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MIRRORS

Children are born with trust in their eyes, it's the first thing that we betray
Children are born believing in magic, it's the first thing we take away
Fill them with doubt instead of magic, and fear instead of trust
And after awhile, they're just like us

On this earth there is a city, in a rich green pleasant country
Where they kill their children, the children of the streets
Free enterprise extermination, why waste rehabilitation?
A bullet is forever, It's so final quick and cheap

And the despots all wear policemen's badges
Kill to supplement their wages, Earn their bloody bounty
with the gun and the club and knife, While profit-conscious businessmen
Upright solid citizens, Pay them a few cruzeiros
For every murdered street kids life

(But they're children!) - They're garbage on the streets
(Oh the children!) - They're beggars, whores and thieves
(Oh pity the children!) - Cry pity if you will,
There's none on the streets, of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil

To bless this piece of paradise, High on a hill stands Jesus Christ
Gazing down with sightless eyes, at the daily blasphemy
A mocking marble contradiction, arms spread wide in benediction
Suffer the little children, suffer them to come to me

And the despots cry "amen, amen", while they bow their knees to Bethlehem
They spit in the face of humankind, Turn our dreams to worthless dust
And the future, as it's always done, stares down the barrel of a gun
Which once more begs the question, When will the despots come for us?

(But they're children!) - Have you seen their eyes?
(Oh the children!) - Hard and wary and street-wise
(Oh pity the children!) - There are no children here
Only old eyes full of hunger and hate and hopeless fear

(But they're children!) - Abandoned and forsaken
(Oh the children!) - Useless human flotsam
(Oh pity the children!) - And pity us as well
For in our childrens' eyes, We see mirrors of ourselves