

Los Lobos

"One Time One Night"

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A wise man was telling stories to me
About the places he had been to
And the things that he had seen

A quiet voice is singing something to me
An age old song about the home of the brave
In this land here of the free
One time one night in America

A lady dressed in white with the man she loved
Standing along the side of their pickup truck
A shot rang out in the night
Just when everything seemed right
Another headline written down in America

The guy that lived next door in #305
Took the kids to the park and disappeared
About half past nine
Who will ever know
How much she loved them so
That dark night alone in America

A quiet voice is singing something to me
An age old song about the home of the brave
In this land here of the free
One time one night in America

Four small boys playing ball in a parking lot
A preacher, a teacher, and the other became a cop
A car skidded into the rain
Making the last little one a saint
One more light goes out in America

A young girl tosses a coin in the wishing well
She hopes for a heaven while for her

There's just this hell
She gave away her life
To become somebody's wife
Another wish unanswered in America

People having so much faith

Die too soon while all the rest come late
We write a song that no one sings
On a cold black stone
Where a lasting peace will finally bring

The sunlight plays upon my windowpane
I wake up to a world that's still the same
My father said to be strong
And that a good man could never do wrong
In a dream I had last night in America

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