

Flogging Molly "What Left Of The Flag"

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His eyes they closed
and his last breath spoke
he had seen all to be seen
a life once full
now an empty vase
wilt the blossoms
on his early grave

walk away me boys
walk away me boys
and by morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me
then the rosary beads
count them 1 2 3
fell apart as they hit the floor
in a garb of black
we must pay respect
to the color we were born to mourn
walk away me boys
walk away me boys
and by morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me

In its place grew
an angry festered wound
full of hatred and remorse
where I pick and scratch
till the blood it matched
silent rage that now fills my lungs
for there are many ways
to kill a man they say
with bayonet, axe or sword
but son a bullet fired
from a shapeless guise
just put the shell of a Thompson gun

walk away me boy
walk away me boys
and by morning we'll be free
wipe that golden tear
from your mother dear
and raise what's left
of the flag for me

from the east out to the western shore
where many men and many more will fall
but no angel flies with me tonight
though freedom reigns on all
and curse the name for which
we slaved our days
so every men chose Kingdom Come
But sure as night turns day
it's the passion play
oh my god
what have they done
with madman's rage
well they dug our graves
but the dead rise again you fools

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and by morning we'll be free
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