Mirrors

Eric Bogle

"MIRRORS"
-Eric BogleChildren are born with trust in their eyes
it's the first thing that we betray
Children are born believing in magic
it's the first thing we take away
Fill them with doubt instead of magic
and fear instead of trust
And after awhile, they're just like usOn this earth there is a city
in a rich green pleasant country
Where they kill their children
the children of the streets
Free enterprise extermination
why waste rehabilitation?
a bullet is forever
It's so final quick and cheapAnd the despots all wear policemen's badges
Kill to supplement their wages
Earn their bloody bounty
with the gun and the club and knife
While profit-concious businessmen
Upright solid citizens
Pay them a cew cruzeiros
for every murdered street kids life(But they're children!)
They're garbage on the streets
(Oh the children!)
They're beggars, whores and theives
(Oh pity the children!)
Cry pity if you will,
There's none on the streets
of Rio de Janeiro in BrazilTo bless this piece of paradise
High on a hill stands Jesus Christ
Gazing down with sightless eyes
at the daily blasphemy
A mocking marble coontradiction
arms spread wide in benediction
Suffer the little children,
suffer them to come to meAnd the despots cry "amen, amen"
while they bow their knees to Bethlehem
They spit in the face of humankind
Turn our dreams to worthless dust

And the future, as it's always done,
stares down the barrel of a gun
Which once more begs the question,
When will the despots come for us?(But they're children!)
Have you seen their eyes?
(Oh the children!)
Hard and wary and street-wise
(Oh pity the children!)
There are no children here
Only old eyes full of hunger
and hate and hopeless fear(But they're children!)
Abandoned and forsaken
(Oh the children!)
Useless human flotsam
(Oh pity the children!)
And pity us as well
For in our childrens' eyes
We see mirrors of ourselves

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