

Boomer's Bones

Britta Lee Shain

BOOMER'S BONES

These old bones have marched to Birmingham
Back in 1964
These old bones have been to Vietnam
And had their taste of war
These old bones have gone to Woodstock
Heard the Dead but missed the Stones
These old bones, these old bones, these old bones

These old bones have felt the burning
In the fires of '68
These old bones have joined the Peace Corps
And they've cried for JFK
These old bones have planted seeds of hope
Where hope was never known
These old bones, these old bones, these old bones

CHORUS:

All my brothers and my sisters
We were born to change the world
Children of the sixties
Don't believe in getting old
No time to rest still got our best
All that wisdom to be shared
Cause the world has gone to hell again
And it needs a boomer's care
And these old bones...

These old bones have marched for justice
Struggled hard against the stream
These old bones have cried for "Freedom"!
Like that preacher with his dream
These old bones they have been broken
But they've healed and carried on
These old bones, these old bones, these old bones

These old bones have danced on Bandstand

Watched the Beatles on TV
These old bones have taught the world to sing
In perfect harmony
These old bones have seen the risinâ€™
â€™Gainst the tyrants on their thrones
These old bones, these old bones, these old bones

CHORUS:

All my brothers and my sisters
We were born to change the world
Children of the sixties
Donâ€™t believe in getting old
No time to rest still got our best
All that wisdom to be shared
Cause the world has gone to hell again
And it needs a boomerâ€™s care
And these old bones

OUTRO:

And when they lay these bones to rest
Brothers sisters east and west
Let the world sing out the truth
That these old bones...
Theyâ€™ve done their best.
These old bones, these old bones, these old bones.....

Lyrics Submitted by Bill Valenti

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