

# Manhattan Transfer, The Quietude (Encuentro De

In ancient times great fear arose  
among the inhabitants of  
Tiahuanacu, the Spaniards were  
coming into their lands. The Indians  
retreated to their houses in great fear  
and closed themselves in total  
isolation without food or water.  
They sat down in great sorrow with  
knees bent and heads bowed (they  
are called Chullpas) and died.  
They were buried in this position.  
Others froze to death in a standing  
position like stone monoliths  
(monolitos). The Indians who live  
there today are very poor - no  
clothes or food. They seek a better  
life and move to the cities where they  
learn to read, write and do any kind  
of work. They earn money and don't  
want to return to their homelands.

Night calls through the air  
reaching for its solitude  
Dusk lures like a lyre beckoning  
the quietude

In state of constant commotion  
full of rage and heartless devotion  
There's a need that burns within to  
fly away, just fly away

Soft winds kiss the land  
silent and in gratitude  
Children hand in hand  
comprehend the quietude  
Through a maze of fear  
and compulsion  
There's a race for the power  
and fortune  
Still a need within cries out to  
fly away, just fly away

People rush, people flee, they  
move so fast that they cannot see  
Work all day, up all night, they  
push and hide all the joy inside  
Like a wave that breathes in  
the ocean and the mountains  
peak with emotion  
There's a need that calls within  
to find a way, just find a way

Time to leave and fly away,  
to take a leave and castaway  
To leave the worries and the dismay,  
it's time to go,  
it's time to play it's...

Time now to fly away,  
take leave and castaway  
To fly...  
The moon it guides my way,  
winds blow to show the way  
To fly...

Dawn breaks, day descends  
With a calming attitude  
Shadows fall and bend  
Welcome in The Quietude