

Sons Of

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Sons of the thief, sons of the saint
Who is the child with no complaint
Sons of the great or sons unknown
All were children like your own

The same sweet smiles and the same sad tears
The cries at night, the nightmare fears
Sons of the great, sons unknown
All were children like your own

So long ago

But sons of tycoons or sons of the farm
All of their children run from your arms
Through fields of gold through fields of ruin
All of their children vanish too soon

In towering waves in walls of flesh
Among dying birds trembling with death
Sons of tycoons or sons of the farms
All of their children run from your arms

Sons of your sands or sons passing by
Children we lost in a lullaby
Sons of true love and sons of regret
All of their sons you cannot forget
Some build the roads, some wrote the poems
Some went to war, some never came home
Sons of your sons or sons passing by
Children we lost in a lullaby
So long ago, long, long ago