

Willet

"Arm The Babies Kiss The Mothers"

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The comfort of home is a warm blanket
It keeps me safe tonight
But the world is a chill; it's a numbing cold air
And it's calling my name to the fight

Can anyone hear me when I make a sound?
Or will the crying be drowned?

A little sleep a little slumber
Fold our hands to rest
This loaf of bread will last tonight
We arm the babies and kiss the mothers
We are afraid of what we've made
We've got ourselves to blame
So we'll sit back and instead
We arm the babies and kiss the mothers
We arm the babies and kiss the mothers

The road is a wonder
It puts me to sleep tonight
But I am awakened by the sound
Of urgency, sirens and ecstasy now
Or will the sky still accept a poor man's pound?

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