

The Wanderlust

Flogging Molly

Do you still walk the streets at night?
With the wanderlust you fight
Back to the corner
Where we went our separate ways

Well, I love to photograph your hand
And shake it for a while
'Cause you learn so much about someone
A brother or a swine

The veins that plough beneath your path
With so many tales to tell
Picture out of focus in a frame where no one cares

Calm the ocean breeze, quiet the raging sea
This stormy ship we sail is a bottle filled with rage

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Well, we walked upon the railroad
'Cause the train no longer ran
Where we caught a glimpse of all we missed
From the stars that filled your eyes

With a dollar in your only coat
And a fireball in your hand
You set your sails for better days
Down in South Australia

Dark though it has been there
Your old spirit still shines within
These last thirteen years depraved, uh
Of us anything that's worth saying

Do you still walk the streets at night?
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So raise a cheer to those forgotten years
Back to the corner
Where we went our separate ways

Now the carnival is going home
The ferris wheel is spent
For those roving years of endless jeers
Have dried all that was left

Calm the ocean breeze and quiet the raging sea
This stormy ship we sail is a bottle filled with rage

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Back to the corner

Where we went our separate ways

Do you still walk the streets at night?

With the wanderlust you fight

Back to the corner

Where we went our separate ways, separate ways

Back to the corner

Where we went our separate ways