

## The 88 "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  
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