

## The Hardest Word

Kirsty MacColl

(kirsty maccoll/hamish maccoll)  
With me in the valley you out on the hill  
I can just see you if I close my eyes  
Climbing those mountains I picture you still  
I see your smile just as I saw the sunrise  
This land is ancient it's built out of bones  
At war with each other, the mother, the father  
The sisters, the brothers, the daughters and sons  
Be kind to each other, your father, your mother  
On the horizon the eagles are flying  
And I mean no more than a cloud in the sky  
I never know if I'm laughing or crying  
The hardest word is the word goodbye  
Teach me the old ways I'm ready to learn  
Be kind to the sister, be kind to the brother  
The writer, the singer, the poet, the clown  
Be good to the man and be kind to them all  
And we are ancient built from bones  
Make time for the young and make time for the old  
Be kind to each other oh that's what I know  
Be kind to the mothers, daughters and sons  
The true and the great and the scared and the small  
Be kind to each other, be kind to them all  
Forgive our indignity and we forgive yours  
As I am the mother, you are the father  
Entwined in each other, now and forever  
The fathers of daughters, the mothers of sons  
Forever and ever and ever as one  
As we are the fathers, we are the sons  
And we are the daughters, the mothers and brothers  
Forever and ever and ever as one