

# Jackopierce, March

"A daughter born the day they walked the moon  
Somewhere on the edge of the Age of Aquarius  
In the year her mother  
Would have otherwise forgotten

July was very hot in North Carolina  
So she left for Buffalo on a bus in the rain  
With the steam off the asphalt still wet in her hair  
And the pain of her soldier gone  
Just sailed away

Before he was a soldier, he was just his mother's boy  
And that's exactly how she planned to keep him  
His father died so long ago and he was all she had  
Still she shared his love with a very young wife  
And before the war things weren't so bad

But every generation makes the same mistakes  
And still they send their sons away to do the same  
The mothers cry and the daughters die inside  
And the sons like the fathers  
March

Whose hair was longer? I think his, she might say  
But in the army they cut it all away  
Too much room for wild thoughts to grow

And in the spring of his child's first year  
The father, hey the son, the husband  
Under beautiful sky, youth like fire in his eyes  
He gave his life for nothin'  
No, nothin' at all, they said

So many years and the pain it still remains  
And now her daughter's man will sail away  
Politics and promises forever the same  
We take away and sacrifice what we cannot replace

And every generation makes the same mistakes  
And still they send their sons away to do the same  
And the mothers cry and the daughters die inside  
And the sons like the fathers  
Now the sons and the daughters  
March

Buffalo in the winter, bitter as it is  
Is home for three generations of widowed brides"