

LET THEM IN, PETER

LET THEM IN PETER, THEY ARE VERY TIRED
GIVE THEM COUCHES WHERE THE ANGELS SLEEP AND LIGHT THOSE FIRES
LET THEM WAKE WHOLE AGAIN, IT'S A BRAND NEW DAWN
FIRED BY THE SUN, NOT WAR TIME'S BLOODY GUNS
MAY THEIR PEACE BE DEEP, REMEMBER WHERE THE BROKEN BODIES LIE
GOD KNOWS HOW YOUNG THEY WERE TO HAVE TO DIE
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GIVE THEM THINGS THEY LIKE, LET THEM MAKE SOME NOISE
GIVE THEM DANCE HALL BANDS NOT GOLDEN HARPS TO THESE OUR BOYS
LET THEM LOVE, PETER, FOR THEY'VE HAD NO TIME
THEY SHOULD HAVE TREES AND BIRD SONGS AND HILLS TO CLIMB
TASTE OF SUMMER IN A RIPENED PEAR
AND GIRLS SWEET AS MEADOW WIND WITH FLOWING HAIR

TELL THEM HOW THEY ARE MISSED AND SAY NOT TO FEAR
IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT WITH US DOWN HERE
LET THEM IN, PETER, LET THEM IN, PETER, LET THEM IN, PETER