

Golden Boys

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Aimless, ain't got no where to go
All my thoughts have gone
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Aimless, ain't got no where to go
Ready? Mother Mary had a son
Whose days were spent on having fun
And Monday he got a letter
"You could make yourself feel better Mother Mary had a man
Who healed with healing hands
Millions of boys lay dead Mother Mary had a baby
But he had his, hed never tasted
He hunted all the others
Then he hunted all his brothers Mother Mary had a man
Who healed with healing hands
Millions of boys stay dead Go-Go-Golden Boys
Youve got your war toys
Looking straight on
And with your eyes of blue
I will remember you
One for me, one for you Mother Mary, baby
Rock and roll, rock and roll
You know I only want you
For your rock and roll, Mother Mary Mother Mary had a man
Who healed with pleasing hands
Millions of boys stay dead Go-Go-Golden Boys
Youve got your war toys
Looking straight on
And with your eyes of blue
Well do the old one two
One for me, one for you One, two, three, go Brother mother baby youre flipped out
Youre over influenced
One day you will feel it
You will make yourself feel better Mother Mary had a man
Who healed with healing hands
Millions of boys stay dead
Millions of boys stay dead
Millions of boys stay dead

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