One Time One Night

Los Lobos

A wise man was telling stories to me
About the places he had been to and the things that he had seenA quiet voice is singing something to me
An age old song 'bout the home of the brave in this land here of the free
One time one night in AmericaA lady dressed in white with the man she loves
Standing along the side of their pick up truck
A shot rang out in the night
Just when everything seemed right
Another headline written down in AmericaThe guy that lived next door in three o five
Took the kids to the park and disappeared 'bout half past nine
Who will ever know how much she loved them so
That dark night alone in AmericaA quiet voice is singing something to me
An age old song 'bout the brave in this land here of the free
One time one night in AmericaFour small boys playing ball in the parking lot
A preacher, a teacher, and the other became a cop
A car skidded into the rain
Making the last little one a saint
One more light goes out in AmericaA young girl tosses a coin in the wishing well
She hopes for a heaven while for her there's just this hell
She gave away her life to become somebody's wife
Another wish unanswered in America
People having so much faith
Die too soon while all the rest come late
We write a song that no one sings
On a cold black stone where a lasting peace will finally bringThe sunlight plays upon my window pane
I wake up to a world that's still the same
My father said to be strong
That a good man could never do wrong
In a dream I had last night in America
A wise man was telling stories to me
About the places he had been to and the things that he had seen
A quiet voice is singing something to me
An age old song 'bout the home of the brave in this land here of the free
One time one night in America
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