Sons and Daughters

The 88

And it all began like a new routine
We were drunk, we were tired, we were sick
We were in betweenAnd the jig was up when the sun went down
It was dark, it was mean, it was black
There was not a soundAnd when the morning papers did not come
We shook our heads
We knew that we were done and so we sat and prayed for
Just another tryThrow your babies in the water
Let your hair down like you used to
And tell all your sons and daughters
They don't have to grow up like you
They're not supposed toNow the birds don't sing and the cars won't go
There's a lump in your throat
There's no songs on the radioAnd the walls caved in and the well went dry
And the mountains shook
And the people all wondered whyAnd in the morning I woke up to find
There's someone here
There's someone in my mind
And so I hung my head
And I began to cryThrow your babies in the water
Let your hair down like you used to
And tell all your sons and daughters
They don't have to grow up like you
They're not supposed toCradled, whipped
And mother's tongue
It's not hard to see what went wrongIf I told you once, I told you twice
You can beg, you can kneel, you can pray
You'll be sacrificed
And when the morning papers did not come
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We knew that we were done and so we sat and prayed for
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