

LITTLE GIRL OF HIROSHIMA

C Dm Bb C
I come and stand at every door
C Dm C
But none can hear my silent tread
Dm C Dm C
I knock and yet remain unseen
Bb C
For I am dead - for I am dead

I'm only seven, although I died
In Hiroshima long ago
I'm seven now as I was then
When children die they do not grow

My hair was scorched by swirling flames
My eyes grew dim my eyes grew blind
Death came and turned my bones to dust
And that was scattered by the wind

I need no fruit, I need no rice
I need no sweets nor even bread
I ask for nothing for myself
For I am dead - for I am dead

All that I ask is that for peace
You fight today - you fight today
So that the children of this world
May live and grow and laugh and play