

# Flogging Molly, Drunken Lullabies

Must it take a life for hateful eyes  
To glisten once again  
Five hundred years like Gelignite  
Have blown us all to hell  
What savior rests while on his cross we die  
forgotten freedom burns  
Has the Shepherd led his lambs astray  
to the bigot and the gun

Must it take a life for hateful eyes  
To glisten once again  
Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess  
Singin' drunken lullabies

I watch and stare as Rosin's eyes  
Turn a darker shade of red  
And the bullet with this sniper lie  
In their bloody gutless cell  
Must we starve on crumbs from long ago  
Through bars these men made steel  
Is it a great or little thing we fought  
Left a conscience blessed to kill

Must it take a life for hateful eyes  
To glisten once again  
Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess  
Singin' drunken lullabies

Ah, well maybe it's the way we're taught  
Or maybe it's the way we fought  
But a smile never grins without tears to begin  
For each kiss is a cry we all lost  
Though nothing is left to gain  
But for the banshee that stole the grave  
Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess  
Singin' drunken lullabies

I sit and dwell on faces past  
Like memories seem to fade  
No colour left but black and white  
And soon will all turn grey  
But may these shadows rise to walk again  
With lessons truly learnt  
When the blossom flowers in each our hearts  
Shall beat a new found flame

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To glisten once again  
Cause we find ourselves in the same old mess  
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