

Christina Aguilera, Paraiso

Return to a land called Paraiso,
a place where a dying river ends.
No birds there fly over Paraiso,
no space allows them to endure.
The smoke that screens the air,
the grass that's never there.
And if I could see a single bird, what a joy.
I try to write some words and create
a simple song to be heard
by the rest of the world.
I live in this land called Paraiso,
in a house made of cardboard floors and walls.
I learned to be free in Paraiso,
free to claim anything I see.
Matching rags for my clothes,
plastic bags for the cold.
And if empty cans were all I have, what a joy.
I never fight to take someone
else's coins and live with fear
like the rest of the boys.
Paraiso, help me make a stand.
Paraiso, take me by the hand
Paraiso, make the world understand
that if I could see a single bird, what a joy.
This tired and hungry land could expect
some truth and hope and respect
from the rest of the world.