

Nina Simone, Poppies

A child ran through the meadow on a sun drenched summer day
And then he stopped his play
And kneeled in a field of poppies.

A man walked through my ghetto on a humid summer day
And then he stopped to pay and he dealed in a field of poppies.

Oh, flower of forgetfulness, just an hour away to the moon
Take a deep breath if you are reaching for truth
While you're in the stupor
The door knocks and death takes another youth.

Poppies, red poppies..., red poppies...

A boy I used to know, a boy I used to know who's laughter rang to the skies
Was a joy to behold
Then I looked into his eyes, a look so cold, a boy who (rose on (???sorry))
In a field of poppies

Poppies, red poppies, red poppies, red poppies..., red poppies...,
red poppies..., red poppies..., red poppies..., red poppies...,