

# 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