

## Child No More

F.O.B.

Children play with childish toy  
Another day, another joy  
Sun comes up, makes them warm  
Silver cup of friendly form.

No pain, no distress  
No rain, god bless

Friendly man in childish mind  
Gold was sand, child was blind  
Pain and tears, marked for life  
Agony and fear, cuts like knife.

No more trust, no more love  
No more trust, kills the dove.