

Children Of The Dust

GBH

It started off as innocent fun, a stranger in a foreign land.
A boy with a gun and no name, seeks compassion with a girl in hand.

When your conscience taps you on the shoulder,
you'll be a little wiser and older.
Not even we can save the children of dust,
not even we can save the children of dust,
Well not even we can save the children of dust.

Task completed but you lost face,
returning home the conquering saviour.
The little girl who lives next door,
takes a shine to your cool behaviour.

A steady job and a nice clean house, part of your parents scheming.
The past will always catch you out, in 'Nam a child is screaming.

Youth has gone now, the past is settled, you'll pay for that night of lust.
A million miles, a promise, and a child of dust.