

In Guernica

Joan Baez

In Guernica the dead children were layed out in order on the sidewalk
In their white starched dresses
In their pitiful white dresses
On their foreheads and breasts the little round holes where death came in as thunder while they were playing
their important summer games
Do not weep for them, Madre
They are gone forever, the little ones
Straight to heaven to the saints
And God will fill the bullet holes with candy

Songwriters

SCHICKELE, PETERPublished by

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