

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