

# Flogging Molly, Requiem For A Dying Song

There's a government whip cracked across your back  
Where the honor of the day is don't listen, attack  
See the blood run down in your bushwhack town  
Revolution is the gimmick of the joke less clown  
Where the body's just yelling for the tax man's gun

Talk don't talk if you've nothing to say  
Walk don't walk if your feet don't know the way

And requiem for a dying song  
with a shimmy and a shank from a futile war  
And the sun that lights the day  
breaks the darkness and the powers of another great shame

With you my love, with you my lover  
with you I will return  
And requiem for a dying song

Got a barrel by the face should the order release  
Should the bullet in your pocket turn away and retreat  
See the terror in the eye of a bloodshot child  
Only bubble in his belly and the promise of lies  
Operation, liberation, tell me, you can decide

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But with you my love, with you my lover  
with you I will return  
And requiem for a dying song

Agony on the corner of every street  
Then he lost himself over bitterness, explode  
Explode

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