

Salvador

Beverley Knight

In the corner of the city
There's this vibrant little kid
Loves to sing and play his air guitar
In the way that I once did
He has all the world's ambition
But he lives on borrowed time
With his terminal condition, he'll be gone before he's nine

Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers
You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind may blow
Which way the wind may blow

In the corner of the city
There's a man in lonely plight
So-called friends no longer visit
Family stay out of sight
See, he used to be a doctor
But his illness is full-blown
Now the very folk whose lives he saved refuse to help his own

Salvador, Salvador, Salvador, Salvador
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What you gonna do if it hits your street, hits your home?
Ah hah, could you deal if you found you'd been disowned?
Mmm-hmm Tell me, don't you be a judge of another's fate
'Cause the day you do
You will find that a higher hand will judge you too
I want you to understand

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