

## History Boys

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Six million souls lost to thin air  
Are wandering the earth again  
Lives, not numbers

All these ghosts, sons of mothers  
History is empty arms  
It's just one thing after another  
And slowly we follow behind our boys

One day I'll have a child of my own  
How will I tell him, oh  
This world, this world it is a good place?  
How will I hide the fear from my face?

How do you sleep with all that you've done?  
Sending somebody else's son to die  
For things no one believes in  
Saluting your own charade  
As we line up in this heartless parade