

## Liars

### "They Don't Want Your Corn, They Want Your Kids"

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It's nothing new but it's something I get used to  
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)  
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)  
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)  
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)  
I'll take care of you  
I'll take care of you  
They're taking our children away  
I'll take care of you  
They're taking our children away  
I'll take care of you

And why, I love  
The end, you knew  
Before, my love  
Is deep, come through

Fathers, brothers  
Uncles, cousins

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