

# These Exiled Years

## Flogging Molly

It's four in the morning, battered and numb  
A loaded room, an empty gun  
I whistle a tune I heard years before  
The clock started ticking, where did the time go? I danced to the morning, she called out my  
name  
The wind was a howling 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 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 and 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 your joy  
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  
Walk away  
Watch me as I wave  
One foot here  
But sure the other's in the grave Walk away, walk away

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>