

Nina Simone

"Poppies"

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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...,

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