

Flogging Molly, Grace Of God Go I

Lookin' down through a tide of no return,
Is a field where the crops no longer grow.
Parched is the land, strangled and be damned,
There, for the grace of God go I.

Down beside where the riverbed sleeps,
Is a man not knowing what he should feel.
Mocked by the wave that beats the water's edge,
There, for the grace of God
There, for the grace of God
There, for the grace of God go I.

If I ever harked another like thee again,
I would drown myself beneath your name.
Lost was the child we all once did hide,
There, for the grace of God
There, for the grace of God
There, for the grace of God go I.