

The Torch

Dropkick Murphys

Wash away all the lines on your face that show how you've aged
it's a long way down
your back's been broken you can't make the rounds the tables are
turned as the litany goes...
you're a rotten old man who'll be covered in dirt on your knees
and pray to the maker that caused you to bleed

Turn back the hand on the clock
you're a bitter old man who's done nothing
but work your hands to the bone on the assembly lines
you've grown cold to the touch of the ones that you love
ignorance is something you can't overcome but you've passed it
on down
and that's something much worse for a bitter young man...
is now taking the torch

Silent scorn - you've taken it out on the ones you adore Inside
rage
they've left you before but they'll come back again
they'll pray for you with all their love
but this time your indifference just can't be excused Forced
amends
well it's something you'll die with but it goes on for them...
for a bitter young man...has now taken the torch...