

Flogging Molly, Float

Drank away the rest of the day.
I wonder what my liver'd say.
Drink--that's all you can.

Blackened days with their bigger gales
blow in your parlor to discuss the day.
Listen--that's all you can.

Oh, but don't, no don't sink the boat
that you built, you built to keep afloat.
An' oh don't, don't sink the boat
that you built.

Sick and tired of what to say
No one listens anyway.
Sing--that's all you can.

Ramblin' years of lousy luck
you miss the smell of burnin' turf.
Dream--that's all you can.

Ah, but don't, don't sink the boat
that you built, you built to keep afloat.
An' oh don't, don't sink the boat
that you built, you built to keep afloat.

Singled out for who you are
it takes all types to judge a man.
Feel--that's all you can.

Filthy suits with bigot ears
hide behind their own worst fears.
Live--that's all you can.

It's all you can.
It's all you can
do.

No matter where I put my head
I'll wake up feeling sound again.
Breathe--that's all you can.

Tomorrow smells of less decay.
The flowers greet this bloomin' fray.
Be thankful--that's all you can.

Oh, but don't, no don't sink the boat
that you built, you built to keep afloat.
An' oh don't, don't sink the boat
that you built to keep afloat.
An' oh don't, don't sink the boat
that you built.
Ah, that you built to keep afloat.

A ripe old age,
a ripe old age.
I'm a ripe old age.
That's what I am.

I'm a ripe old age,
a ripe old age,
a ripe old age.
Just doing the best I can.

A ripe old age!
A ripe old age!
A ripe old age!
That's what I am.

A ripe old age!
A ripe old age!
A ripe old age!
Just doing the best I can!

Hey!
The best I can!