

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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