

Nerina Pallot

"History Boys"

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Six million souls lost to thin air.
Wandering the earth again, lives not numbers.
All these ghosts, sons of mothers,
History's empty arms,
it's just one thing after another.
And slowly we follow behind, our boys.

One day I'll have a child of my own,
How will I tell him, oh?
This world, this world it is a good place
How will I hide the fear, from my face?

How do you sleep with all that you've done?
Sending somebody else's son to die,
for things no one believes in.
Saluting your own charade,
as we line up in this heartless parade.

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