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.

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Dm                      F      C
My youngest son came home today
Dm                              F        C
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.
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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.

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