

# Poppies

Nina Simone

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...