

(Gary Moore)

They still remember the day when Little Boy dropped from his womb.
They still remember how their homes became their children's tombs.
Their suffer mourn each soul who died that August morning
Why don't we listen, why don't we heed the warning?

Hiroshima, the place where innocence was burned.
Hiroshima, the memory makes my stomach turn.
Hiroshima, the world should truly feel the shame.
Hiroshima, the place where facing death became the way of life.

So many children have been born who cannot read or write.
They cannot speak, they cannot hear and some have lost their sight.
Adults with infant minds don't know the reason why,
for they were in their mothers' wombs when death fell from the sky.

Hiroshima, the place where innocence was burned.
Hiroshima, the memory makes my stomach turn.
Hiroshima, the world should truly feel the shame.
Hiroshima, the place where facing death became the way of life.

The rest of us should learn a lesson from their sorrow,
so we can stop it all happening tomorrow.

Hiroshima, the place where innocence was burned.
Hiroshima, the memory makes my stomach turn.
Hiroshima, the world should truly feel the shame.
Hiroshima, the rest of us must take the blame.

Hiroshima, the place where innocence was burned.
Hiroshima, the memory makes my stomach turn.
Hiroshima, men came to shadows where they stood.
Hiroshima, this kind of evil brings no good.

No, no.
No, no, no, no, no.
No, no, woah.