

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 [incomprehensible] 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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