

Flogging Molly, You Won't Make A Fool Out Of Me

Rank these woods
Where lost inspiration
Ain't that a barrel full of laughs?
Wipe your arse of the crumbs on the table
Where they fall hungry on your land
Whatever became of the seed that once grew in your hand
And the darts where you fingers did bleed and the rush to your head

Oh ya won't no, no no you won't make a fool outa me

Worse things break that are made of elastic
And I'm no puppet on your show
You won't sing when the singer is song less
Another notch in your fat belt
But green is the heart of your greed
That much I can tell
you may think you're the captain of me
But I'm your coffin ship from hell

And ya won't no no no ya won't, ya won't make a fool outa me
Won't no no no ya won't, ya won't make a fool outa me

So I'll drag these bones across the edge
With the dead I'll never sleep
Where I'll haunt ya for a thousand years
Without breath you'll never breath
For an empty shell your grave will feel a lost for ever more

And ya won't no no no ya won't, ya won't make a fool outa

Wipe that hand that fed you for nothing
Get that monkey of your back
Empty lies and bold celebrations that's not the meaning of success
But green is the harsh of your greed that much I can tell

And ya won't no no no ya won't make a fool outa me
I says ya won't no no no ya won't make a fool outa me
I says ya won't no no no ya won't make a fool outa me