

# El Salvador

## Jackson Browne

(performed by joan baez & jackson browne from her album speaking of dreams)

Now that the city is dreaming, viva the pale moonlight  
Take to your bibles, take to your beds, now that nothing seems right  
National guards who they pay by the week are gonna clash in the curfew tonight  
With los companeros born in the war, from warsaw to san salvador  
A voice from the past comes a callin', saying hold every strong heart dear  
These are the days when it seems like there's nothing but newspapers, order, fear  
Praise to the ones who are burried gone, and to the brave hearts who just disappeared

Los companeros, born in the war, from belfast to san salvador  
Whad'a you got to do to get through  
They're deaf as a graveyard  
What does nicaragua say to you?  
Think of the midnight, silver & black, think if the sun can be fooled  
Think of the four sisters shot in the back for running a land reform school  
Think of the ones taken hard in the hills, they can be beaten but they can never be ruled  
Los companeros, born in the war, viva el salvador

Lyrics provided by

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