

The Scattering

Cutting Crew

boys and girls will see in time
that they were wrong to go
fires don't burn at home, like they
used to burn, those nights
grew so long
the scattering
(all the children say)
will come again
(it's taken them away)
no seeds to fall
(all the children say)
no sons to blame
as one by one they left home
tired old men
spin tales of when
a man could work
and hold his head up high
ghosts roam this town
with pockets full of rye they'd all fall down
but soon their jars all ran dry
the scattering
(all the children say)
will come again
(it's taken them away)
no seeds to fall
(all the children say)
no sons to blame
as one by one they left home
the scattering
(all the children say)
has come again
(it's taken them away)
no seeds to fall
(all the children say)
like better days
the scattering
(all the children say)
has come again
(it's taken them away)

but if skies could fall
(all the children say)
with harvest rain
then one by one...
they'll come home

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