



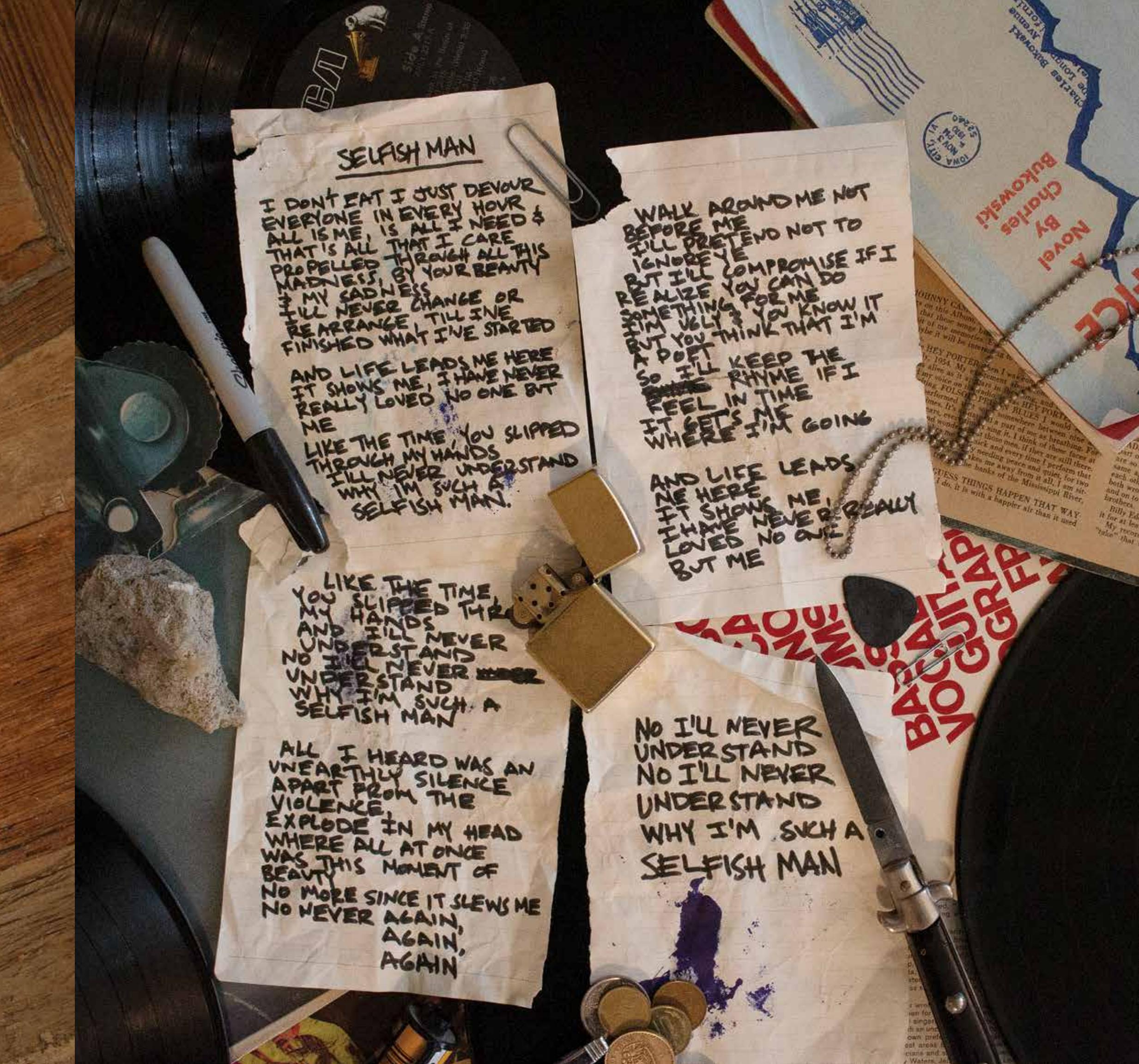
