

FLOGGING
MOLLY

SWANSON

20 YEARS OF

SWAGGER



Salty Dog

I'll wait for you till I turn blue
There's nothin' more a man can do
Don't get your bollocks in a twist
Settle down, don't take a fit
Ya drank with demons straight from Hell
They almost nearly won as well
Ya wiped the floor with victory
Then puked until you fell asleep

Blackened was the banshee's wall
These boots will never fill her jail
So you crawled into an empty boat
For the Gulf of Mexico
Till Cortez came an' when so did you
From the ashes charred and blue
Smellin' like a Salty Dog
Back from Hell where you belong

Anarchy, the scourge of every sea
The Antichrist aboard a rig
With us your cutthroat thieves
The ship went down we all near drowned
Ya stood there on the deck
Till the Spanish came and flogged yer arse
And dragged you from the wreck

They threw a rope around yer neck
To watch you dance the jig of death
Then left ya for the starvin' crows
Hoverin' like hungry whores
One flew down plucked out yer eye
The other he had in his sights
Ya snarled at him, said leave me be
I need the bugger so I can see

SELFISH MAN

I DON'T EAT I JUST DEVOUR
EVERYONE IN EVERY HOUR
ALL IS ME, IS ALL I NEED &
THAT IS ALL THAT I CARE
PROPELLED THROUGH ALL THIS
MADNESS, BY YOUR BEAUTY
& MY SADNESS
I'LL NEVER CHANGE OR
REARRANGE TILL I'VE
FINISHED WHAT I'VE STARTED

AND LIFE LEADS ME HERE
IT SHOWS ME, I HAVE NEVER
REALLY LOVED NO ONE BUT
ME

LIKE THE TIME, YOU SLIPPED
THROUGH MY HANDS
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
WHY I'M SUCH A
SELFISH MAN.

LIKE THE TIME, YOU
SLIPPED THROUGH
MY HANDS
AND I'LL NEVER
UNDERSTAND
WHY I'M SUCH A
SELFISH MAN

ALL I HEARD WAS AN
UNEARTHLY SILENCE
APART FROM THE
VIOLENCE
EXPLODE IN MY HEAD
WHERE ALL AT ONCE
WAS THIS MOMENT OF
BEAUTY
NO MORE SINCE IT SLEWS ME
NO NEVER AGAIN,
AGAIN,
AGAIN

WALK AROUND ME NOT
BEFORE ME
I'LL PRETEND NOT TO
IGNORE YOU
BUT I'LL COMPROMISE IF I
REALIZE YOU CAN DO
SOMETHING FOR ME
THAT I'M UGLY & YOU KNOW IT
BUT YOU THINK THAT I'M
A DOGT
SO I'LL KEEP THE
RHYME IF I
FEEL IN TIME
IT GETS ME
WHERE I'M GOING

AND LIFE LEADS
ME HERE
IT SHOWS ME,
I HAVE NEVER REALLY
LOVED NO ONE
BUT ME

NO I'LL NEVER
UNDERSTAND
NO I'LL NEVER
UNDERSTAND
WHY I'M SUCH A
SELFISH MAN

Ausfahrt

THE WORST DAY SINCE YESTERDAY

WELL I KNOW, I MISS MORE THAN HIT
WITH A FACE THAT WAS LAUNCHED TO S
AN' I SELDOM FEEL, THE BRIGHT N
IT'S BEEN THE WORST DAY SINCE
YESTERDAY
IF THERE'S ONE THING I HAVE SAID
IS THAT THE DREAMS I ONCE HAD,
NOW LAY IN BED
AS THE FOUR WINDS BLOW, MY WITS
THROUGH THE DOOR
IT'S BEEN THE WORST DAY SINCE YESTERDAY
FALLIN' DOWN TO YOU SWEET GROUND
WHERE THE FLOWERS THEY BLOOM
IT'S THERE I'LL BE FOUND

HURRY BACK TO ME,
MY WILD CALLING
IT'S BEEN THE WORST DAY SINCE YESTERDAY
THOUGH THESE WOUNDS HAVE NO WARS
EXCEPT FOR THE SCARS I HAVE
AND THIS NEVER ENDED CRUTCH,
WELL IT'S THE WORST DAY SINCE YESTERDAY
HELL SAYS "HELLO,"
WELL IT'S TIME I SHOULD GO
TO PASTURES GREEN THAT I'VE YET TO SEE
HURRY BACK TO ME MY WILD CALLING
IT'S BEEN THE WORST DAY SINCE YESTERDAY

