

These Exiled Years

Flogging Molly

It's four in the morning, battered and numb
A loaded room, an empty gun
I whistle a tune I heard years before
The clock started ticking, where did the time go?

I danced to the morning, she called out my name
The wind was a howling 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 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 and 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 your joy
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

Walk away
Watch me as I wave
One foot here
But sure the other's in the grave

Walk away, walk away

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>