

purple ribbons lullaby

Sopranl
Alt1

Cho-king on cold pur-ple rib bons co-vered in o-ther peo-pleswords watch the mon keys

Tenor1
Bass1

6

dan-cing a way, a rus - ty fork combs through his hair. His mal-colou-red skin is bur ning, count the

11

ant hills grow-ing on him, bombs and ro-ckets loud and how-ling burs-ting in his ear, no-thing's there. The

17

co-lours are now fa-ding e-very hour, day by day and all he can do is wai-ting, wat-ching the world turn

24

grey. aah...

Too swol-len the hands, feet ach ing, too swol-len to beg or to pray, the

31

hat stays emp-ty but for the rain that is soa-king in-to his dreams, green sha-dows from a-bove, lur king, front-lines

37

The

he's slow-ly stum-bling a - long, the rocks that ne ver left his boots, but the boots they are long_gone,

43

co-lours are now fa-ding, e-very ho ur, day by day, and all he can do is wai-ting, wa-tching the

49

world turn grey.

αα...

Cho-king on cold pur-ple rib bons, swol-len the hands, feet ach-ing, too

Sop 2 + Act 2

Ten 2 + Bass 2

The co-lours are now fa - ding, e-very

55

co-vered in other peo-ples words, watch the mon keys dan-cing a-way, a rus - ty fork
swol-len to beg or to pray, the hat stays emp-ty but for the rain that is soa - king

ho - ur, day by day, and all he can do is wait ting, wa-tching the world turn

60

combs through his hair, his mal-coloured skin is bur ning,
 in - to his dreams, green sha - dows from a - bove, lur - king,
 count the ant - hills grow - ing on front - lines he's slow - ly stum - bling a -
 grey. The co - lours are now fa - ding, e - very ho - ur, e - very

64

him, bombs and ro - ckets loud and how - ling, bursting in his ear,
 long, the rocks that ne - ver left his boots but the boots they are no - things there I oo
 long - gone. day, and all he can do is wai ting, wa - tching the world
 turn grey.