

# Edwin McCain, Prayer To Stpeter

Let them in, Peter  
For they are very tired  
Give them couches where the angels sleep  
And light those fires  
Let them wake whole again  
To brand new dawns  
Fired by the sun  
Not war-times bloody guns  
May their peace be deep  
Remember where the broken bodies lie  
God knows how young they were  
To have to die

You know God knows how young they were  
To have to die

Give them things they like  
Let them make some noise  
Give dance hall bands not golden harps  
To these our boys  
Let them love Peter  
For they've had no time  
They should have bird songs and trees  
And hills to climb  
The taste of summer  
And a ripened pear  
And girls as sweet as meadow wind  
And flowing hair  
And tell them how they are missed

But say not to fear  
It's gonna be all right  
With us down here

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