Every Dog Has Its Day

Well I've drunk to drown, on every ocean I've been
Lake Tanganyika, where the crocodile swim
Halifax, Nova Scotia to Van Diemen's land
Well I drank with the Sultan, down the Suez Canal

Cause ~~Every~~ Every Dog Has Its Day
Like every woman, she gets her own way
And if there's a ship that sails tonight
I'll captain that too, just to be there with you

Well there was old Jerry Rooney, who was mad as a mule
Spillblood Malone had a head like one too
That night on the bridge, with my shovel in hand
~~Was~~ Well he threatened to kill me,
for sure he picked the wrong man

Cause Every Dog Has Its Day
Like every woman, she gets her own way
And if there's a ship that sails tonight
I'll captain that too, just to be there with you

Well there was mutiny in Lagos, aboard the mean ship Skondi
Ten or twelve days in prison, till the bastard set me free
McCloskey you're free

Cause Every Dog Has Its Day
Like every woman, she gets her own way
And if there's a ship that sails tonight
I'll captain that too, just to be there with you

Now I love the sea and she wants me back
So I leave this ol' harbor, with the wind at my back
Goodbye mother Theresa, I hope the kids settle down
I must head for the Chinas, pray to God I don't drown

For Every Dog Has Its Day
Like every woman, she gets her own way
And if there's a ship that sails tonight
I'll ~~is~~ captain that too

Cause Every Dog Has Its Day
Like every woman, she gets her own way
And if there's a ship that sails tonight
I'll captain that too, just to be there with you

a is a generator or retractor in
This vessel is preferably constructed

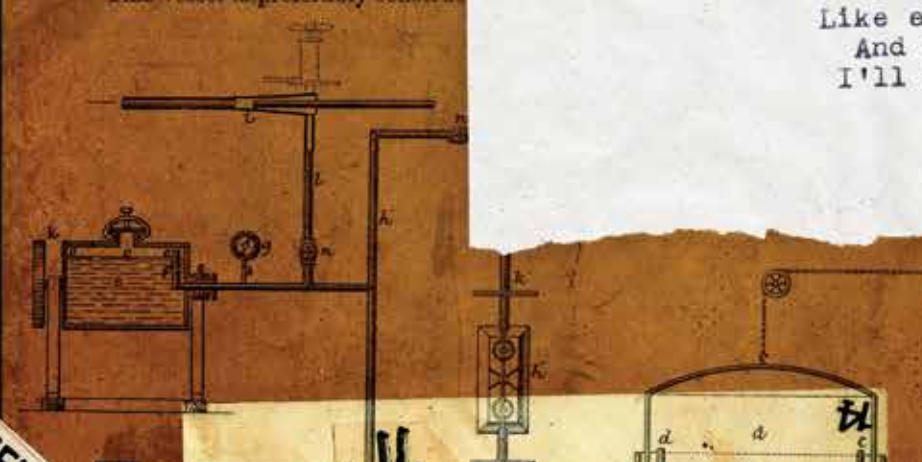


Fig. 311.



Life In 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
Turnin' 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 danded 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 ol' 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's been turned into news
Where the fat of the land
Now hog, hand-in-hand
A crime now of life was ever true
With 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...

The Ol' Beggars Bush

Stuck on limbo bridge
Where below me ol' Nick grins
Then laughs through the chaos of it all
Gets up off his chair
Spins a jig to my despair
He can't wait to count the times wher I went wrong

Underneath the bush, lay a beggar out of luck
On his lips, was a taste he forgets
His hopes were filled with sand
That he watched fall through his hand
Every grain, was a lifetime of regret

So go and bow your head and weep
For your world won't change while you sleep
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Fertile Mrs. Moore had thirteen kids
But still looked good
Till her ol' man jumped leave on a ship
She never read a book
But by Christ she understood
That the meanin' of life
Starts in bed

~~For~~ So go and bow your head and weep
So go and bow your head and weep
For your world won't change while you sleep
Yeah, go and bow your head and weep
For the summer that was lost, now is gone

