Salvador

Beverley Knight

In the corner of the city
There's this vibrant little kid
Loves to sing and play his air guitar
In the way that I once did
He has all the world's ambition
But he lives on borrowed time
With his terminal condition
He'll be gone before he's nine
Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers
You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind may blow
Which way the wind may blow
In the corner of the city
There's a man in lonely plight
So-called friends no longer visit
Family stay out of sight
See, he used to be a doctor
But his illness is full-blown
Now the very folk whose lives he saved
Refuse to help his own, yeah
Salvador, Salvador
Salvador,Salvador
Salvador, Salvador
Salvador, Salvador
Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers

You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind may blow
Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers
You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind may blow
What you gonna do if it hits your street, if it hits your home?
Uh huh, could you deal if you found you'd been disowned?
Mmm, hmm, tell me, don't you be a judge of another's fate
'Cause the day you do, you will find that a higher hand
Will judge you too, I want you to understand, yeah

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You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind may blow
Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers
You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind will blow
Sometimes when you look in the eyes of strangers
You begin to see faces that you know
They could be you and me, you never know
Which way the wind will blow
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