

XTC, The Troubles

Well hush my children don't you cry
The troubles will soon all be over
The tears that swell in every eye
Will fall to the ground and bring clover

The soldiers are only teenage boys
The same as in durban or dover
So rein aside all your warring toys
The troubles will soon all be over

Well hush my children go to sleep
The troubles will soon all be over
Their bombs will form a rusting heap
For flowers and fern to grow over

Their leaders are only drunk with fear
They wouldn't do this be they sober
And when they drink our friendship clear
The troubles will soon all be over