

A SMALL VASE OF FLOWERS

A small vase of flowers, the sun through the window

Walls of white plaster, a small picture frame

Still I can see it - my mind's eye can see it

My harbor, my center, my family, my name

How fragile a thing is a small vase of flowers

Walls of white plaster, how quickly they fall

Pictures will crumble and burn in a whisper

My home and my life can mean nothing at all

High in the heavens a young man was watching

His eyes on a target his soul could not see

His mind on an enemy - faceless and nameless

His hands pushed the trigger - the target was me

I wander the streets of this city I once loved

I search through the rubble which once was my home

I search for my neighbors, my children, my life

But nothing is left, not a stone stands on stone

How fragile a thing is a small vase of flowers

How luscious my garden, how sweet was the fruit

But the bombs fell like rain 'til the screams turned to silence

And I stand here weeping, a tree without roots

Repeat verse 1