

The Word

Los Lobos

The word's out on the street
Around everyone you meet
"Things are not the way they used to be"

There's a feeling in the air
A dark cloud of despair
That hides our hearts
And blinds our eyes to see

They say that it's a shame
That all we do is blame
And never treat ourselves with dignity

What would we do
Without a hand to hold onto
With no one to call out to
What if we could
Behave like sisters and brothers
Like the good book says we should

It's time, time, time
We try so hard to find
But time has no mercy on me
Just take a look at love
On the wings of a dove
Gives us everything we want for free

What will you say or do
When a child asks of you
What kind of world have you left here for me?

Too many sleepless nights
Too many questions why
This is not the way it's supposed to be

What happened to
The land, the trees and the rivers
Some have now all gone away
What happens if
We see them as sisters and brothers
Like the good Lord says we should

There's a word on the street
From everyone you meet
Peace is the only way for us to be

There's a feeling in the air
Do away with this despair
Let's hear our hearts
And open our eyes to see

What would we do
Without a hand to hold onto
With no one to call out to
What if we could
Behave like sisters and brothers
Like the good book says we should