

Carlos Santana

"Pearls"

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There is a woman in Somalia
Scraping for pearls on the roadside
There's a force stronger than nature
Keeps her will alive

This is how she's dying
She's dying to survive
Don't know what she is made of
I would like to be that brave

She cries to the heaven above
There is a stone in my heart
She lives a life she didn't choose
And it hurts like brand new shoes
And it hurts like brand new shoes

There is a woman in Somalia
The sun gives her no mercy
The same sky we lay under
Burns her to the bone

Long as afternoon shadows
It's gonna take her to get home
Each grain carefully wrapped up
Pearls for her little girl

Hallelujah
Hallelujah

She cries to the heaven above
There is a stone in my heart
She lives in a world she didn't choose
And it hurts like brand new shoes
And it hurts like brand new shoes

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