

# Hunters & Collectors, Relief

You can't make mother cry  
You can't make her twist her ragged hair  
You can't make mother groan  
Even when her soldier sonny  
shakes his iron cocktail in the air...  
You can't make mother cry  
You can't make her give consent  
Though she flounders at the drainboard  
Though her back be down there and bent  
If sleeping brings relief  
She can go lie down and slumber  
If sleeping brings relief  
She can go lie down and slumber  
If sleeping brings relief  
She can go... lie down and slumber...  
Slumber  
She puts her hands down into the sink  
Scrapes the grunge up off the bottom  
Down there beneath the dishes  
Where the knives lie crossed and waiting  
She can't stop the kiddies talking  
Their tongues be loosed upon the world  
They flap until they lather  
For the agony of millions  
And if sleeping brings relief  
They can go lie down and slumber  
And if sleeping brings relief  
They can go lie down and slumber  
And if sleeping brings relief  
They can... go lie down and slumber  
Slumber...  
And there be no release from anguish  
For this slapstick generation  
And there be no peace for all the kiddies  
'Cause they're too satisfied to care  
And the field of gorgeous bodies  
Primed and ready in the sun  
And the white flag of peace  
That is hanging  
Limp and useless in the air...  
And the white flag of peace  
That is hanging  
Limp and useless in the air, yeah!  
And if sleeping brings relief  
You can all go lie down and slumber  
And if sleeping brings relief  
You can go lie down and slumber...  
Slumber...