell of all you've seen  
To the soul you're no longer killing  
And rest your weary voice  
The last battle song has cried

Gone are the days  
When I poured from the rain  
Where once, once marched a man  
Going down life's drain

Oh, in time, time you will see  
Just what you mean to me  
For I have met an angel  
Clip my wings

Oh, an angel clipped my wings  
From the back of this broken dream

So they'll probably never break my fall again  
For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream

Time won't hurry back, time won't stall  
Time to forget the past  
Brush the cobwebs from the wall  
Oh, for I survived to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream

For an angel clipped my wings  
From the back of this broken dream  
So they'll probably never break my fall again

For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken  
For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream

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