Sons Of

Nana Mouskouri

Sons of the thief, sons of the saint Who is the child with no complaint Sons of the great or sons unknown All were children like your own

The same sweet smiles and the same sad tears The cries at night, the nightmare fears Sons of the great, sons unknown All were children like yourown

So long ago

But sons of tycoons or sons of the farm All of their children run from your arms Through fields of gold through fields of ruin All of their chidren vanish too soon

In towering waves in walls of flesh Among dying birds trembling with death Sons of tycoons or sons of the farms All of their children run from your arms

Sons of your sands or sons passing by
Children we lost in a lullaby
Sons of true love and sons of regret
All of their sons you cannot forget
Some build the roads, some wrote the poems
Some went to war, some never came home
Sons of your sons orsons passing by
Children we lost in a lullaby
So long ago, long, long ago