

Sting, They Dance Alone (Cueca Solo)

Why are these women here dancing on their own?

Why is there this sadness in their eyes?

Why are the soldiers here

Their faces fixed like stone?

I can't see what it is they despise

They're dancing with the missing

They're dancing with the dead

They dance with the invisible ones

Their anguish is unsaid

They're dancing with their fathers

They're dancing with their sons

They're dancing with their husbands

They dance alone They dance alone

It's the only form of protest they're allowed

I've seen their silent faces scream so loud

If they were to speak these words

they'd go missing too

Another woman on the torture table

what else can they do

They're dancing with the missing

They're dancing with the dead

They dance with the invisible ones

Their anguish is unsaid

They're dancing with their fathers

They're dancing with their sons

They're dancing with their husbands

They dance alone They dance alone

One day we'll dance on their graves

One day we'll sing our freedom

One day we'll laugh in our joy

And we'll dance

One day we'll dance on their graves

One day we'll sing our freedom

One day we'll laugh in our joy

And we'll dance

Ellas danzan con los desaparecidos

Ellas danzan con los muertos

Ellas danzan con amores invisibles

Ellas danzan con silenciosa angustia

Danzan con sus padres

Danzan con sus hijos

Danzan con sus esposos

Ellas danzan solas

Danzan solas

Hey Mr. Pinochet

You've sown a bitter crop

It's foreign money that supports you

One day the money's going to stop

No wages for your torturers

No budget for your guns

Can you think of your own mother

Dancin' with her invisible son

They're dancing with the missing

They're dancing with the dead

They dance with the invisible ones

Their anguish is unsaid

They're dancing with their fathers

They're dancing with their sons

They're dancing with their husbands

They dance alone They dance alone