Ani DiFranco, My Name Is Lisa Kalvelage

My name is Lisa Kalvelage, I was born in Nuremberg And when the trials were held there nineteen years ago It seemed to me ridiculous to hold a nation all to blame

For the horrors that the world did undergo

A short while later when I applied to be a G. I. bride

An American consular official questioned me

He refused my exit permit, said my answers did not show

I'd learned my lesson about responsibility.

Thus suddenly I was forced to start thinking on this theme

And when later I was permitted to emigrate

I must have been asked a hundred times where I was and what Idid

In those years when Hitler ruled our state

I said I was a child or at most a teen-ager

But that only extended the questioning

They'd ask, where were my parents, my father, my mother

And to this I could answer not a thing.

The seed planted there at Nuremberg in 1947

Started to sprout and to grow

Gradually I understood what that verdict meant to me

When there are crimes that I can see and I can know

And now I also know what it is to be charged with mass guilt

Once in a lifetime is enough for me

No, I could not take it for a second time

And that is why I am here today.

The events of May 25th, the day of our protest,

Put a small balance weight on the other side

Hopefully, someday my contribution to peace

Will help just a bit to turn the tide

And perhaps I can tell my children six

And later on their own children

That at least in the future they need not be silent

When they are asked, " Where was your mother, when? "