

Lions And Tigers

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Send the kids to the garden
The cypresses burdened down
To make a perfect pair
Spread on a blanket
The angels wasting their tears
When your wet face turns to cheer

Tiny little voices
Won't take nothing from no one
Tiny little fingers
Won't pull nothing from nowhere

The children are begging
The smiling rain clouds
To please reflect my tears
Leaves fall from nowhere
I won't beg your pardon
I won't be there when you laugh

Tiny little voices
Won't take nothing from no one
Tiny little fingers
Won't pull nothing from nowhere

And find a way to set them straight
These kids are all begging to trade
Their ghosts away
And let them fade and let them

All of their open smiles
Just sit and wait
To sing a brutal song