

Víctor Jara's Hands

Calexico

Wire fences still coiled with flowers of the night
Songs of the birds like hands call the earth to witness
Sever from fear before taking flight.
Fences that fail and fall to the ground
Bearing the fruit from Jara's Hands
Me siento solo y perdido
Una vela alumbra mi camino
Cruzando tierras que nunca he visto
Cruzando ei rio de mi destino
Solo soy un chico mas
Que sueha en alto y mirando al mar
All alone and lost
My path is lit by flame
Crossing lands never seen
Crossing rivers of my destiny
Only a boy nothing more
Day dreaming wanting more