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|  | I.  I would like to be an artist So I could make a Painting of you Little Polish Boy  Standing with your Little hat on your head The Star of David on your coat Standing in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you  I would make a monument of you and the world who said nothing  I would like to be a composer so I could write a concerto of you Little Polish Boy  Standing with your Little hat on your head The Star of David on your coat Standing in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you  I would write a concerto of you and the world who said nothing  . | **II.**  I am not an artist But my mind had painted a painting of you  Ten Million Miles High is the Painting so the whole universe can see you Now Little Polish Boy  Standing with your Little hat on your head The Star of David on your coat Standing in the ghetto with your arms up  as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you  And the World who said nothing  I'll make this painting so bright that it will blind the eyes of the world who saw nothing  Ten billion miles high will be the monument so the whole universe can remember of you Little Polish Boy  Standing with your Little hat on your head The Star of David on your coat  . | **III.**  Standing in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at you  And the monument will tremble so the blind world Now will know  What fear is in the darkness  The world Who said nothing  I am not a composer but I will write a composition for five trillion trumpets so it will blast the ear drums of this world  The world's Who heard nothing  I am Sorry that It was you and Not me |