

The Kinks, Some Mother's Son

Some mother's son lies in a field
Someone has killed some mother's son today
Head blown up by some soldier's gun
While all the mothers stand and wait
Some mother's son ain't coming home today
Some mothers son ain't got no grave

Two soldiers fighting in a trench
One soldier glances up to see the sun
And dreams of games he played when he was young
And then his friend calls out his name
It stops his dream and as he turns his head
A second later he is dead

Some mother's son lies in a field
Back home they put his picture in a frame
But all dead soldiers look the same
While all the parents stand and wait
To meet their children coming home from school
Some mother's son is lying dead

Somewhere someone is crying
Someone is trying to be so brave
But still the world keeps turning
Though all the children have gone away

Some mother's son lies in a field
But in his mother's eyes he looks the same
As on the day he went away

They put his picture on the wall
They put flowers in the picture frame
Some mothers memory remains