

# Children Of The Revolution

Kirsty MacColl

Children of the revolution coming out to play  
Bombers ripped the night apart and blew the school away  
Some live on the south side and they overlook the water  
Some live on the north side and they're looking at the border  
And those children of the revolution see the soldiers come  
Smiling at the widows as they take away the sons  
Children of the revolution shot down with a brand new gun  
They're dropping down like flies and in their eyes  
The images of war are in their eyes  
They've seen it all before and know your lies  
Won't keep their bellies full  
In love and war there are no rules  
Children of the revolution getting off the boat  
To face the ignorance and prejudice that keep this land afloat  
Children of the revolution make a brand new start  
Running through the rubble of a thousand broken hearts and in their eyes  
All promises are broken in their eyes  
The words that can't be spoken and your lies  
Don't keep their bellies full  
In love and war there are no rules  
But in their eyes  
Murder comes by sea and from the skies  
It's shiny and it's quick to take their lives  
And if it's cruel, in love and war there are no rules  
Children of the revolution coming out to play  
Someone sells a gun and someone blows them all away  
Children of the revolution sold out by the banks  
Who swap the green upon the dollars for the green upon the tanks  
Children of the revolution shot down by a brand new gun  
Shot down by a brand new gun  
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