Killer Kilbain kicked me senseless everyday
I hope that bastard is beneath a head of stone
Where I'd dance upon his grave
For all the madness I now crave
While the scars that remain are still a curse
So I'm stuck on a limbo bridge
Where below me ol' Nick grins
Then laughs through the chaos of it all
Gets up off his chair
Spins a jig to my despair
He can't wait to count the times where I went wrong
Yeah, he can't wait to count the times wher I went wrong

Killer Kilbain kicked me senseless everyday
I hope that bastard is beneath
Where I'd dance upon his grave
For all the madness I now crave
While the scars
So I'm stuck



PLAYING ON SWAGGER IS

Dave King Vocals & Acoustic Guitar
Bridget Regan Fiddle & Tin Whistle
Dennis Casey Guitar
Matt Hensley Accordion
Nathen Maxwell Bass
Robert Schmidt Mandolin & Banjo
George Schwindt Drums

Extraordinary Musical Contributions:
John Donovan Guitars on all tracks
Gary Schwindt Trumpet

Produced by **Flogging Molly**
Engineered by **Steve Albini**
Recorded & Originally Mixed at
Electrical Audio Recording Studios in Chicago
Mixed by **Ross Hogarth**

Mastered by **Kim Rosen**
Photograph by **Dan Sturt**
Design **Winni Wintermeyer/3am.et**

ALL MUSIC by **FLOGGING MOLLY**
except "Life In A Tenement Square" &
"Black Friday Rule."

ALL WORDS by **Dave King.**

"Life In A Tenement Square"
Written by **KING/DONOVAN/Hensley/Maxwell/
Regan/Schmidt/Schwindt**
"Black Friday Rule"
Written by **KING/HUTT/Hensley/Maxwell/Regan/
Schmidt/Schwindt**

©© 1997/1999/2000 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
USED WITH PERMISSION.

ALL MUSIC published by **TWENTYSIXF MUSIC**
(BMI) and **26f GELLERT HILL** except "LIFE IN A
TENEMENT SQUARE" and "BLACK FRIDAY RULE."
"LIFE IN A TENEMENT SQUARE" **TWENTYSIXF
MUSIC** (BMI), **26f GELLERT HILL** (ASCAP) and
BARBARA BLOOD MUSIC (BMI).
"BLACK FRIDAY RULE" **TWENTYSIXF MUSIC**
(BMI), **26f GELLERT HILL** and **SEE NO EVIL
MUSIC** (ASCAP).

Swagger 20th Anniversary Reissue Box Set
Art Direction: **Lisa Johnson**
Swagger 20th Anniversary Reissue Box Set
Design: **The Evil Twin/sashalookkoff.com**
Swagger 20th Anniversary Reissue Box Set
Additional Artwork: **Tokyo Hiro**
Photography by:
**Dennis Casey, Rob Hostetter, Lisa Johnson,
Brian Kasnyik, Ryan Seaman** and **Erin Williams.**

Special thanks to: **John Donovan, Ted Hutt, Jeff
Peters, Steve Albini, John Golden, Paul Hannigan,
Rick & Gloria Greenwood, Bob Costantini, Steve
Yablok, Laura Ritter, Ian Montone, Emir Phillips,
Tracy & Kim YOUNKIN, Mason Yost, Michael
Andelman, Phil Fox, Joe Sib, Bill Armstrong,
Shawn & Shane Bishop, Tracy Verlinde, Dan Fields,
Tiffany Simms, Dan Sturt, Winni, Innes, Brian
Peterson, Kevin Lyman, Tim Mays, Dodgy Dave,
Corey O'Brien, Charlie MagLead, Trevor Davies &
Jill Piwowar.**

Dave Thanks: **my beautiful wife, my son Graham, my
dear mother Ellen, Paul & Nicola Hannifin, Man
United Football Club, Laura and Jody at RC, the
Irish Crew, all who've supported Flogging Molly
through thick and thin, and Arthur Guinness,** for
helping to erase the pain and see the light.

