

Two Years Old

Bobby Long

I lost my english soul, Pulling out the courpse, Sheltering in the Trenches again, crying for a lose, i let my arms down, walked away in a trance, those parts of me layed out, all over france, I took my last waltz, Got caught up in the wire, wrote a letter for my love, as I head from the fire, an old soilder carried me, way to the coast, bathe my wounds in the sea, I'm in the hands of a ghost, I'm in the hands of a ghost. Their boats came on in, I tried to run away, so I got taken half by the throat, in the burning light of day living by the iron punch, so broken and alone, I let my blood on the beach for the time they take me home. So my girl she gave up, she had taken me for dead, she had forgot all her promises and everything she said, living in the darkest dream, so broken and alone, these tears that i hold inside, are two years old, tears that i hold inside, are two years old, two years old living in the past, living by the mile i toke the same walk down, as i did as a child, the flags flew for a man, unaware of the fate no one saw me walk down, on my very last parade, so thoughts turn to dust, as i headed for the mound, i strayed up the part, waiting for the count, living in teh darkest dream so broken and all alone these pain that i have inside is two years old these scars that i have inside are more than two years old these pain that i have inside is two years old these scars that i have inside are more than two years old is more than two years(5x)