

Che

Judy Collins

One morning in Bolivia, the leader of the partisans
And two of his companions
Were forced to flee the mountains for their lives

Through green and dusty villages they sped along the little roads
The peasants smiled and shouted as they hurried by
Jesus called out to every one, "Don't think that we are leaving
They only tried to frighten us with guns, we shall return"

Continue with your work
Continue with your talk
You have it in your hands
To own your lives, to own your lands

The people smiled and shouted
And they ran along a little while
Then stood and watched
Their hands were restless and empty

The body of Jesus was in the jeep
That they blew up before it reached the plane
The priest was proud to bless him
For what there was of him remaining in the afternoon

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There is no one who can show you
The road you should be on
They only tell you, they can show you
And then tomorrow they are gone

The smell of oil and incense fill the room in this adobe hut
Where on the table lies the body of a man
His face is pale and young, his beard is dark and curled
Pennies hold his eyelids from the evening light

People from the village those who knew him, those who killed him
Stand inside the door, their hands are restless and empty
They watch the priest make silent crosses in the air
And pray to God inside their hearts for their own souls

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