

One Hundred Children

Kitty Wells

One hundred children brave boys and girls they came from nations
all over the world
One hundred children marching along one hundred children singing
their song

Don't blow up the world don't kill all the flowers
Today this is your world tomorrow it's ours
Leave us pure water and forest uncut think of tomorrow leave something
for us
Your God may be dead but ours is alive we think without him we
cannot survive
Punish all the bad men praise all the good talk to your neighbors
about brotherhood
One hundred children...

This is the song I was singing one night while I was thinking of
wrong and of right
I thought of good things that still could be done
The marchers now number one hundred and one
One hundred children...
One hundred children...