

Wanderlust

Flogging Molly

Do you still walk the streets at night?
With the wandlust you fight
Back to the corner where we went our
seperate ways

Well I'd love to photograph your hand
Then 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
A 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

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 our 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
Your old spirit still shines within
These last thirteen years depraved
Of us anything that's worth sayin'

So raise a cheer to those forgotten years
Back to the corner where wew went our
seperate ways

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

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Quiet the raging sea
This stormy ship we sail
Is a bottle filled with rage