|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | I.I would like to be an artistSo I could make a Painting of youLittle Polish BoyStanding with your Little hat on your headThe Star of David on your coatStanding in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at youI would make a monument of you and the world who said nothingI would like to be a composer so I could write a concerto of youLittle Polish BoyStanding with your Little hat on your headThe Star of David on your coat Standing in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at youI would write a concerto of you and the world who said nothing. |  **II.**I am not an artistBut my mind had painteda painting of youTen Million Miles High is the Paintingso the whole universe can see you NowLittle Polish BoyStanding with your Little haton your headThe Star of Davidon your coatStanding in the ghetto with your arms up as many Nazi machine guns pointing at youAnd the World who said nothingI'll make this painting so brightthat it will blind the eyesof the world who saw nothingTen billion miles high will be the monumentso the whole universe can remember of youLittle Polish BoyStanding with your Little haton your headThe Star of Davidon your coat. | **III.**Standing in the ghettowith your arms upas many Nazi machine guns pointing at youAnd the monument will tremble so the blind worldNow will knowWhat fear is in the darknessThe worldWho said nothingI am not a composerbut I will write a compositionfor five trillion trumpetsso it will blast the ear drumsof this worldThe world'sWho heard nothingIamSorrythatIt was youandNot me |