

# Revolution

Los Lobos

Where did it go?  
Can't say that I know  
Those times of revolution  
Of burnin', burnin', burnin'  
All so cool and gone  
What was, just was

We tried, my brother  
To hold on to our fate  
Or was it late for revolution?  
Too tired, too tired, sister  
To hold my fist so high  
Now that it's gone

Too tired brother, sister  
To hold my fist so high  
Now that it's gone  
Gone away.

Where did it go?  
Can we say we know  
Those times of revolution  
Our time of revolution