

## **Jackson Browne**

### **"El Salvador"**

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(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

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