Native Son

Los Lobos

There are concrete rivers flowing
From the mountains to the sea
Towers that almost touch the sky
Up all around me

There's music playing on the radio
From a house there down the street
Singing "Take me in your arms again
I miss you don't you see"

No matter where I lay my head
No matter how far I've run
I dream about the day you'll take me back
I'm your native son

I was a fool to run away
And forget where I'd come from
I think about the day you'll take me back
I'm your native son
I think about the day you'll take me back
I'm your native son

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