

El Salvador

Joan Baez

Now that the city is dreaming, viva the pale moonlight
Take to your bibles, take to your beds, now that nothing seems
right
National Guards who they pay by the week are gonna clash in the
curfew tonight
With Los companeros born in the war, from Warsaw to San Salvado
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A voice from the past comes a callin', saying hold every strong
heart dear
These are the days when it seems like there's nothing but newsp
apers, order, fear
Praise to the ones who are burried gone, and to the brave heart
s who just disappeared
Los companeros, born in the war, from Belfast to San Salvador

Whad'a you got to do to get through
They're deaf as a graveyard
What does Nicaragua say to you?

Think of the midnight, silver & black, think if the sun can be
fooled
Think of the four sisters shot in the back for running a land r
eform school
Think of the ones taken hard in the hills, they can be beaten b
ut they can never be ruled
Los Companeros, born in the war, viva El Salvador