

On The Road From Srebrenica

Tom Paxton

On the road from Srebrenica,
I saw a woman with two babies and one broken arm.
She could only carry one,
And one would have to stay behind to quickly die.
The gunmen shouted orders,
And the woman started moving down the road,
While the baby in the blanket,
Lying in the muddy ditch began to cry.

On the road, on the road from Srebrenica,
Blackbirds fly, blackbirds flying overhead,
Cry no mercy, on the road from Srebrenica,
Where there's no one left alive to count the dead.

On the road from Srebrenica,
I saw the men all pulled aside and marched away.
While their women screamed in terror,
All the men went down the pathway to the trees.
The sound of guns was muffled by the forest,
But the shots went on and on,
While the soldiers pushed the women to keep moving,
And the rain began to freeze.

On the road, on the road from Srebrenica,
Blackbirds fly, blackbirds flying overhead,
Cry no mercy, on the road from Srebrenica,
Where there's no one left alive to count the dead.

On the road from Srebrenica,
Trudged an old man who was bent and stooped and frail.
It seemed all hope was gone,
I thought he'd never make a mile, but I was wrong.
He seemed to have no spirit,
Till he passed the ditch and heard the baby cry.
Then he picked the baby up,
And in the swirling smoke and flames, he moved along.

On the road, on the road from Srebrenica,
Blackbirds fly, blackbirds flying overhead,
Cry no mercy, on the road from Srebrenica,
Where there's no one left alive to count the dead.