

## They Don't Want Your Corn, They Want Your Kids

Liars

It's nothing new but it's something I get used to  
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)  
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)  
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)  
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)  
I'll take care of you  
I'll take care of you  
They're taking our children away  
I'll take care of you  
They're taking our children away  
I'll take care of you  
And why, I love  
The end, you knew  
Before, my love  
Is deep, come through  
Fathers, brothers  
Uncles, cousins