

Skeletons of Quinto

The Folksmen

I worked the fields my father worked
From dawn until setting sun
My calloused hands and wind-burned face
Have marked me as a man
Who has no voice, no rights, no hope
No place to call his own
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home
The silver tentacles of the moons rays caught me
The deathly silence of the mountains chill me to the bone
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home
If I lived to be a hundred, I wont know me
Papas plight
The cruelty of the masters whip
The horrors of the night
He braved them all and stood his ground
The bravest ever known
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home
(Spanish)(Instrumental)
I know that somehow, in the world,
The workers must be free
The toil and sweat, and tyranny, the fascist jeu desprit
Will only serve to keep us down, and make the bourgeoisie
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home

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