

# The Lost Children

Gordon Lightfoot

Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run  
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come  
Faded lips and eyes of blue, they're carried in the wind  
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not laugh again

All the games are ended now, their voices have been stilled  
Their fathers built the tools of war by which they all were killed  
Their mothers made the uniforms, showing which side they were on  
And the young boys were the middle men for the guns to prey upon

You've seen the fires in the night, watched the Devil as he smiles  
You've heard a mother's mournful cry as she searches for her child  
You've seen the lines of refugees, the faces of despair  
And wondered at the wise men who never seem to care

Goodbye, you lost children, God speed you on your way  
Your little beds are empty now, your toys are put away  
Your mother sings a lullaby as she gazes at the floor  
Your father builds more weapons and marches out once more

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