

It's Always The Women Who Mourn

Words by Dave Boulton

Music by Jeff Parton

(capo 3)

Am **Dm** **Am** **Dm**
I remember the telegram, father in tears, we'd lost Albert at El Alemaine
Am **Dm** **Am** **Em**
Mum didn't cry but I don't think that I can remember her smiling again
Dm **Am** **Dm** **Am**
There were thousands of sons sacrificed to the guns, thousands who died all alone
Dm **Am** **Dm** **G**
But fifty years on she still talks of her son as if any day now he'll be home

C **F** **C** **F** **G**
CH: It's always the women who mourn in the cold lonely hours before dawn
Am **Em** **Am** **Em**
Crying for sons lost in battle or babes that will never be born
Dm **Am**
From Dunkirk to Saigon or the far Lebanon
Dm **Am**
Where a young soldier dies in the dawn
F **C**
It's always the mothers, the sisters, and lovers
F **G** **C**
It's always the women who mourn