

# Flogging Molly, The Ol' Beggars Bush

Stuck on limbo bridge  
Where below me ol' Nick grins  
Then laughs through the chaos of it all  
Gets up off his chair  
Spins a jig to my despair  
He can't wait to count the times where I went wrong

Underneath the bush, lay a beggar out of luck  
On his lips, was a taste he forgets  
His hopes were filled with sand  
That he watched fall through his hand  
Every grain, was a lifetime of regret

So go and bow your head and weep  
For your world won't change while you sleep  
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep  
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Fertile Mrs. Moore had thirteen kids  
But still looked good  
Till her ol' man jumped leave on a ship  
Never read a book  
But by Christ she understood  
That the meanin' of life  
Starts in bed

So go and bow your head and weep  
For your world won't change while you sleep  
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep  
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Killer Kilbain kicked me senseless everyday  
I hope that bastard is beneath a head of stone  
Where I'd dance upon his grave  
For all the madness I now crave  
While the scars that remain are still a curse

So I'm stuck on a limbo bridge  
Where below me ol' Nick grins  
Then laughs through the chaos of it all  
Gets up off his chair  
Spins a jig to my despair  
He can't wait to count the times where I went wrong  
Yeah, he can't wait to count the times where I went wrong

So go and bow your head and weep  
For your world won't change while you sleep  
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep  
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Yeah the summer that was lost, now is gone  
Yeah the summer that was lost, now is gone  
Yeah the summer that was lost, now is gone