

# The Kilburn High Road

## Flogging Molly

Many's the day I took for granted  
Breathing the air that silenced some  
As the north wind blew with its head of thunder  
Beating its breast with a war drenched song  
Bathe a while, awash in slumber  
Cry what's left to sleep  
Where you dream of the love you left forever  
But pity no more, nor grieve  
For we're the kings of it all the day we were born  
Now we're the kings of the Kilburn High  
Sure we'll always take a drop and we'll never leave a sup  
Your empty glass is but a tear filled eye  
We were the kings of the Kilburn High  
Listen to the sound of dead men dying  
March as they flee but exiled bound  
Their ship once sailed no longer anchors  
For gone is the green of their hallowed ground  
Toast to tears of time's past glories  
This ageless clock chime stalls  
Where to kiss the lips of that love forgotten  
To fly where no others have soared  
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We were the kings of the Kilburn  
Oh, Mary this London's a wonderful sight

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