

Gordon Lightfoot, The Lost Children

Down the hall their voices ring, their feet are on the run
Phantoms on the winter sky, together they do come
Faded lips and eyes of blue they're carried in the wind
Their laughter filled the countryside but they'll not laugh again

All the games are ended now, their voices have been stilled
Their fathers built the tools of war by which they all were killed
Their fathers made the uniforms showing which side they were on
And the young boys wear the middle name for guns to pray upon

You've seen the fires in the night, watched the devil as he smiles
You've heard a mother's mournful cry as she searches for her child
You've seen the lines of refugees, the faces of despair
And wondered at the wise men who never seem to care

Goodbye you lost children, God speed you on your way
Your little beds are empty now, your toys are put away
Your mother sings a lullaby as she gazes at the floor
Your father builds more weapons and marches out once more

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