

# Dark Eyes

Lila Downs

Grandfather sung to me  
The weeping woman spoke  
Down beneath the trees is the wisdom of the old

I seen plenty of disrespect  
For the knowledge of the land  
It's my people who I see lost in other peoples hands

Everybody's hoping to see you at their door  
Taking care of people you don't know

Staying inside in their homes whispering  
To the dark eyes outside the door  
To the dark eyes  
Outside their door

No todo está perdido  
Estoy con mi gente  
Trabajo con miedo pero yo soy consciente

I'm losing the fear  
Cause the work it's here  
Ojibway and Yaquis hope is in our ways

We show our sanity,  
Nobody sees us but we are running things  
The bats and the land are sacred beings  
Oricas Lencas,  
Now we are the ones  
Bringing and taking caring for the others

Every morning I look out  
From the corner of the mart  
I'm just here waiting to help you  
There can be no fear for us  
When the people they come back like it used to be before  
I want it better, better than it was before

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Taking care of people you don't know

Staying inside in their homes whispering  
To the dark eyes outside the door  
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