

# Salvador

## Disidencia

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  
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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

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 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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