

# One Time One Night

Los Lobos

A wise man was telling stories to me  
About the places he had been to  
And the things that he had seen

A quiet voice is singing something to me  
An age old song about the home of the brave  
In this land here of the free  
One time one night in America

A lady dressed in white with the man she loved  
Standing along the side of their pickup truck  
A shot rang out in the night  
Just when everything seemed right  
Another headline written down in America

The guy that lived next door in #305  
Took the kids to the park and disappeared  
About half past nine  
Who will ever know  
How much she loved them so  
That dark night alone in America

A quiet voice is singing something to me  
An age old song about the home of the brave  
In this land here of the free  
One time one night in America

Four small boys playing ball in a parking lot  
A preacher, a teacher, and the other became a cop  
A car skidded into the rain  
Making the last little one a saint  
One more light goes out in America

A young girl tosses a coin in the wishing well  
She hopes for a heaven while for her  
There's just this hell  
She gave away her life  
To become somebody's wife  
Another wish unanswered in America

People having so much faith  
Die too soon while all the rest come late  
We write a song that no one sings  
On a cold black stone  
Where a lasting peace will finally bring

The sunlight plays upon my windowpane  
I wake up to a world that's still the same  
My father said to be strong  
And that a good man could never do wrong  
In a dream I had last night in America

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About the places he had been to  
And the things that he had seen

A quiet voice is singing something to me

An age old song about the home of the brave  
In this land here of the free  
One time one night in America