

Changi

Em

Outside it is humid

Am

My shirt sticks to my back

Em

Clouds roll in from the sea

Am B7 Em

With rain soon to fall

Outside voices tumble

Some tongue I do not know

Here I am a stranger

On soil foreign to me

G

Once you were a village

D

Where people fished and swam

C

Now your name means horror

B7 Em

To the living and the damned

Outside it is noisy

And all I want is rest

But peace I do not find here

This place of war and death

Inside it is quiet

But not from choice of mine

This place has a mystery

Something I can't explain

Outside is a chapel

Where people met to pray

Simple wooden building

Here people sought their god

Inside there are pictures

A story of the past

Not of smiling people

But of pain and death

Alan Blackshaw © 22/11/2001