

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
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