

March

Jackpierce

"A daughter born the day they walked the moon
Somewhere on the edge of the Age of Aquarius
In the year her mother
Would have otherwise forgotten
July was very hot in North Carolina
So she left for Buffalo on a bus in the rain
With the steam off the asphalt still wet in her hair
And the pain of her soldier gone
Just sailed away
Before he was a soldier, he was just his mother's boy
And that's exactly how she planned to keep him
His father died so long ago and he was all she had
Still she shared his love with a very young wife
And before the war things weren't so bad
But every generation makes the same mistakes
And still they send their sons away to do the same
The mothers cry and the daughters die inside
And the sons like the fathers
March
Whose hair was longer? I think his, she might say
But in the army they cut it all away
Too much room for wild thoughts to grow
And in the spring of his child's first year
The father, hey the son, the husband
Under beautiful sky, youth like fire in his eyes
He gave his life for nothin'
No, nothin' at all, they said
So many years and the pain it still remains
And now her daughter's man will sail away
Politics and promises forever the same
We take away and sacrifice what we cannot replace
And every generation makes the same mistakes
And still they send their sons away to do the same
And the mothers cry and the daughters die inside
And the sons like the fathers
Now the sons and the daughters
March
Buffalo in the winter, bitter as it is
Is home for three generations of widowed brides"