

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young **"Yours And Mine"**

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(4:21)

Written by Craig Doerge, David Crosby and Graham Nash

(c) 1990 Fair Star Music (ASCAP)

Stay Straight Music (BMI) and Nashnotes (ASCAP)

I see a boy of fourteen, he's got a rifle in his hand.

He's dying to defend his desert land.

He's got an arm around his father, another arm around his gun.

Must the child in the father die so young?

There's a teenage girl in Belfast, playing in the street.

Her brother plays a different game and he's turning up the heat

On the soldiers around the corner and the powers overseas.

And who are they to ruin lives like these?

'Cos they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine.

'Cos they're yours and they're mine, yours and mine.

So you think that it's so easy just to let I pass you by

You watch T.V. and pretend it's all a lie.

But you know there is no Third World, it happens to us all.

There's just one world and the kids are the first to fall.

And they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and mine.

And they're yours an they're mine, yours and mine.

He's every mother's son and she raised him for something

Better than a bullet.

He's every mother's son and she raised him for something

Better than a bullet.

He's every mother's son and she raised him

For something

Better than a bullet.

He's every mother's son, his life's hanging from a

trigger
And I won't pull it.
'Cos they're yours and they're mine, they're yours and
mine.
'Cos they're yours and they're mine, yours and mine.
Recorded at The Record Plant, Studio I (February 2nd
'90)

Lead Vocals: David Crosby
Drums and Synth Guitars: Joe Vitale
Bass: Bob Glaub
Keyboards: Craig Doerge, Joe Vitale
Percussion Program: Tony Beard
Soprano Sax: Brandford Marsalis

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