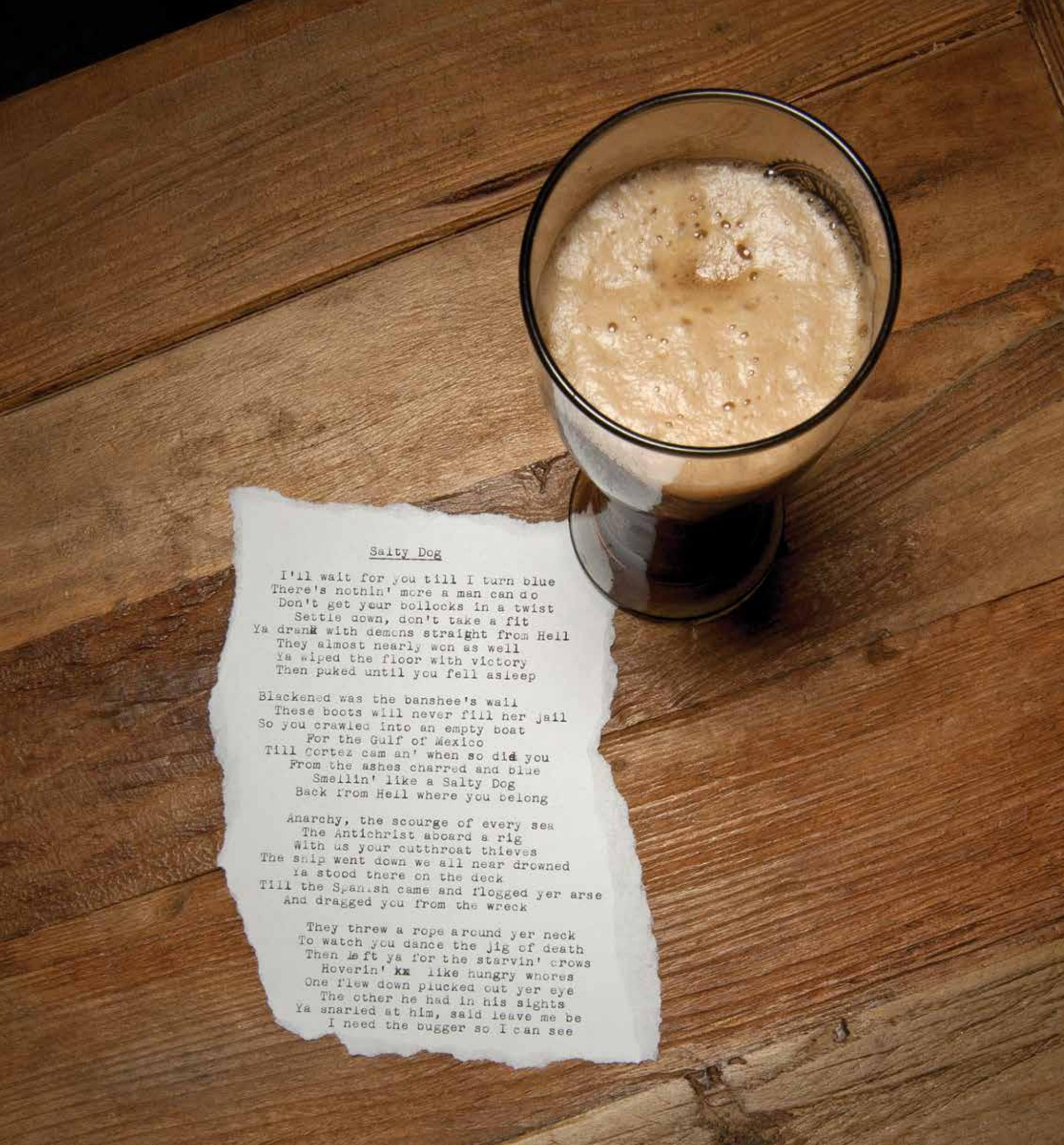
**FLOGGING
MOLLY**

