

## Youngest Son

Billy Bragg

My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The fife and drum beat out the time  
While in his box of polished pine  
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray  
My youngest son came home today  
My youngest son was a fine young man  
With a wife, a daughter and two sons  
And a man he would have lived and died  
Till by a bullet sanctified  
Now he's a saint or so they say  
They brought their young saint home today

An Irish sky looks down and weeps  
Upon the narrow Belfast streets  
At children's blood in gutters spilled  
In dreams of glory unfulfilled  
As part of freedom's price to pay  
My youngest son came home today  
My youngest son came home today  
His friends marched with him all the way  
The pipe and drum beat out the time  
While in his box of polished pine  
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray  
My youngest son came home today  
And this time he's here to stay  
Words and music by Eric Bogle  
Appears on Billy Bragg's \_The