Mulligan's Goodbye

Lin-Manuel Miranda

Lee may not live to see our glory
(Lee may not live to see out glory)
We'll survive him, come what may
(We'll survive him, come what may)
And when our children tell our story
(when our children tell our story)
Tell the story of today

Fellas I'm going back New York (What for?)
I apprenticed a tailor before the war
He said I could go back anytime
Now look around, we're fighting amoungst ourselves
Now, we're losing ground
And I'm broke, I'm broker than the locals
I'm broker than Ben Franklin's broken bi-focals
And I am broke down, tired and exhausted
I feel like the war is over, but no one told us we lost it
I'll walk to New York with you, Mulligan
Hamilton, wherever you may roll
What happened?
I asked for a command
And?
He sent me home

Raise a glass to freedom
Something they can never take away
No matter what they tell you
You'll tell the story of tonight
Raise a glass to the four of us
Tomorrow there'll be more of us

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