

Sons And Daughters

The 88

Well it all began like a new routine
We were drunk, we were tired, we were sick, we were in between
And the jig was up when the sun went down
It was dark, it was mean, it was black, there was not a sound
And when the morning papers did not come
We shook our heads
We knew that we were done
And so we sat and prayed for just another try

Throw your babies in the water
Dah Dah Dah
Let your hair down like you used to
And tell all your sons and daughters
Dah Dah Dah
They don't have to grow up like you
They're not supposed to

Now the birds don't sing and the cars won't go
There's a lump in your throat
There's no songs on the radio
And the walls caved in, and the well went dry, and the mountain shook
And the people all wondered why
And in the morning I woke up to find there's someone here
There's someone in mind and so I hung my head and
And began to cry

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Cradled whipped and mother's tongue
It's not hard to see what went wrong
If I told you once like I done told you twice,
You can beg you can kneel you can pray, you'll be sacrificed
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