

Edwin McCain

"Prayer To Saint Peter"

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Let them in Peter
For they are very tired.
Give them couches where the angels sleep
And light those fires.
Let them wake whole again
To brand new dawns
Fired by the sun
Not wartime's bloody guns

And may their peace be deep
Remember where the broken bodies lie
God knows how young they were to have to die.
Well, God knows how young they were to have to die.

Give them things they like
Let them make some noise
Give dance hall bands not golden harps
To these our boys

And let them love, Peter
For they've had no time
They should have bird songs and trees
And hills to climb
The taste of summer
And a ripened pear
And girls sweet as meadow wind
And flowing hair

And tell them how they are missed
But say not to fear
It's gonna be all right
With us down here

(Repeat 1x)

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