Bridget Thanks: **The Regans, The Lawlors, Jimbo
McGurrin, The Mikis, Cathal Walters, Kevin Kearns,
PJ Smith, Brendan Gleason & Paul Bennett.**

Robert Thanks: **Mom, Dad, David, Stephen, Kelly,
Joanna, Jeff, Erin, Tim, Dan, Camille, Chris, Mike,
Paul, Syd, Tom M., Tom Hite & all the rest too
numerous to mention.**

Matt Thanks: **Sharon, Terry, Chris, Denise & Oliver
Hensley, Rolland Rabino, Deals Gone Bad, Jeff
O'Brien, Flying Elephants, Innes Crew, Agent-J,
Tom Giblin's & ABC Music.**

Dennis Thanks: **Barbara & Jim Casey, Herbert Flack,
Ann & B and all my family, Christina Cipriotti, Mike
Patella & Ernest Hardy.**

Nathen Thanks: **Tom Maxwell, Phyllis Gordon,
Chritina Hanson, Dan Smith, Brad Weller, Laura
Anderson, Ingrid Askim & OBG.**

George thanks: **George & Schwindt Sr, Gary, Gwyn &
Geri Schwindt, Kevvy Kev, Family, Meridith Sr,
John, Mark Townsend, Ed Shaughnessy, Clarence
Johnston, Art Marziale & Attila The Hun.**

This album is dedicated to
the spirit & memory of
Sharon Hensley.

1997

The Likes Of You Again

Here's to you, I sing for my daddy-o
As I lay him down to sleep
It's been so long, since I lost my daddy-o
Hope he's watchin' over me

Wednesday night is mornin' now
As I'm walkin' in the rain
The birds are screaming in my ear
Drivin' me insane

Half the clouds are empty
So the sun burst through the sky
The puddles show reflection
Of a face about to die

Just around the corner,
I was going round the bend
I ran into a staggerin' fool
Who said he knew my name

He poured himself a whiskey
And his face began to glow
Two men without an answer
Like a dog without a bone

Bringin' in the new year
As the bells began to ring
Fats is in the corner, she's just about to sing
Time to get another, before the final shout
You should have heard them roarin'
When they dragged the bugger out
And we'll never see the likes of you again

Jimbo came from slummin' town
A cold and dreary place
To summerland he found himself
The sun shun on his face

Met a girl called Minnie Pearl
Swore she'd always be his girl
Happy ever after, till the tide ran out again

Pour me all your sorrows
And I'll drink till you are dry
I'll love you in the mornin'
Bxx Christ, I'll love ya till you die

I'll never leave so never grieve
I'll be back before ya know
But Jimbo fell into a well
And never rambled home
Carried all his troubles in an unforgivin' bag

Back and forth through painted brick

The colours all seemed bland
I've travelled all these years, he said
To only get this far, so he crossed the street
Found a seat, his home is now a bar

And we'll never see the likes of you again
No we'll never see the likes of you again

There must be more to life, than this poxie life
All the agro, all the pain

So he disappeared into his final beer
But the glass was empty, once again, again

Woke up in an awful state
Dreamt I was at Peter's Gate
Beggin' for his mercy
And the crimes that were at hand

He told me he was much amused
To see his life I had abused
Best be on your way, but have a swig before you go

So I'm bringing in the New Year
As the bells began to ring
Fat's in the corner, she's just about to sing
Time to get another, before the final shout
You should have heard them roarin'
When they dragged the bugger out

And we'll never see the likes of you again
No we'll never see the likes of you again
No we'll never see the likes of you again

Black Friday Rule

I want to believe in myself once again
So I dream of a man whose hopes never end
To kiss with a girl who's as lovely as you
I'd give you my heart, if you gave me the truth

And for every tear that is lost from an eye
I'd dig me a well where no man could destroy
I want to believe in a freedom that's bold
But all I remember is the freedom of old

Well I lost me a wife, so I found me a plane
Flew all the way to California
This mess in my head is a mess getting out
Ya drink too much coffee, I drink too much stout

But after a while, when my mouth's not so dry
I'll dance up a storm, sure life's looking fine

But as darkness falls, I return to my bed
Don't ask me more questions, don't fuck with my head

