

Dropkick Murphys, Far Away Coast

Here in the trenches the fist of the Beast
For fear of an atmosphere poisoned deceased
With a gas mask to keep me-from breathing my death
It's American soil I hope for at best
But the duty I serve can't begin to compare
To my ancestors battles and wars throughout the years
Though the loneliness strikes like an enemy shell I
pray for my home but still sit here in hell

Sail away to a place that's unknown
taken away from my friends and my home
to a place they call sacred a place I call hell
I long for that corner I once knew so well

Go to the grind it's all that I have
Work on and on with nothing to show
But a graying face in this dying place
That's a lock in my solitude
I think of a place on a faraway coast
Where friends are dear and there's reason to toast
A cloudy dark images of a Middle East land
Comes down and wrecks my hopeful land

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