

# Talking Heads, Listening Wind

Mojique sees his village from a nearby hill  
Mojique thinks of days before Americans came  
He sees the foreigners in growing numbers  
He sees the foreigners in fancy houses  
He thinks of days that he can still remember...now.

Mojique holds a package in his quivering hands  
Mojique sends the package to the American man  
Softly he glides along the streets and alleys  
Up comes the wind that makes them run for cover  
He feels the time is surely now or never...more.

The wind in my heart  
The wind in my heart  
The dust in my head  
The dust in my head  
The wind in my heart  
The wind in my heart  
(Come to) Drive them away  
Drive them away.  
Mojique buys equipment in the market place  
Mojique plants devices in the free trade zone  
He feels the wind is lifting up his people  
He calls the wind to guide him on his mission  
He knows his friend the wind is always standing...by.

Mojique smells the wind that comes from far away  
Mojique waits for news in a quiet place  
He feels the presence of the wind around him  
He feels the power of the past behind him  
He has the knowledge of the wind to guide him...on.

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