

## 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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