

# Bui-doi

Richard Maltby and Alain Boublil

Music by Claude Michel Schonberg  
arranged Harley Mead

**Slow**

TENOR 1 *mp*  
Like all sur vi-vors I once thought when I'm home I won't give a damn,

TENOR 2

BASS

**Slow**

Piano *mp*

5

— but now\_ I know I'm caught I'll ne-ver leave Vi-et-nam.

*mp*  
Wa is n't over when ends

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some pic-tures ne-ver leave your mind They are the fa-ces of the chil - dren the ones we left be

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They're called Bui- doi. The dust of life, con-ceived in hell and born in strife. They are the

hind. They're called Bui- doi. The dust of life, con-ceived in hell and born in strife. They are the

They're called Bui- doi. The dust of life, con-ceived in hell and born in strife. They are the

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li ving re min der of all the good we fail'd to do We can't for-get must not for get that they are all our chil dren

li ving re min der of all the good we fail'd to do We can't for-get must not for get that they are all our chil dren

li ving re min der of all we failed to do We can't for-get must not for get that they are all our chil dren

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too.

too.

too.

Those kids hit walls on ev'ry side, they don't be-long in a - ny place.