

Sons Of

Judy Collins

sons of the thief
sons of the saint
who is the child with no complaint
sons of the great or sons unknown
all were children like your own
the same sweet smiles
the same sad tears
the cries of night
the nightmare fears
sons of the great
sons unknown
all were children like your own

sons of tycoons or
sons from the farms
all of the children ran from your arms
through fields of gold
through fields of ruin
all of the children vanished too soon
in towering waves in walls of flesh
amid dying birds trembling with death
sons of tycoons
sons from the farms
all of the children ran from your arms

sons of your sons
sons passing by
children were lost in lullaby
sons of true love
sons of regret
all of your sons you can never forget
some built the roads
some wrote the poems
some went to war
some never came home
sons of your sons
sons passing by
children were lost in lullaby
in lullaby

in lullaby...

Lyrics submitted by C Kelly Collins.

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