

# Little Boys Blues

The Tiger Lillies

You were sweet and innocent  
And only seventeen seventeen  
A beautiful summer's day  
And so to church you rode away

Birds singing in the sky  
Philosophers wondering why  
While vagabonds such as I  
Sing our songs and cry

And vagabonds not like me  
Stare lustfully at you through the trees  
They raped you took your life  
With a cudgel and a knife

Little boys' blues  
What can we do  
We might come from Hell  
But we're too young to tell  
Little boys' blues  
What can we do  
We might come from Hell  
But we're too young to tell

Found your body cold and still  
Abused amongst the daffodils  
God you allow this deed  
Do you condone this greed

A father and a mother's grief  
Are told but without release  
And when they moved the young girl's head  
The soil it bled

A church built where she died  
How her mother and father cried  
A church built on belief  
A church built on grief

Little boys' blues  
What can we do  
We might come from Hell  
But we're too young to tell  
Little boys' blues  
What can we do  
We might come from Hell  
But we're too young to tell

Little boys' blues  
Little boys' blues  
Little boys' blues  
Little boys' blues