

Requiem for a Dying Song

Flogging Molly

There's a government whip cracked across your back
Where the order of the day is don't listen, attack
See the blood run down in your bushwhack town
Revolution is the gimmick of a joke less clown
Where the body's just yelling for the tax man's gun

Talk, don't talk if you've nothing to say
Walk, don't walk if your feet don't know the way

And requiem for a dying song
With a shimmy and a shank from a futile war
With the sun that lights the day
Breaks the darkness and the powers of another great shame

With you my love, with you my love
With you I will return
And requiem for a dying song

Got the barrel by the face should the order release
Should the bullet in your pocket turn away and retreat
See the terror in the eye of a bloodshot child
Only bubble in his belly and the promise of lies
Operation, liberation, tell me, you can decide

Oh, talk, don't talk if you've nothing to say
Walk, don't walk if your feet don't know the way

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Agony from every corner on every street
Act like he lost himself over bitterness
Explode, explode

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