

Jewel, Let Them In

[edwin]

Let them in, peter
For they are very tight
Give them couches where the angels sleep
And let those free
Let them wake up whole again
To brand new dreams
And fired by the sun
Not wartimes bloody guns
And may their peace be deep
Remember where the broken bodies lie
God knows how young they were to have to die
Well, God knows how young they were to have to die

[jewel]

Give them things they like
Let them make some noise
Give (? ?) armbands and golden harps to these old boys
Let them love, peter
For they've had no time
They should have birds, songs, and trees
And hills to climb
The task of summer

In a ripened pear
And girls as sweet as meadow wind with flowing hair
And tell them how they are missed
But say not to fear
It's gonna be all right with us down here
It's gonna be all right with us down here

[edwin & amp; jewel]

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