

## The Byrds

# "I Come and Stand at Every Door"

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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 a 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 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

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