

The Lost Children

Gordon Lightfoot

Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come
Faded lips and eyes of blue, they're carried in the wind
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not laugh again
All the games are ended now, their voices have
been stilled
Their fathers built the tools of war by which they all were killed
Their mothers made the uniforms, showing which side they were on
And the young boys were the middle men for the guns to prey upon
You've seen the fires in the night, watched
the Devil as he smiles
You've heard a mother's mournful cry as she searches for her child
You've seen the lines of refugees, the faces of despair
And wondered at the wise men who never seem to care
Goodbye, you lost children, God speed you on your way
Your little beds are empty now, your toys are put away
Your mother sings a lullaby as she gazes at the floor
Your father builds more weapons and marches out once more

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