Swallow



20 YEARS OF

SWELL



Ausfahrt
THE WORST
DAY SINCE
YESTERDAY

WELL I KNOW I MISS MORE THAN HIT
WITH A FACE THAT HAS LAUNCHED TO S
AN' I SELDOM FEEL THE BRIGHT RELIEF
IT'S BEEN THE WORST DAY SINCE
IF THERE'S ONE YESTERDAY

IS THAT THE DREAMS I ONCE HAD,
NOW LAY IN BED, MY WITS

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

HELL SAYS "HELLO,"
WELL IT'S TIME I SHOULD GO
TO PASTURE'S 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 Come 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
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 ~~be~~ 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

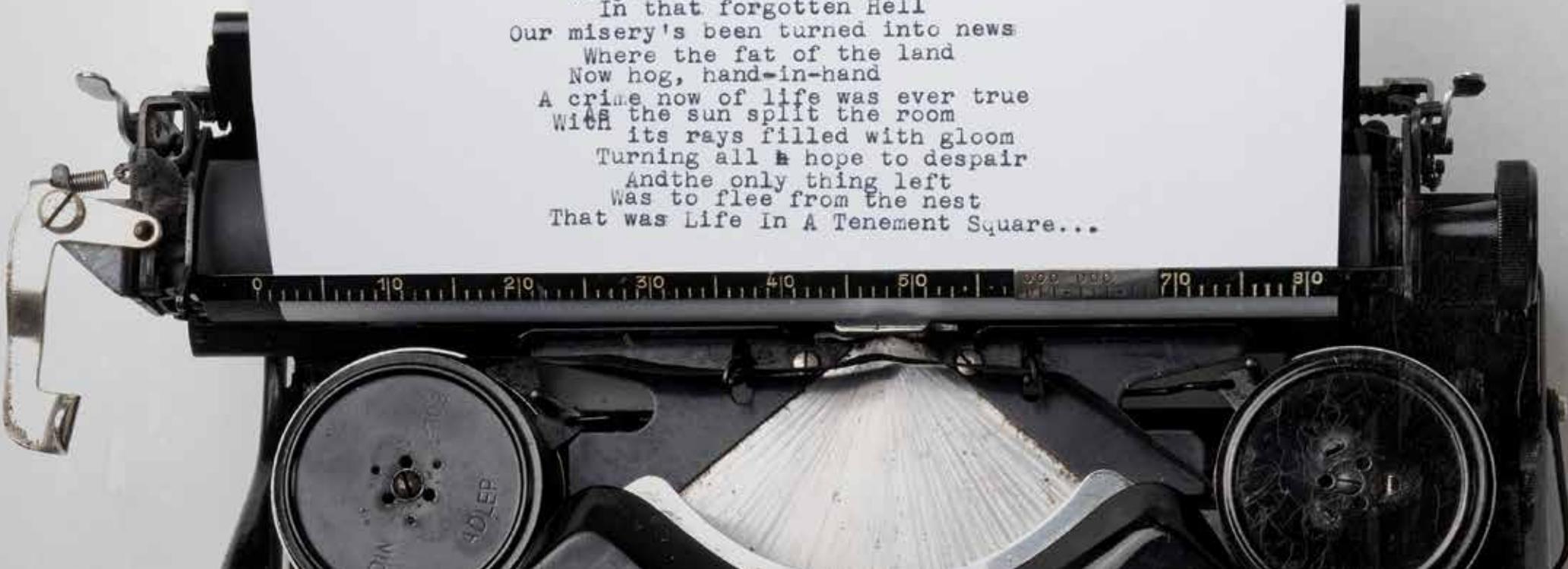
Life In Tenement Square

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 dandled 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' Beggers 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 Seugo 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 throughx 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

X
Killer Kilbain kicked me senseless...
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

**PLAYING ON SWAGGER IS****Dave King** Vocals & Acoustic Guitar**Bridget Regan** Fiddle & Tin Whistle**Dennis Casey** Guitar**Matt Hensley** Accordion**Nathan 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 ChicagoMixed by **Ross Hogarth**Mastered by **Him Rosen**
Photograph by **Dan Sturt**
Design **Winni Wintermeyer/Bam.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.
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(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
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"BLACK FRIDAY RULE" **TWENTYSIXF MUSIC**
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Swagger 20th Anniversary Reissue Box Set
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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
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

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'
Emz 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, again

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

size and conveniently inserted
"lower-case" or "small" letters; though
others may first of all be represented in plain "block"
hickening and emphasis of tips are added later
fishings show a slight curvature due to the
e plate, are some simple adaptations
e in stems and cross-bars, &c.
e appears under the altered
Christmas, and of contraction
inner. It may be used under
purposes (Architec
ries, and

of motor-activity or executive power,
which has to be reckoned with and
All unaided drawing by young children
is bound to interpose between the object
stradistinction to "verisimilar" and "un
ties arise, if it is to be a matter of
a while, the child will walk a little
golden opportunity. Says a practical te
are, they often show much life and
he child, but soon he becomes
opportunity. Here the teacher
inv

DRAWING

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
x I want to believe in a freedom that's bold
x But all I remember is the freedom of old

Well I lost me a wife, so I found me a plane

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

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 d~~ 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

~~XXXXX~~ That was the last time I saw him
Never, no never no more
I wonder did Jesus, came 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)

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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 herx 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

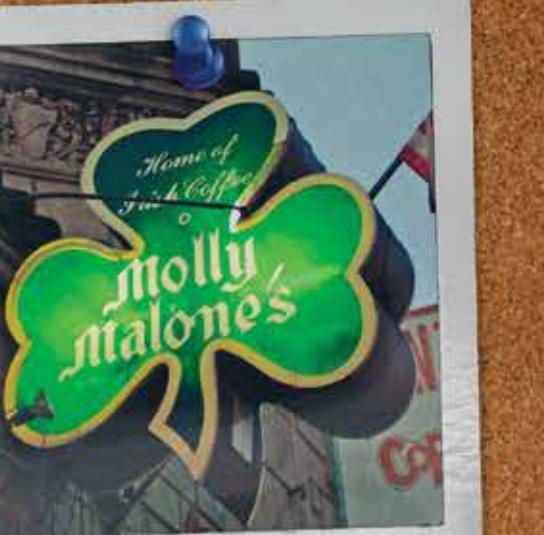
Far Away Boys, Far Away Boys

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 f rom ya now
I'm lyin' w ith my sweetheart
In her arms I'll be found



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ALIGNMENT TONES
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PARAMETER DATA
AD TAIL

56

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 este 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 este 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!)