In the peaceful mountain valleys, Long after the Second War, Stand the silent wooden barricades that held my people long before. And the wire too has rusted down that held them from the start. And the meadows are filled with flowers, perhaps one for every heart. I can almost hear the words they might have spoken, I can almost see them standing bent or tall, I can almost hear their prayers of love unbroken, But I cannot stop my tears, For I can never hear The words and deeds that might have saved them all I have

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seen old news-reel photos of men so famous in their time.
I have

heard their noble speeches, seen parades of grand design.
But I can

only stop and shake my head that men not so long ago
Could

close their eyes and turn away when my people needed them so.
I can

almost hear the words they might have spoken,
I can almost see them standing bent or tall,
I can almost hear their prayers of love unbroken,
But I cannot stop my tears, For I can never

hear The words and deeds that might have saved them all.
And I could

almost bear the weight of all my sorrow
If I

can feel their lives had not been lost in vain.
But I
see the world today and still tomorrow, And the stor-y's just the same,

The hatred and the pain, And people die while the world just looks away, I can almost hear the words they might have spoken, I can almost see them standing bent or tall, I can almost hear their prayers of love unbroken, But I cannot stop my tears,

For today I still can't hear The words and deeds that might have saved them all.

No, I cannot stop my tears, For today I still can't hear The words and deeds that might have saved them all.