

# Scott Walker, Sons Of

Sons of the thief, sons of the saint  
Who is the child with no complaint  
Sons of the great or sons unknown  
All were children like your own  
The same sweet smiles, the same sad tears  
The cries at night, the nightmare fears  
Sons of the great or sons unknown  
All were children like your own...

So long ago: long, long, ago...

But sons of tycoons or sons of the farms  
All of the children ran from your arms  
Through fields of gold, through fields of ruin  
All of the children vanished too soon  
In towers, in waves, in walls of flesh  
Among dying birds trembling with death  
Sons of tycoons or sons of the farms  
All of the children ran from your arms...

So long ago: long, long, ago...

But sons of your sons or sons passing by  
Children we lost in lullabies  
Sons of true love or sons of regret  
All of the sons you cannot forget  
Some built the roads, some wrote the poems  
Some went to war, some never came home  
Sons of your sons or sons passing by  
Children we lost in lullabies...

So long ago: long, long, ago

But, sons of the thief, sons of the saint  
Who is the child with no complaint  
Sons of the great or sons unknown  
All were children like your own  
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The cries at night, the nightmare fears  
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