

# Listening Wind

Peter Gabriel

Mojique sees his village from a nearby hill  
Mojique thinks of days before Americans came  
He serves the foreigners in growing numbers  
He sees the foreigners in fancy houses  
He dreams 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 nevermore  
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  
Would drive them away, drive them away  
Mojique buys his equipment in the market place  
Mojique plants devices through 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 beside him  
He feels the power of the past behind him  
He has the knowledge of the wind to guide him on  
The wind in my heart, the wind in my heart  
The dust in my head, the dust in my head  
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Drive them away

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