

Small Fred, Cranes Over Hiroshima

The baby blinks her eyes as the sun falls from the sky
She feels the stings of a thousand fires as the city around her dies
Some sleep beneath the rubble, some wake to a different world
From the crying babe will grow a laughing girl.
Ten summers fade to autumn, ten winters' snows have passed
She's a child of dreams and dances, she's a racer strong and fast
But the headaches come ever more often and the dizziness always returns
And the word that she hears is leukemia, and it burns.

CHORUS:

Cranes over Hiroshima, white and red and gold
Flicker in the sunlight like a million vanished souls
I will fold these cranes of paper to a thousand one by one
And I'll fly away when I am done.

Her ancestors knew the legend--if you make a thousand cranes
From squares of colored paper, it will take the pain away
With loving hands she folds them, six hundred forty-four
Till the morning her trembling fingers can't fold anymore.

CHORUS

Her friends did not forget her--crane after crane they made
Until they reached a thousand and laid them upon her grave
People from everywhere gathered, together a prayer they said
And they wrote the words in granite so none can forget:

FINAL CHORUS:

This is our cry, this is our prayer, peace in the world.