

The Ol' Beggars Bush

Flogging Molly

Stuck on limbo bridge
Where below me ol' Nick grins
Then laughs through the chaos of it all
Gets up off his chair
Spins a jig to my despair
He can't wait to count the times where I went wrong

Underneath the bush, lay a beggar 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 your head and weep
For your world won't change while you sleep
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep
For the summer that was lost, now is gone
Yeah, the summer that was lost and now is gone

Fertile Mrs. Moore had thirteen kids
But still looked good
Till her ol' man jumped leave on a ship
She never read a book
But by Christ she understood
That the meanin' of life
Starts in bed

So go and bow your head and weep
For your world won't change while you sleep
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Killer Kilbain kicked me senseless everyday
I hope that bastard is beneath a head of stone
Where 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 a limbo bridge
Where below me ol' Nick grins
Then laughs through the chaos of it all
Gets up off his chair
Spins a jig to my despair
He can't wait to count the times where I went wrong
Yeah, he can't wait to count the times where I went wrong