

88, The "Sons And Daughters"

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And it all began like a new routine
We were drunk, we were tired, we were sick
We were in between

And the jig was up when the sun went down
It was dark, it was mean, it was black
There was not a sound

And when the morning papers did not come
We shook our heads
We knew that we were done and so we sat and prayed
for
Just another try

Throw your babies in the water
Let your hair down like you used to
And tell all your sons and daughters
They don't have to grow up like you
They're not supposed to

Now the birds don't sing and the cars won't go
There's a lump in your throat
There's no songs on the radio

And the walls caved in and the well went dry
And the mountains shook
And the people all wondered why

And in the morning I woke up to find
There's someone here
There's someone in my mind
And so I hung my head
And I began to cry

Throw your babies in the water
Let your hair down like you used to
And tell all your sons and daughters
They don't have to grow up like you
They're not supposed to

Cradled, whipped
And mother's tongue

It's not hard to see what went wrong

If I told you once, I told you twice
You can beg, you can kneel, you can pray
You'll be sacrificed
And when the morning papers did not come
We shook our heads
We knew that we were done and so we sat and prayed
for
Just another try

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