

# The Wanderlust

Flogging Molly

Do you still walk the streets at night?  
With the wanderlust you fight  
Back to the corner  
Where we went our separate ways

Well, I love to photograph your hand  
And shake it for a while  
'Cause you learn so much about someone  
A brother or a swine

The veins that plough beneath your path  
With so many tales to tell  
Picture out of focus in a frame where no one cares

Calm the ocean breeze, quiet the raging sea  
This stormy ship we sail is a bottle filled with rage

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Well, we walked upon the railroad  
'Cause the train no longer ran  
Where we caught a glimpse of all we missed  
From the stars that filled your eyes

With a dollar in your only coat  
And a fireball in your hand  
You set your sails for better days  
Down in South Australia

Dark though it has been there  
Your old spirit still shines within  
These last thirteen years depraved, uh  
Of us anything that's worth saying

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So raise a cheer to those forgotten years  
Back to the corner  
Where we went our separate ways

Now the carnival is going home  
The ferris wheel is spent  
For those roving years of endless jeers  
Have dried all that was left

Calm the ocean breeze and quiet the raging sea  
This stormy ship we sail is a bottle filled with rage

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Do you still walk the streets at night?

With the wanderlust you fight

Back to the corner

Where we went our separate ways, separate ways

Back to the corner

Where we went our separate ways