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My Youngest Son Came Home Today R.E.M.

Hello there. First time tabber, so forgive any errors you uncover.

This is an old anti-war tune that should probably also be listed under Eric Bogle,

Mary Black, Elvis Costello, and Billy Bragg - all of em have recorded it at various times. I became acquainted with the song from hearing the Stipe-Bragg duet

version live at Mountainstage.

Dm F C
My youngest son came home today

my youngest son came nome today

His friends marched with him all the way.

Dm C F

A fife and drum beat out the time.

Dm C F

While in his box of polished pine,

Dm Am Dm Am

Like dead meat on a butcher s tray,

Dm C Dm

My youngest son came home today.

My youngest son was a fine young man, With a wife, a daughter, and two sons. As a man he would have lived and died, Until by a bullet, sanctified.

Now he s a saint, or so they say, They brought their young saint home today.

Above the narrow Belfast streets,
An Irish sky looks down and weeps
At children s blood in gutters spilled,
And dreams of glory 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.

A fife and drum beat out the time.

While in his box of polished pine,

Like dead meat on a butcher s tray,

My youngest son came home today.

Dm C Dm

And this time he s home...to stay.