

Gordon Lightfoot

"The Lost Children"

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Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come
Faded lips and eyes of blue, they're carried in the wind
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not
laugh again

All the games are ended now, their voices have been
stilled
Their fathers built the tools of war by which they all
were killed
Their mothers made the uniforms, showing which side
they were on
And the young boys were the middle men for the guns
to prey upon

You've seen the fires in the night, watched the Devil as
he smiles
You've heard a mother's mournful cry as she searches
for her child
You've seen the lines of refugees, the faces of despair
And wondered at the wise men who never seem to care

Goodbye, you lost children, God speed you on your
way
Your little beds are empty now, your toys are put away
Your mother sings a lullaby as she gazes at the floor
Your father builds more weapons and marches out
once more

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