

# Los Lobos, The Mess We're In

(David Hidalgo/Louie Perez)

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