Pity The Mother

She's left to rear a child because of war Sadly alone Works hard to clothe and feed her little son Give him a home

She works all night into the early morn Streets cold and damp Stands at the corner near the Pig and Gun Lit by a lamp

[Break]

She has to work hard to scrimp and save Or he will go Go to a home somewhere far away She loves him so

Tired but she knows that it's the only way She wanders home Home to the child that's sleeping sound and warm Never a moan

Slade