

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