

# Flogging Molly, Life In A Tenement Square

Well I kissed the day, I was on my way  
From those cold gray blocks of stone  
For seventeen years of squalor filled tears  
A time now with innocence lost

As the sun split the room  
With its rays filled with gloom  
Turning all hope to despair  
And the only thing left  
Was to flee from the nest  
That was Life in a Tenement Square

I remember the song where the rats sang along  
And danced for their daily bread  
While the damp washed the walls  
That were twenty feet tall  
Not a child in the house was fed  
On the porter filled face  
Of the men left a trace  
Of the coin they had already spent  
While our mothers asked God  
What was Hell ever for  
When you lived in a Tenement Square

Grab what's left of the coal  
From the old cubbyhole  
These cinders need more to be a fire  
While the ghosts of the soldiers  
That lived there before us  
Laugh with their guns by their side  
I hear them laugh, with their guns by their side

Now politicians they dwell  
In that forgotten Hell  
Our misery has been turned into muse  
Where the fat of the land  
Now hog, hand-in-hand  
A crime now of life was ever true

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