

# 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 againAll 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 uponYou'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 careGoodbye, 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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