Bangladesh (Joan Baez)

Am E C G
Bangladesh, Bangladesh, Bangladesh, Bangladesh.
F C G Am
When the sun sinks in the west, die a million people of the Bangladesh.

Am E C G
The story of Bangladesh is an ancient one, again made fresh
E F
dead by blind men who carry out commands
C G
which flow out of the laws upon which nations stand,
Am E
which say to sacrifice a people for a land.

Am E C G
Bangladesh, Bangladesh, Bangladesh, Bangladesh.
F C G Am
When the sun sinks in the west, die a million people of the Bangladesh.

Am E C G
Once again, we stand aside and watch the families crucified,
E F
see a teenage mother's vacant eyes
C G
as she watches her feeble baby try
Am E
to fight the monsoon rains and cholera flies.

Am E C G
And the students at the university, asleep at night quite peacefully;
E F
the soldiers came and shot them in their beds,
C G
and terror took the dawn awakening shrieks of dread,
Am E
and silent frozen forms, and pillows drenched in red.

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When the sun sinks in the west, die a million people of the Bangladesh.

Am E C G
Did you read about the army officer's plea, the donors' blood was-it given willingly,
E F
by boys who took the needle in their veins,
C G
and from their bodies every drop of blood was drained;
Am E
no time to comprehend, and there was little pain.

Am E C G
And so the story of Bangladesh is an ancient one, again made fresh,
E F
by all who carry out commands
C G
which flow out of the laws upon which nations stand,
Am E
which say to sacrifice a people for a land.

Am E C G
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F C G Am
When the sun sinks in the west, die a million people of the Bangladesh.