

Mothers, Daughters, Wives

Words and Music by Judy Small © 1982

S. *G*

THE FIRST TIME IT WAS FATH-ERS, THE

D *G*

LAST TIME IT WAS SONS, AND IN - BE - TWEEN YOUR

C *D*

HUS - BANDS MARCHED A - WAY WITH DRUMS AND GUNS, AND YOU

G *C*

NE - VER THOUGHT TO QUES - TION, YOU JUST WENT ON WITH YOUR

G *Am*

LIVES 'CAUSE ALL THEY'D TAUGHT YOU WHO TO BE WAS

C *1. D* *2.3. D*

MOTH - ERS, DAUGHT - ERS, WIVES. You can

4. D

G *Fine*

G

on - ly just re - mem - ber the tears your moth - ers

D *G*

shed As they sat and read their pa - pers through the

C *D* *G*

lists and lists of dead. And the gold frames held the

pho - to - graphs that moth - ers kissed each night And the

door frames held the shocked and si - lent stran - gers from the

fight AND THE

fight AND THE

Chorus:

The first time it was fathers
 The last time it was sons
 And in between, your husbands marched away with drums and
 guns
 And you never thought to question
 You just went on with your lives
 'Cause all they taught you who to be was mothers, daughters,
 wives

You can only just remember the tears your mothers shed
 As they sat and read their papers through the lists and lists of dead
 And the gold frames held the photographs that mothers kissed each
 night
 And the door frames held the shocked and silent strangers from
 the fight

CHORUS

It was twenty-one years later, with children of your own
 The trumpet sounded once again, and the soldier boys were gone
 And you drove their trucks and made their guns and tended to
 their wounds
 And at night you kissed their photographs and prayed for safe
 returns
 And after it was over, you had to learn again
 To be just wives and mothers, when you'd done the work of men
 So you worked to help the needy, and you never trod on toes
 And the photos on the pianos struck a happy family pose

CHORUS

Then your daughters grew to women, and your little boys to men
 And you prayed that you were dreaming when the call-up came
 again
 But you proudly smiled and held your tears as they bravely waved
 goodbye
 And the photos on the mantelpieces always made you cry
 And now you're getting older and in time the photos fade
 And in widowhood you sit back and reflect on the parade
 Of the passing of your memories as your daughters change their
 lives

Seeing more to our existence than just mothers, daughters, wives

CHORUS

And you believed them