

# What's Left of the Flag

## Flogging Molly

His eyes they closed  
and his last breath spoke  
he had seen all to be seen  
a life once full  
now an empty vase  
wilt the blossoms  
on his early gravewalk away me boy  
walk away me boy  
and by morning we'll be free  
wipe that golden tear  
from your mother dear  
and raise what's left  
of the flag for me  
then the rosary beads  
count them 1 2 3  
fell apart as they hit the floor  
in a garb of black  
we must pay respect  
to the color we're born to mournwalk away me boys  
walk away me boys  
and by morning we'll be free  
wipe that golden tear  
from your mother dear  
raise what's left  
of the flag for me  
In his place there grew  
an angry festered wound  
filled with hatred and remorse  
where I pick and scratch  
'til the blood amassed  
to silent rage now that fills my lungs  
for there are many ways  
to kill a man they say  
with bayonet, axe or sword  
but son a bullet fired  
from a shapeless guise  
just leaves the shell of a Thompson gunwalk away me boys  
walk away me boys  
and by morning we'll be free  
wipe that golden tear  
from your mother dear  
raise what's left

of the flag for me from the east out to the western shore  
where many men and many more will fall  
but no angel flies with me tonight  
though freedom reigns on all  
and curse the name for which  
we slaved our days  
so every man chose Kingdom Come But sure as night turns day  
it's the passion play  
oh my God  
what have they done  
with madman's rage  
well they dug our graves  
but the dead rise again you fool walk away me boys  
walk away me boys  
and by morning we'll be free  
wipe that golden tear  
from your mother dear  
raise what's left  
of the flag for me walk away me boy  
walk away me boys  
and my morning we'll be free  
wipe that golden tear  
from your mother dear  
and raise what's left  
of the flag for me

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