

Georg Baker Selection

"Manana"

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When the silent shadows gonna fall
When the evening-breeze is gonna call
We'll sit by the table to eat our daily bread.
This day was a hard day my friend
The whole day I was working on the land
While the sun was burning on my back.
yes it's a hard life to make it with your hands
Let's see what tomorrow may bring.
Manana is another day of slaving on the fields
Is another day of sweating out my tears
Is another day of wondering just how long.
Manana is. the same as any other day my friend
Is the same as all the years we worked the land.
Manana - manana - manana mi amor
But someday there's another rising sun
And we give them back what they have done
Someday we will stand up to scream out to the sky
Someday my ego will fly.
Manana is another day of slaving on the fields . . .

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