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My Youngest Son Came Home Today

My youngest son came home today.
His friends marched with him all the way.
The pipes and drums beat all 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, a daughter and two sons.
A man he could have lived and died 'til by a bullet's sign to fight.
Now he's a saint or so they say, they brought their saints home today.

Above the narrow Belfast streets an Irish sky looks down and weeps
As children's blood in gutter stilt, in dreams of freedom unfulfilled.
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 pipes and drums beat all the time as in his box of polished pine
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray my youngest son came home today.

And this time he is home to stay...