

Sons Of

Judy Collins

Sons of the thief, sons of the saint,
Who is the child with no complaint;
Sons of the great or sons unknown
All were children like your own.

The same sweet smiles, the same sad tears,
The cries at night, the nightmare fears,
Sons of the great, sons unknown,
All were children like your own.

Sons of tycoons, or sons from the farms
All of the children ran from your arms.
Through fields of gold, through fields of ruin,
All of the children vanished too soon.

In towering waves, in walls of flesh,
Amid dying birds trembling with death,
Sons of tycoons, sons from the farms,
All of the children ran from your arms.

Sons of your sons, sons passing by,
Children were lost in lullaby.
Sons of true love, sons of regret,
All of your sons you can never forget.

Some built the roads, some wrote the poems,
Some went to war, some never came home.
Sons of your sons, sons passing by,
Children were lost in lullaby.