

Jackson Browne, El Salvador

(performed by joan baez & jackson browne from her album speaking of dreams)

Now that the city is dreaming, viva the pale moonlight
Take to your bibles, take to your beds, now that nothing seems right
National guards who they pay by the week are gonna clash in the curfew tonight
With los companeros born in the war, from warsaw to san salvador

A voice from the past comes a callin', saying hold every strong heart dear
These are the days when it seems like there's nothing but newspapers, order, fear
Praise to the ones who are burried gone, and to the brave hearts who just disappeared

Los companeros, born in the war, from belfast to san salvador

Whad'a you got to do to get through
They're deaf as a graveyard
What does nicaragua say to you?

Think of the midnight, silver & black, think if the sun can be fooled
Think of the four sisters shot in the back for running a land reform school
Think of the ones taken hard in the hills, they can be beaten but they can never be ruled
Los companeros, born in the war, viva el salvador