

The Mess We're In

Los Lobos

We've got no money
But we've got our lives
A voice that's louder than any picket sign
Don't take away what is ours to keep
This very land that lies beneath our feet
Don't know about this mess we're in

Bombs are bursting in a far off land
Fire in the sky, a soldier takes his stand
But who is to know about the rules that men make
For what honor and for who's sake
Don't know about this mess we're in

The smoke is clearing and we see a light
Coming together for a different fight
All of us looking, finding our way again
Out of this mess we're in

She's walking the streets because she has no home
All she has hangs on her flesh and bones
Too many nights sleeping without a warm bed
She passes by but they just turn their heads
Don't know about this mess we're in

Old man dying from too much drink
Blood and glass laying in the bathroom sink
No one stopped to read the words that he wrote
Or care to hear to stories that he told
Don't know about this mess we're in

The smoke is clearing and we see a light
Coming together for a different fight
All of us looking, finding our way again
Out of this mess we're in