

People are pressed,  
Liberties crushed  
Shouldn't it resound  
Cry of our soul?  
It is so faint I can't hear it  
I know it's there  
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere

Men could ask for happiness  
They could ask for brotherhood  
When we were not a lonely crowd  
Natural was impersonal,  
Was non individual  
Where strangers were not a threat  
But more of a potential  
Public space was wide open  
The relevance was action

Beyond the cry,  
Lies the meaning  
Common language  
Of belonging  
It is throttled, it is confused  
Has to be there  
Somewhere, somewhere, somewhere