

Oil Midnight

"Forgotten Years"

Visit "[Forgotten Years](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rob Hirst/Jim Moginie)

Few of the sins of the father

Are visited upon the son

Hearts have been hard

Hands have been clenched into fists too long

Our sons need never be soldiers

Our daughters will never need guns

These are the years between

These are the years that were hard fought and won

Contracts torn at the edges

Old signatures stained with tears

Seasons of war and grace

These should not be forgotten years

Still it aches like tetanus

It reeks of politics

How many dreams remain?

This is a feeling too strong to contain

CHORUS

The hardest years, the darkest years

The roarin' years, the fallen years

These should not be forgotten years

The hardest years, the wildest years
The desperate and divided years
We will remember
These should not be forgotten years
Our shoreline was never invaded
Our country was never in flames
This is the calm we breathe
This is a feeling too strong to contain
Still it aches like tetanus
It reeks of politics
Signatures stained with tears
Who can remember, we've got to remember
The hardest years, the darkest years
Forsaking aching breaking years
The time 'n' tested heaeartbreak years
These should not be forgotten years
The blinded years, the binded years
The desperate and divided years
These should not be forgotten years
Remember

Visit [Oil Midnight](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.