

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?