

# The Scattering

## Cutting Crew

Boys and girls will see in time  
That they were wrong to go  
Fires don't burn at home, like they  
Used to burn, those nights  
Grew so long

The scattering  
(All the children say)  
Will come again  
(It's taken them away)  
No seeds to fall  
(All the children say)  
No sons to blame  
As one by one they left home

Tired old men  
Spin tales of when  
A man could work  
And hold his head up high  
Ghosts roam this town  
With pockets full of rye they'd all fall down  
But soon their jars all ran dry

The scattering  
(All the children say)  
Will come again  
(It's taken them away)  
No seeds to fall  
(All the children say)  
No sons to blame  
As one by one they left home

The scattering  
(All the children say)  
Has come again  
(It's taken them away)  
No seeds to fall  
(All the children say)  
Like better days

The scattering  
(All the children say)  
Has come again  
(It's taken them away)  
But if skies could fall  
(All the children say)  
With harvest rain  
Then one by one...  
They'll come home