

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...,
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>