

History Boys

Nerina Pallot

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