

## Who are you?

You walk two miles to school each day  
Your heavy books weigh you down;  
And yet you keep going  
Each day without a frown.  
Because you are a school girl.

Clocks tick, months pass, it's 1941.  
The school doors keep on closing.  
But on the days you go,  
You are never ever dosing.  
Because you are still a schoolgirl, right?

The doors finally close for good;  
Mama cries a lot;  
Papa doesn't sing anymore.  
You hope you won't forget what you were taught  
Because you are not a schoolgirl anymore

You get home from school one day.  
Papa is not at home.  
Mama looks worried.  
She hands you a bag full of your things,  
And opens the basement door into which you are hurried.  
You couldn't be a school girl in there.

It's hot and dark in the basement  
Someone bangs on your door.  
It swings open wide, revealing your hiding spot.  
A rough arm shoves you to the floor;  
You wish you were still a schoolgirl.

You are taken on a train.  
So many people are there;  
You recognize some children from school.  
The train stops and you are led off,  
Into a prison where you are treated so cruel.  
A number is tattooed on your arm; you are nothing more than a number.

The cell is crowded and dirty;  
Sleep is scarce;  
No one is there to comfort you.  
Hope has died, and insanity taken its place,  
Since there is nothing but work to do.  
You don't know who you are anymore.

A soldier walks into your cell  
With a list of names he calls out.  
He says you get to take a shower.  
You're excited that you get to be clean,  
But the situation soon becomes out of your power.  
You are no one.