

Barclay James Harvest, The, Children Of The Dis

Barclay James Harvest, The
River Of Dreams
Children Of The Disappeared
He was born on easy streets
Played so hard his feet they
Never touched the ground
Never felt afraid
Hour after shining hour
No thought of time no parents worrying
Innocent of fear

Now my, my, look at that sky
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow
Hey, hey, heaven's in tears
Crying for the disappeared

She grew up on easy streets
Danced so hard her feet they
Never touched the ground
Love was all around
No locks on their front door
She'd stay out late and
They'd know she was safe
No need to beware

Now my, my, look at that sky
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow
Hey, hey, heaven's in tears
Crying for the disappeared
My my look at that sky
Turning his back on a generation
Hey, hey, heaven's in flames
And no one wants to take the blame
Blame for children of the disappeared

Chant:
Bleeding, crying, children, dying
My, my, look at that sky
Turning his back on a new tomorrow

Spoken:
Their life with never be the same
For children who disappear
And parents who live in fear

No more the easy streets
No sound of children's footsteps on the ground
Fear lies all around
No more the unlocked door
No more the children laughing as they play
Nowhere left that's safe

Now my, my, look at that sky
Closing his eyes on a new tomorrow
Hey, hey, heaven's in tears
Crying for the disappeared
My, my, look at that sky
Turning his back on a generation

Hey, hey, heaven's in flames
And no one wants to take the blame
Blame for children of the disappeared