

They Don't Want Your Corn, They Want Your Kids

Liars

It's nothing new but it's something I get used to
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)
Mama I'm selling my blood (Welcome to hard times)
Daddy I can hear you breathing (I'll take care of you)
I'll take care of you
I'll take care of you
They're taking our children away
I'll take care of you
They're taking our children away
I'll take care of you
And why, I love
The end, you knew
Before, my love
Is deep, come through
Fathers, brothers
Uncles, cousins