Native Son

Kate Earl

I could see the car arrive,
the uniforms they stepped outside.
Doorbell rings and breaks the quiet
Hats in hand they come inside.
The bitter truth, the disbelief,
the shock at first, the waves of grief.
How'm I gonna carry on, when everything is gone?

(Chorus)
Ohhhhhh Native Son
Ohhhhhh Where have you gone?

(Instrumental)

He was only 17, local boy with small town dreams.
No one ever questioned it, figured it was his best bet.
Straight from school to his first tour, the constant fear that he endured.
How you gonna carry on so far away from home?

(Chorus)
Ohhhhh Native Son
Ohhhhh Where have you gone?
Ohhhhh Native Son
You're not coming home.

(Instrumental)

Folded flag, the family name,
Proud solider in a picture frame.
How we gonna carry on, when all our faith is gone?

(Chorus)
Ohhhh Native Son (How'm I supposta carry on?)
Ohhhh Where have you gone? (How'm I supposta carry on?)
Ohhhh Native Son (How'm I supposta carry on?)
You're not coming home (All my faith is gone)
Ohhhh Native Son (How'm I supposta carry on?)
Ohhhh Where have you gone? (All my faith, All my faith is gone)
Ohhhh Native Son (How'm I supposta carry on?)
You're not coming home.

Lyrics submitted by Hannah Whetten.

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