

Yours and Mine

Crosby, Stills & Nash

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 turning 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 I pass you by
You watch T.V. 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
And they're yours and they're mine
They're yours and mine
They're yours and they're mine
Yours and mine
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
And she raised him for something
Better than a bullet
He's a every mother's son
His life's hanging from a trigger
I won't to 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

Songwriters

DOERGE/CROSBY/NASH Published by

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