

## Far Away Coast

Dropkick Murphys

Here in the trenches the fist of the Beast For fear of an atmosphere poisoned deceased With a gas mask to keep me-from breathing my death It's American soil I hope for at best But the duty I serve can't begin to compare To my ancestors battles and wars through the years Though the loneliness strikes like an enemy shell I pray for my home but still sit here in hell

Sail away to a place that's unknown taken away from my friends and my home to a place they call sacred a place I call hell I long for that corner I once knew so well

Go to the grind it's all that I have Work on and on with nothing to show But a graying face in this dying place That's a lock in my solitude I think of a place on a faraway coast Where friends are so dear and there's reason to toast A cloudy dark images of a Middle East land Comes down and wrecks my hopeful land

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