Crosby, Stills & Nash, Yours And Mine

I can see a boy of fourteen
He's got a rifle in his hand
He's dying to defend his desert land

He's got an arm around his father
Another arm around his gun
Must the child in the father die so young?

There's a teenage girl in Belfast
Playing in the street
Her brother plays a different game and he's turning up the heat

On the soldiers around the corner
And the powers overseas
And who are they to ruin lives like these?

'Cos they're yours and they're mine
They're yours and mine
'Cos they're yours and they're mine
Yours and mine

So you think that it's so easy
Just to let I pass you by
You watch T.V. and pretend it's all a lie

But you know there is no Third World
It happens to us all
There's just one world and the kids are the first to fall

And they're yours and they're mine
They're yours and mine
And they're yours and they're mine
They're yours and mine
They're yours and they're mine
Yours and mine

And she raised him for something
Better than a bullet
He's a every mother's son

And she raised him for something
Better than a bullet
He's a every mother's son

And she raised him for something
Better than a bullet
He's a every mother's son

His life's hanging from a trigger
I won't to pull it

'Cos they're yours and they're mine
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'Cos they're yours and they're mine
Yours and mine