Revolution

Los Lobos

Where did it go?
Can't say that I know
Those times of revolution
Of burnin', burnin', burnin'
All so cool and gone
What was, just wasWe tried, my brother
To hold on to our fate
Or was it late for revolution?
To tired, too tired, sister
To hold my fist so high
Now that it's goneToo tired brother, sister
To hold my fist so high
Now that it's gone
Gone away.Where did it go?
Can we say we know
Those times of revolution
Our time of revolution

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