

Oldfield Mike**"The Murder Of The Children Of San Francisco"**

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Oldfield

A child of love is walkin' thro' the San Franciscan night
He's barefoot and his eyes are open wide with
heavenly light

His head is covered over with leaves of darkest red
He drinks the milk of paradise and on honey dew has
fed

O my tiny hands are frozen won't you give me bread to
eat

My father is St.Francis and there's snow upon my feet.
O Joseph what's the knockin' in the howlin' wind without
Is it the rain or what that's strikin' fear into my heart
O Mary calm your mind while I open up the door
If it be beggars or gypsy sellers they won't come back
no more

O my tiny hands are frozen won't you give me bread to
eat

My father is St.Francis and there's snow upon my feet.
O Joseph there's that call again pray go and let him in
We have a litte wine to spare if he be tired and thin
O Mary where's your sense I have to work both night
and day

For you and all our childrens sakes I'll drive the child
away

O my tiny hands are frozen won't you give me bread to
eat

My father is St.Francis and there's snow upon my feet.
His head is covered over with leaves of darkest red
He drinks the milk of paradise and on honey dew has
fed

O Joseph my love has died with this cruel deed of yours
Take care my man for you did drive an angel from your
door

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