

I Am The One Who Will Remember Everything

[Dar Williams](#)

Oh, what have we here, he must be three or four
Checking out of the booth on his way back to war
And he's not looking for a father or a mother
Just a seven year old brother
On this match line border camp of refugees I am the one who will remember everything
I am the one who will remember everything So where are we now, he must be five or six
Just running around, hungry kids, sharpen sticks
And he will grow with pain, and fear, and jealousy
Taking in by school of zealotry
Who trained orphans to make orphans evermore I am the one who will remember everything
I am the one who will remember everything
I am the one who will remember everything
I am the one who will remember everything

Songwriters

DAR WILLIAMS Published by

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