

# Little Children

Eva Cassidy

(David Christopher) Dark night broken lights  
A boy on the corner with his hands held high  
He sees a gun sees an eye  
But he'd rather get shot than give it up Works for a violent man  
Who expects to get money when he sees him again  
And if he doesn't die on the corner tonight  
It won't take too long to catch him Children throw their lives away yeah  
A little more dying every day Little young man he ain't got a lot  
But he'd sell his whole world just to get what you've got  
He's not even sure if his body's hooked  
But if he gets a little higher he could fly away Little young lady watch her children play  
There's two outside and one on the way  
She hasn't seen her man in a thousand days  
Since the police came around and took him away Children throw their lives away  
A little more dying every day Children throw their lives away  
A little more dying every day Children throw their lives away yeah  
A little more dying every day Sirens scream through the empty streets  
Headed to the scene of another mistake  
One man hanging on the edge of life  
The other one thrown in a bag The children watch the children think  
That the bottom line is that nothing's free  
But it doesn't take much to end a life  
When the thoughts stop coming out straight Children throw their lives away  
A little more every day

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