

Mountains

Stand High Patrol

Today, the ground is dry on the plain
We are still waiting the blue gold from the mountains
The sky is cloudy but it does not even rain
We are waiting you Mother Rain

I light up a candle, with a flame
I hope this makes the clouds rain
Last year water use to run down the drain
We are waiting you Mother Rain

I dream, about green pasture and fountains
But when I open eyes it is only dust and pains
I dream about green hills and hidden stream singing
Morning rays warming the dew

Your shiny gold is useless I want it to be blue
The ground is so hard under my shoe
That the drop of water no longer seeps in
The long-awaited shower sleeps in

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