

# Flogging Molly, What's Left Of The Flag

His eyes they closed  
And his last breath spoke  
He had seen all to be seen  
A life once full  
Now an empty vase  
Wilt the blossums  
On his early grave

Walk away, me boy  
Walk away, me boy  
And by morning we'll be free  
Wipe that golden tear  
From your mother dear  
And raise what's left of the flag for me

Then the rosary beads  
Count them: one, two, three  
Fell apart as they hit the floor  
In a garb of black  
We must pay respect  
To the color we're born to mourn

Walk away, me boys  
Walk away, me boys  
And by morning we'll be free  
Wipe that golden tear  
From your mother dear  
And raise what's left of the flag for me

In his place there grew  
An angry festered wound  
Filled with hatred and remorse  
Where I pick and scratch  
'Til the blood amassed  
To silent rage now that fills my lungs  
For there are many ways  
To kill a man they say  
With bayonet, axe or sword  
But son a bullet fired  
From a shapeless guise  
Just leaves the shell of a Thompson gun

Walk away, me boys  
Walk away, me boys  
And by morning we'll be free  
Wipe that golden tear  
From your mother dear  
And raise what's left of the flag for me

From the east out to the western shore  
Where many men and many more will fall  
But no angel flies with me tonight  
Though freedom reigns on all  
And curse the name for which  
We slaved our days  
So every men chose Kingdom Come

But sure as night turns day  
It's the passion play  
Oh my God  
What have they done  
With madmans rage  
Well they dug our graves  
But the dead rise again you fools

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