

## Flowers of evil

Mountain

Pappalardi-Rea-West

Oh can you tell me Oh how the joy  
Passed from his childhood That's not my boy  
I see he's finished, he's run his race  
We're not his family that's not his face  
We taught him well And from his youth  
He knew he always Must know the truth  
He left his country to go to war  
When he returned, he'd found we closed the door  
Chorus

But we never dreamed when he was leaving  
That he would taste the flowers of evil  
I know his habit was not so bad  
When for fifty dollars it could be had  
But now he' home to his promised land  
And what he needs got to cost a Grand  
When he'd been home for six month's time  
My son he told me, he'd made up his mind  
He's re-enlisted for three years more  
It's too expensive to stop this war  
Oh can you tell me Oh how the joy  
Passed from his childhood That's not my boy  
He's re-enlisted for three years more  
Is the price of peace worth the price of war?