

Children Of Children

Labi Siffre

When I was younger, much younger than now
I thought I could change the world
I thought I could help all the people who suffered
I'd help the world get well

So I saved up my pennies and gave them to teacher
To send to the children out there
Those children who suffered from hunger
And disease
Those children with no one to care

And do some of those children
Have children of their own?
The children of children full grown

When I was younger, much younger than now
I thought I could change your minds
I thought, with a song that was truth
Without question
Problems would fade and die

So I sang about love and I sang about freedom
And children who die for a word
And I was not alone
There were many more singing
So many the world must have heard

Still children go hungry with comfort unknown
The children of children full grown

Children of nights well meant
Children of love long spent
Children of tears unwept
Children of joy
Children of sorrow
Children, our hope for tomorrow

And children go hungry with comfort unknown
The children of children full grown

When I was younger, much younger than now
I truly believed in our time
The flowers, the kaftans, the beads and the bells
The peace and the love we would find

We thought we were different
We thought we were new
How they must have laughed in their graves
They knew we'd grow tired
They knew we'd grow bored
They knew we'd "grow up" as they say

And children go hungry with comfort unknown
The children of children full grown

Children of nights well meant
Children of love long spent

Children of tears unwept
Children of joy
Children of sorrow
Children, our hope for tomorrow