

# These Exiled Years

Flogging Molly

It's four in the mornin'  
Battered and numb  
A loaded room, an empty gun  
I whistle a tune, I heard years before  
The clock started tickin'  
Where did the time go  
I danced to the mornin'  
She called out my name  
The wind was a howlin'  
And down came the rain  
Her arms they caressed me  
Sweet was her brow  
She opened my eyes  
To banish the doubt  
Wash me down in all of your joy  
But don't drag me through this again

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin  
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
It's another day older  
In These Exiled Years

The dew on the ground  
Blankets the face  
Cold was the night  
Gone her embrace  
For your land of the free  
Now prisons me  
To rot in this jail  
Of lost liberty

Wash me down in all of your joy  
But don't drag me through this again

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin  
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
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Walk away, watch me as I wave  
One foot here, but sure the other's in the grave  
Walk away, walk away

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
It's in with the whiskey and out with the gin  
I've heard all your sad songs I can hear  
It's another day older  
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