

I Come and Stand At Every Door

The Byrds

I come and stand at every door
But no one hears my silent prayer
I knock and yet remain unseen
For I am dead, for I am dead I'm only seven although I died
In Hiroshima long ago
I'm seven now as I was then
When children die they do not grow My hair was scorched by a swirling flame
My eyes grew dim, my eyes grew blind
Death came and turned my bones to dust
And that was scattered by the wind I need no fruit, I need no rice
I need no sweets nor even bread
I ask for nothing for myself
For I am dead, for I am dead

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