

# Jewel, Let Them In

[edwin]

Let them in, peter  
For they are very tight  
Give them couches where the angels sleep  
And let those free  
Let them wake up whole again  
To brand new dreams  
And fired by the sun  
Not wartimes bloody guns  
And may their peace be deep  
Remember where the broken bodies lie  
God knows how young they were to have to die  
Well, God knows how young they were to have to die

[jewel]

Give them things they like  
Let them make some noise  
Give ( ? ? ) armbands and golden harps to these old boys  
Let them love, peter  
For they've had no time  
They should have birds, songs, and trees  
And hills to climb  
The task of summer

In a ripened pear  
And girls as sweet as meadow wind with flowing hair  
And tell them how they are missed  
But say not to fear  
It's gonna be all right with us down here  
It's gonna be all right with us down here

[edwin & amp; jewel]

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