

Arlo Guthrie, Children Of Abraham

Children of Abraham, what's your story?
Killing each other for a piece of land
Children of Abraham, this ain't glory
You've got to walk together hand in hand

Take down the flags that just separate the people
Take down the wire on the boundary
Take back the words that were spoken in anger
You've got to live just like a family

Children of Abraham, I must be dreaming
Rivers of blood running thru your hands
Children crying, mothers screaming
It just wasn't looking like the Promised Land