

# The Word

Los Lobos

The word's out on the street  
Around everyone you meet  
"Things are not the way they used to be"

There's a feeling in the air  
A dark cloud of despair  
That hides our hearts  
And blinds our eyes to see

They say that it's a shame  
That all we do is blame  
And never treat ourselves with dignity

What would we do  
Without a hand to hold onto  
With no one to call out to  
What if we could  
Behave like sisters and brothers  
Like the good book says we should

It's time, time, time  
We try so hard to find  
But time has no mercy on me  
Just take a look at love  
On the wings of a dove  
Gives us everything we want for free

What will you say or do  
When a child asks of you  
What kind of world have you left here for me?

Too many sleepless nights  
Too many questions why  
This is not the way it's supposed to be

What happened to  
The land, the trees and the rivers  
Some have now all gone away  
What happens if  
We see them as sisters and brothers  
Like the good Lord says we should

There's a word on the street  
From everyone you meet  
Peace is the only way for us to be

There's a feeling in the air  
Do away with this despair  
Let's hear our hearts  
And open our eyes to see

What would we do  
Without a hand to hold onto  
With no one to call out to  
What if we could  
Behave like sisters and brothers  
Like the good book says we should