

Slime, My Youngest Son

It's an 800 years never ending war
That causes grief, sorrow, suffering and pain - and glory.
But glory for who?
My youngest son came home today
His friends marched with him all the way
The flutes and drums beat out the time
As in his box of polished pine
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray

My youngest son came home today.
My youngest son was a fine young man
With a wife and a daughter and a son
As a man he would have lived and died
Till by that bullet sanctified
Now he's a saint or so they say
They brought their saint home today.
Above the narrow Belfast streets
An Irish sky looks down and weeps
On childrens' blood in gutters spilled
For dreams of freedom unfilled
As part of freedom's price to pay

My youngest son came home today.
My youngest son came home today
His friends marched with him all the way
The flutes and drums beat out the time
As in his box of polished pine
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray
My youngest son came home today
But this time he's home to stay.