

# Los Lobos, What In The World

(David Hidalgo/Louie Perez)

When we don't seem to see eye to eye  
Our arms reach out to ask but why  
You're not alone  
Call me on the phone  
And tell me, oh tell me  
Oh what in the world  
What in the world will we do

When a house of cards comes tumbling down  
And the pieces lie there on the ground  
Don't be afraid  
It can't be too late  
Tell me, oh tell me  
Oh what in the world  
What in the world will we do

When a bird flies high up in the sky  
Funny how we sit and wonder why  
Suppose that we  
Could be that free  
Tell me, oh tell me  
Oh what in the world  
What in the world will we do

Tell me, oh tell me  
Oh what in the world  
What in the world will we do

When a bird flies high up in the sky  
Funny how we sit and wonder why  
Suppose that we  
Could be that free  
Suppose you and me  
Were always that free  
Imagine, imagine  
Oh what this world  
What this world could be

Imagine, baby, imagine  
What this world could be  
What this world could be  
Baby, what this world  
What this world could be