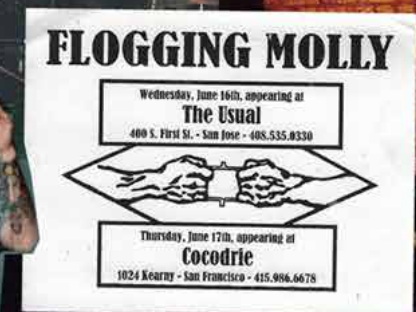
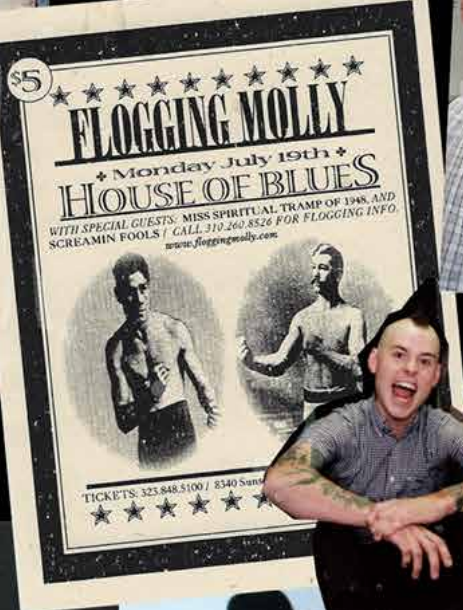
I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
Like thousands of people, left standing in their shoe
I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
As thousands they grieve, as the Black Friday rule

The buildings they shake but my heart it beats still
Oh mother of Jesus, I feel pretty ill
I want to go home where my feet both feel safe
But there ain't no jobs in the old free state

So I must remain in my new adopted land
I'm doing the best, Hell I'm doin' all I can
So next time you see me, don't ask for my name
For I am the King and sure long may I reign

I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
Like thousands of people, left standing in their shoe
I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
As thousands they grieve, as the Black Friday rule

I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
Like thousands of people, left standing in their shoe
I've been down in this world, down and almost broken
As thousands they grieve, as the Black Friday rule



Grace Of God Go I

Lookin' down through a tide of no return
Is a field where the crops no longer grow
Parched is the land, strangled an' be damned
There for the Grace Of God Go I

Down beside where the riverbed sleeps
Is a man not knowin' what he should feel
Mocked by the wave that beats the waters edge
There for the Grace Of God Go I

If I ever hurt another like thee again
I would drown myself beneath your name
Lost was the child, we all once did hide
There for the Grace Of God Go I

Devil's Dance Floor

Her breath began to speak
As she stood right in front of me
The colour of her eyes
Were the colour of insanity
Crushed beneath her wave
Like a ship, I could not reach her shore
We're all just dancers on the Devil's Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor

Pressed against her face
I could feel her insecurity
Her mother'd been a drunk
And her father was obscurity
But nothin' ever came
From a life that was a simple one
So pull yourself together girl
And have a little fun

Well she took me by the hand
I could see she was a fiery one
Her legs ran all the way
Up to heaven and past Avalon
Tell me somethin' girl, what it is you have in store
She said come with me now
On the Devil's Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor

The apple is sweet
Oh much sweeter than it ought to be
Another little bite
I don't think there is much hope for me
The sweat beneath her brow
Travels all the way
An' headin' south
This bleedin' heart's cryin'
Cause there's no way out

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-
Swing

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor

Well swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, a little more next to me
Swing a little more, little more o'er the merry-o
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor
Swing a little more, on the Devil's Dance Floor

DEVIL'S DANCE FLOOR
HER BREATH began to speak
AS she stood right in front of me

These Exiled Years

It's four in the mornin'
Battered and numb
A loaded room, an empty gun
I whistle a tune, I heard years before
The clock started tickin'
Where did the time go
I danced to the mornin'
She called out my name
The wind was a howlin'
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 of your joy
But don't drag me through this again

I've heard all your sad songs I can hear
It's in 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

~~They~~ The dew on the ground
Blankets the face
Cold was the night
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 of 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

Walk away, watch me as I wave
One foot here, but sure the other's in the grave
Walk away, walk away

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

Sentimental Johnny

I'm goin' back to Sentimental Johnny
Cause Sentimental Johnny is your man
Sunshine or rain, the man's on his game
The Chairman of the boards
He said Jesus, he walks on whater
Not like us, he must have been sober
Marching away, on top of his lake
The Savior of all souls

Leave me to die in the wreckage
As soon as it burns, I'll be gone
I'm goin' back to Sentimental Johnny (what for?)
To take in all I can (once more)
To take in all I can (once more)

Well it was back in good ol' 57
When Johnny met Elvis in Memphis
Rockin' on sun
Where it all begun
A story yet to end
And by this time, we're drinkin' up a fever
And in me, he has a true believer
If only I could, just for one word
To live it all again

Leave me to die in the wreckage
As soon as it burns, I'll be gone
I'm goin' back to Sentimental Johnny (what for?)
To take in all I can (once more)
To take in all I can (once more)

