

# 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.

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