

Little Boys Blues

The Tiger Lillies

You were sweet and innocent
And only seventeen seventeen
A beautiful summer's day
And so to church you rode away

Birds singing in the sky
Philosophers wondering why
While vagabonds such as I
Sing our songs and cry

And vagabonds not like me
Stare lustfully at you through the trees
They raped you took your life
With a cudgel and a knife

Little boys' blues
What can we do
We might come from Hell
But we're too young to tell
Little boys' blues
What can we do
We might come from Hell
But we're too young to tell

Found your body cold and still
Abused amongst the daffodils
God you allow this deed
Do you condone this greed

A father and a mother's grief
Are told but without release
And when they moved the young girl's head
The soil it bled

A church built where she died
How her mother and father cried
A church built on belief
A church built on grief

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