

Stabat Mater

Philip Thomson

In the glorious days till we lost our way
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a game Now the wind ventures to other plains
Hey, when will I see you again if I go ? This train whistles and blows all sounds away
Hey, how could we be close again ? Now the nights is bathing in disgrace
Hey, do you still braid some flowers in your hair ? Comes the sound of boots and metal chains
Hey, will the perfume of the daisies remain ? A circus of horses is dancing in the bay
Hey, now the fire is in the way The past is sucked by quick-sands I'm afraid
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a game

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