

Molly O'

Joe Bonamassa

That ship for fools set sail,
Wasn't long till it ran aground
You can hear the cries for mercy
You can hear that wailing sound
She was the last one to die
Of the two thousand souls
And the sea, it took her gently*
Death and darkness take hold

Molly O'
Like a ghost from the past
To her we raise a glass
Molly O'
On the highest of tides
May she rise to the sky

She was born in the east of Glanmire
Just another sleepy Irish town
With a suitcase full of redemption
And a ticket for a ship that went down
No distress signal was sent
Molly O' was twenty-two
When the surging walls of water
Turned it into a graveyard in blue

Molly O'
Like a ghost from the past
To her we raise a glass
Molly O'
On the highest of tides
May she rise into the sky

That ship for fools has sailed,
Won't take long till it runs aground
You can hear those mamas weeping
From Halifax to London town
She danced a sacred waltz
And watched that black water rise
The ocean don't give up the dead
I bet ol' Molly's still inside

Molly O'
Like a ghost from the past
To her we raise a glass
Molly O'
Turning lies into truth
And a farewell to you
Molly O'
You can't have it all
You gotta rise up to fall
Molly O'
On the highest of tides
May she rise to the sky