

Corpus Christi

"Mothers Daughters Wives"

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The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
In between your husbands
Marched away with drums and guns.
But you never thought to question.
You just went on wi' your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

You barely just remember
The tears your mother she'd
As she sat and read the papers
Through the lists and lists of dead.
And the gold frame held a photograph
Your mother kissed each night.
And the door frame held a shocked
And silent stranger from the frae.

And twenty-one years later,
You had children of your own.
The trumpets sounded once again,
And the soldier boys were gone.
But you made their guns and drove their trucks
And you tended to their wounds.
At night you kissed their photograph
And prayed for safe returns.

The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
In between your husbands
Marched away with drums and guns.
But you never thought to question.
You just went on wi' your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

And when it was all over
You had to learn again
To be just wives and mothers,
Tho' you'd done the work of men.
But you worked to help the needy

And you never trod on toes.
And the photo on the mantelpiece

Struck a happy family pose.

But your daughters grew to women
And your little boys to men.
And you wished that you were dreaming
When the call up came up again.
But you bravely smiled and held your tears
As you proudly waved goodbye.
But the photo on the mantel piece
It always made you cry.

The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
In between your husbands
Marched away wi' drums and guns.
But you never thought to question.
You just went on wi' your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

Now you're getting older
And in time the photos fade.
In widowhood you sit there
And reflect on the parade.
And the passing of your memories
How your daughter change their lives.
Seeing more to their existences
Than mothers, daughters, wives.

The first time it was fathers,
The last time it was sons
In between your husbands
Marched away with drums and guns.
But you never thought to question.
You just went on wi' your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

Aye you never thought to question.
You just went on with your lives.
Cause all they taught you who to be,
Was mothers, daughters, wives.

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