

Los Lobos "Same Brown Earth"

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The sun came down from black
And from the dim made light
From dumb made a word
In a blink made an eye
And in a beat made a heart
And in a beat made a heart

It was when a man
Was a ribbon set on fire
Was a sea, salt and ash
When woman was a rock
On distant mountain top
When woman was like glass
Reflecting as a mirror

When man was December
Fog laying low in the valley
And a woman was the torch
Bright in the dark
With full cup and open hand
Gave milk and fed bread
To the lost sons of Adam
Cooking up in kitchens, in rooms
In doom grey tent homes of
The aged or desperate
Of the drunk and forgotten

So true they rest
Rest in the earth
And become the earth
Under carpets of dandelions
Blowing their seed across the breeze
Across that same brown earth
To rise and sing again
To rise and sing again

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