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## OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

The Korean girl lay dying by the frozen icy road  
As the soldiers shuffled past her, their bodies hunched against the cold  
Snowflakes clung like small white stars to the black blood in her hair  
I looked for the rifle in her hands but I saw no rifle there.

The young Vietnamese boy sat wailing by his dead mother's side  
Behind him his home was burning as he sat there terrified  
I saw the horror in his eyes the terror and despair  
I looked for the rifle in his hands but I saw no rifle there.

Chorus:

No more dead kids, please, no more dead kids  
No more, no more, no more

The Kurdish children were lying where the gas had cut them down  
Like small bundles of discarded rags in the streets of the silent town  
When I saw them I wept and cried "Dear Christ" - half a curse and half a  
prayer  
I looked for the rifles in their hands, but I saw no rifles there.

The Iraqi family sprawled on the floor in violent death's blood-soaked release  
Beside his dead wife and children the father screamed aloud his grief  
Just one more piece of collateral damage that no tears can ever repair  
I looked for the rifles in their hands, but I saw no rifles there.

Korea, Rawanda, Vietnam, Palestine and Lebanon  
Chechnya and Bosnia, Iraq, Afghanistan  
Other people's children, sons and daughters, husbands, wives  
Yet still we send our children to take other people's children's lives.