

Small Fred "Cranes Over Hiroshima"

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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.

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