

# Yours and Mine

Ellen Sundberg

I can see a boy of fourteen, he's got a rifle in his hand  
He's dying to defend his desert land  
He's got an arm around his father, another arm around his gun  
Must the child in the father die so young?  
There's a teenage girl in Belfast, playing in the street  
Her brother plays a different game and he's turnin' up the heat  
On the soldiers around the corner and the powers overseas  
And who are they to ruin lives like these?  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, yours and mine  
So you think that it's so easy just to let it pass you by  
Watch TV and pretend it's all a lie  
But you know there is no Third World, it happens to us all  
There's just one world and the kids are the first to fall  
And they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
They're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
Raised him for something, better than a bullet  
He's a every mother's son  
And she raised him for something, better than a bullet  
He's a every mother's son  
And she raised him for something, better than a bullet  
He's a every mother's son  
His life's hangin' from a trigger, I won't pull it  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine  
'Cause they're yours and they're mine, yours and mine

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