Rio, why don't you meet me down in Rio: again
Down in Rio, the carnival it never ends
Down in Rio, we'll find a perfect world in Rio: again
Down in Rio, where the women still love their men

Well Johnny, it's two in the mornin'
Don't you think, it's time we should go
Back to our millions of records we love
Back to our sad little homes
~~Never~~ That was the last time I saw him
Never, no never no more
I wonder did Jesus, come to redeem him
Save poor Johnny's ol' soul
I wonder did Jesus, come to redeem him
Save poor Johnny's ol' soul

Leave me to die in the wreckage
As soon as it burns, I'll be gone
I'm goin' back to Sentimental Johnny (what? for?)
To take in all I can (once more)
To take in all I can (once more)

1114418025
FX-RAY POLAROID



Far Away Boys

Well I worked on the railroad
For t'pence a day
Drank down one penny
The other I'd save
I hammered and I hammered
For God kn ows how long
Well into madness, with each setting sun
I put my head down and I dreamt you were here
With me by the ol' tree, where no one could care

Far Away Boys, Far Away Boys
Away from ya now
I'm lyin' with my sweetheart
In her arms I'll be found

Then the sun belched upon me
You were no longer here
Lyin' in your place was my hammer and my gear
So I stamped out the fire that kept us both warm
The ashes were fallin'
Like the snow drops of old
We came to a mountain
Dynamite and she'll blow
A big hole in that rock
Like the one in my soul

Far Away Boys, Far Away Boys
Away from ya now
I'm lyin' with my sweetheart
In her arms I'll be found

We buried four workmen
They dug themselves well
From four empty coffins, to four early grames
They're only paddys, just paddys
Don't dig them too deep
You'll need all your strength boys
And they're replaced easily
With the heat I was melting
Into your sweet lips
Ah, your kiss takes me back
Takes me back from all this

Far Away Boys, Far Away Boys
Away from ya now
I'm lyin' with my sweetheart
In her arms I'll be found

Someone said it was Christmas
But not a tree was in sight
The only thing growin' was my will to die
Till the gaffer said 'men, your work here is done'
I said, 'I'll see you in Hell, on that train we died for'

Never again, will I smell your sweet dream
But a pissed stained ol' gutter where:
Your lips used to be

Far Away Boys, Far Away Boys
Away from ya now
I'm lyin' with my sweetheart
In her arms I'll be found



E REDUCTION
ONE ☐ ☐
ALIGNMENT TONES
AD ☐ TAIL ☐ NONE
TH REF. TONES
D PARAMETER DATA
AD ☐ TAIL
☐

Juan El Sentimental

Volviendo a el compadre
Juan el sentimental.
Solo, you, yeah, él es el jefe.
Este hombre sentimental.

Jesús, caminó sobre el agua.
No como nosotros.
Debe haber estado sobrio.
El salvador de las almas, ah.

Déjame ya morir.
Cuando esté you me voy.
Volviendo a Juan el sentimental (What for?)
To take in all I can (Once more!)
To take in all I can (Once more!)

Allá por, bueno, '57
Conoció Elvis en Memphis.
Tocando el Sol,
Donde todo comenzó,
Historia que no terminó.
Este tiempo estamos borrachos.
Y conmigo
él tiene un amigo.
Yo quiero solo, una vez más,
Solamente por una palabra.

Déjame ya morir.
Cuando esté you me voy.
Volviendo a Juan el sentimental (What for?)
To take in all I can (Once more!)
To take in all I can.

Rio, ?Why don't you meet me down to Rio, again?
Down in Rio, the Carnaval it never ends.
Down in Rio, we'll find a perfect world in Rio, again.
Down in Rio, where the women still love their men, yeah.

Juan, es dos en la mañana.
Ya es hora de partir.
Regresemos a millones de discos,
Regresemos a casa tristes.
Fue la última vez que lo vi.
No, nunca, no, nunca ya mas.
Me pregunto Jesús, si vienes salvador.
Pobre alma de Juan.
Me pregunto Jesús, si vienes salvador.
Pobre alma de Juan.

Déjame ya morir.
Cuando esté yo me voy.
Volviendo a Juan el sentimental. (What for?)
To take in all I can (Once more!)
To take in all I can (Once more!)
To take in all I can (Once more!)