

# The Byrds, I Come And Stand At Every Door

Written by N.Hikmet

I come and stand at every door  
But no one hears my silent prayer  
I knock and yet remain unseen  
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 flame  
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 for is for peace  
You fight today, you fight today  
So that the children of this world  
May live and grow and laugh and play