

Wanda Jackson, One Hundred Children

One hundred children brave boys and girls they come from nations all over the world
One hundred children marching along one hundred children singing their song

Don't blow up the world don't kill all the flowers
Today this is your world tomorrow it's ours
Leave us pure water and forest uncut think of tomorrow leave something for us
Your God may be dead but ours is alive we think without him we cannot survive
Punish the bad men praise all the good talk to your neighbors about brotherhood
One hundred children...

This is the song I was singing one night while I was thinking of wrong and of right
I thought of good things that still could be done
The marchers now number one hundred and one
One hundred children...
One hundred children...