

Slade, 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