

These Exiled Years

Flogging Molly

It's four in the mornin'
Battered and numb
A loaded room, an empty gun
I whistle a tune, I heard years before
The clock started tickin'
Where did the time go
I danced to the mornin'
She called out my name
The wind was a howlin'
And down came the rain
Her arms they caressed me
Sweet was her brow
She opened my eyes
To banish the doubt
Wash me down in all of your joy
But don't drag me through this again

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's another day older
In These Exiled Years

The dew on the ground
Blankets the face
Cold was the night
Gone her embrace
For your land of the free
Now prisons me
To rot in this jail
Of lost liberty

Wash me down in all of your joy
But don't drag me through this again

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin
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Walk away, watch me as I wave
One foot here, but sure the other's in the grave
Walk away, walk away

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