

Judy Garland

"Babes In Arms"

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They call us babes in arms
But we are babes in armour.
They laugh at babes in arms
But we'll be laughing far more.
On city street and farms
They'll hear a rising was cry.
Youth will arrive,
Let them know you are alive,
Make it your cry!

They call us babes in arms
They think they must direct us.
But if we're babes in arms
We'll make them all respect us.
Why have we got our arms,
What have we got our sight for?
Play day is done,
We have a place in the sun
We must fight for.
So babes in arms to arms!

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