

Relief

Hunters & Collectors

You can't make mother cry
You can't make her twist her ragged hair
You can't make mother groan
Even when her soldier sonny
shakes his iron cocktail in the air...
You can't make mother cry
You can't make her give consent
Though she flounders at the drainboard
Though her back be down there and bent
If sleeping brings relief
She can go lie down and slumber
If sleeping brings relief
She can go lie down and slumber
If sleeping brings relief
She can go... lie down and slumber...
Slumber
She puts her hands down into the sink
Scrapes the grunge up off the bottom
Down there beneath the dishes
Where the knives lie crossed and waiting
She can't stop the kiddies talking
Their tongues be loosed upon the world
They flap until they lather
For the agony of millions
And if sleeping brings relief
They can go lie down and slumber
And if sleeping brings relief
They can go lie down and slumber
And if sleeping brings relief
They can... go lie down and slumber
Slumber...
And there be no release from anguish
For this slapstick generation
And there be no peace for all the kiddies
'Cause they're too satisfied to care
And the field of gorgeous bodies
Primed and ready in the sun
And the white flag of peace
That is hanging
Limp and useless in the air...
And the white flag of peace
That is hanging
Limp and useless in the air, yeah!
And if sleeping brings relief
You can all go lie down and slumber
And if sleeping brings relief
You can go lie down and slumber...
Slumber...