

Dm A7 Dm C
 Let's pretend the sky is blue, the sea is always
 Dm Gm C
 calm, The burning sky's a sunset, not napalm, The
 Bb A7 Bb7 A7
 morning breeze is pure and sweetly fresh -
 dim Dm
BUT ISN'T THAT THE SMELL OF PUTREFYING FLESH?

Let's pretend that we are
 walking under southern stars,
 The burning eyes of night
 in Africa,
 The tender perfume's wafted
 on the air,
**BUT ISN'T THAT A MURDERED
 NEGRO HANGING THERE?**

Let's pretend we're on a
 lonely beach, just you and I
 They're soaring gulls,
 not bombers, in the sky,
 And death is just a
 half-remembered dream,
**BUT ISN'T THAT THE SOUND OF
 BURNING CHILDREN'S SCREAMS?**

Let's pretend that life
 is just a movie, lets pretend
 And everything will come right
 in the end,
 The concentration camp moon's
 overhead,
**AND MIND THAT YOU TREAD CAREFULLY
 AMONG THE DEAD!**

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