

# Children Of The Disappeared

Barclay James Harvest

He was born on easy streets  
Played so hard his feet they  
never touched the ground  
Never felt afraid  
Hour after shining hour  
No thought of time no parents worrying  
Innocent of fear

Now my, my, look at that sky  
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow  
Hey, hey, Heaven's in tears  
Crying for the disappeared

She grew up on easy streets  
Danced so hard her feet they  
never touched the ground  
Love was all around  
No locks on their front door  
She'd stay out late and  
they'd know she was safe  
No need to beware

Now my, my, look at that sky  
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow  
Hey, hey, Heaven's in tears  
Crying for the disappeared  
My my look at that sky  
Turning his back on a generation  
Hey, hey, Heaven's in flames  
And no one wants to take the blame  
Blame for children of the disappeared

Bleeding, crying, children, dying  
My, my, look at that sky  
Turning his back on a new tomorrow

Their life with never be the same  
For children who disappear  
and parents who live in fear

No more the easy streets  
No sound of children's footsteps on the ground  
Fear lies all around  
No more the unlocked door  
No more the children laughing as they play  
Nowhere left that's safe

Now my, my, look at that sky  
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow  
Hey, hey, Heaven's in tears  
Crying for the disappeared  
My, my, look at that sky  
Turning his back on a generation  
Hey, hey, Heaven's in flames  
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