

Is This All There Is?

Los Lobos

Climbing high to the mountain top
Reaching up to the sky above
Asking to myself
Is this all there is?

Sailing into the ocean blue
Trying to find at least one clue
On a paper scrawled
Is this all there is?

And they all came to talk about it
The came to cry and laught and fight about it
All searching for the promised land
Tired souls with empty hands
Asking to themselves
Is this all there is?

Fifteen years on a sewing machine
Where twisted hands don't mean a thing
Wondering to herself
Is this all there is?

Baby crying in an old tin cup
Wanting more but there's never enough
While her mother sighs
Is this all there is?