

# Flogging Molly, On The Back Of A Broken Dream

As your soul drifts on the plate  
To the floor where she is standing  
Her eyes lit by the fire  
From the torch you were burning  
Many years brought many tears  
And many more will soon be arriving  
But I drink this final drop  
To enter your front door

Gone are the days  
When I poured from the rain  
Where once once marched a man  
Going down life's drain  
Oh in time in time you will see  
Just what you mean to me  
For I have let an angel clip my wings

Come back young volunteer  
For your war now it is over  
Lay down your blackened gun  
Not another bad word spoken  
Come tell of all you've seen  
To the soul you're no longer killing  
And rest your weary voice  
The last battle song has cried

Gone are the days  
When I poured from the rain  
Where once once marched a man  
Going down life's drain  
Oh in time in time you will see  
Just what you mean to me  
For I have let an angel clip my wings  
Oh an angel clipped my wings  
From the back of a broken dream  
So they'll probably never break my fall again  
For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream

Time won't hurry back  
Time won't stall  
Time to forget the past  
Brush the cobwebs from the wall

Oh for I survived to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream  
For an angel clipped my wings  
From the back of a broken dream  
So they'll probably never break my fall again  
For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream

For I return to sing this tune  
From the back of a broken dream