

## Cry Of The Morning

The Mob

No time for love if they come in the morning  
No time to show fear or for tears in the morning  
No time for goodbyes, no time to ask why  
And the wail of the siren is the cry of the morning

No time for hate if they come in the morning  
No time, young mothers, for mourning  
No time for turning or running away  
Of the crying young babies in the morning

No time to fight back if they come in the morning  
No time for withdrawal or for hiding  
No time for reflection of lost dreams and hopes  
And the wail of the siren is the cry of the morning  
And the wail of the siren is the cry