

Whose Child is This

The Real McKenzies

The sun sets on the water as the twilight fades away
Here beneath my favourite tree I reflect upon the day
The mastermind, the patriot have claimed another soul
And while we made excuses someone's hopes and dreams they stole

Whose child is this they've laid to rest
In an unmarked grave
Whose mother has gone missing
What's the chance she'll be saved

Joe said someone got murdered but you never blinked an eye
Cause that was in the ghetto and they probably should have died
But now the rivers running red and right to your front door
You can't condemn the scapegoat they're not guilty anymore

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You've made them into stars that flash on your TV screen
You kill them for their skin tone but you know their money's green
You've laid the guideline for the game to see who kills the most
A close up on the mother's tears the killer gets the toast

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