Wake Up Dolores

Los Lobos

My legs are tired
My face feels hot
Wake up Dolores
Please try to walkOh, sacred nightOur light is dim
We have so far to go
The stones are hard
On this endless roadOh, sacred night
On quetzal plumes
Of dying suns
And purple moons
Oh, sacred nightAs an eagle soars
Our spirits fly
To our gentle rest
Under loving skyOh, sacred night
On quetzal plumes
Of dying suns
And purple moons
Oh, sacred nightOcuiltin
Moyacatla
Otlica
Auh in caltech

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