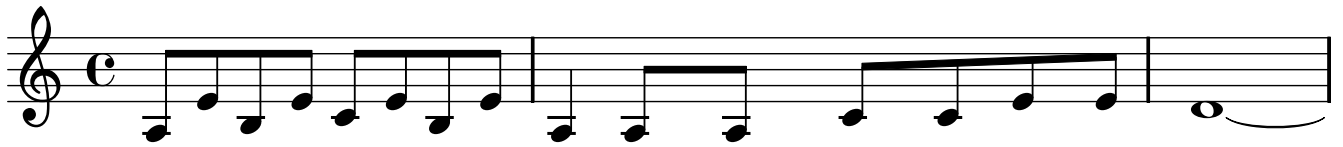


When I think of Gaza's plight

(Sound of Silence; Simon & Garfunkel)

Am

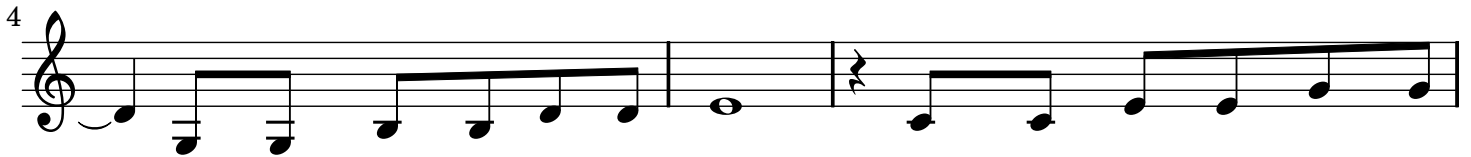
G



When I think of Ga-za's plight,
Chil-dren should be hav-ing fun,
In our coun-try we ig-nore,

G

Am C



chil-dren haunt me day and night
place to play, a place to run
dread-ful hor-rors of the war

All the chil-dren who are
Whole-some food and clean pure
No one hears the child-ren

F C

F C

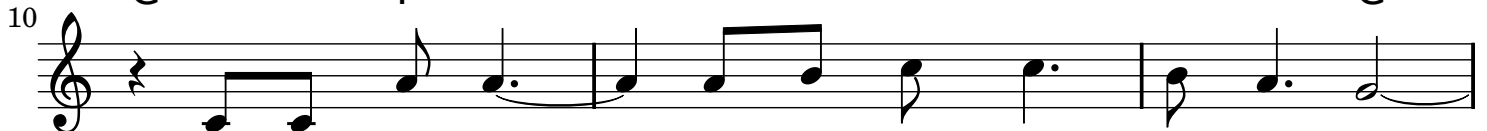


cry-ing, all the peo-ple who are dy-ing
wa-ter, safe for pa-rent, son and daugh-ter
cry-ing, no one sees the peo-ple dy-ing

C

F

C



And the things they've seen that none should have to bear,
And u-nit-ed we do hope, and we must strive,
But we must cease all this sad com-pla-cen-cy,

C

Am

G

Am



hap-pen there Full of tears, they're si-lent.
keep'm a-live Free of fear, and si-lence.
tra-ge-dy We will not be si-lent.