

Low, Sandinista

Where would you go
If the gun fell in your hand
Home to the kids or to sympathetic friends
Oh Sandinista
Oh Sandinista
Oh Sandinista, take my side
Deep through the clouds
Hear them marching up slowly
Fresh with the blood
Of your fathers, so holy
Oh Sandinista
Oh Sandinista
Oh Sandinista, take my side
Take my side