

# The Valley

Los Lobos

In ancient times  
To a place so far away  
Across the land  
Where the earth was  
As tough as clay

Looked at their hands  
Looked all around  
And they seemed pleased  
At what they had found

Here in the valley  
Bread on the table  
Work through the day  
For as long as we are able  
Green is the valley  
Blue is the night  
Out of the shadows  
Into the light

They could have gone  
But instead they chose to stay  
To watch the clouds way up high  
As they turned to gray  
And through the dark  
Broke a crimson sun  
And at that moment  
Knew their lives had just begun

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Work through the day  
For as long as we are able  
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