

## Christy Moore "El Salvador"

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A girl cries in the early morning  
Woken by the sound of a gun  
She knows somewhere somebody's dying  
Beneath the rising sun  
Outside the window of her cabaña

The shadows are full of her fears

She knows her lover is out there somewhere  
He's been on the run for a year

Oh, the soul of El Salvador

Bells ring out in the chapel steeple  
A priest prepares to say mass  
The sad congregation come tired and hungry  
To pray that trouble will pass  
Meanwhile the sun rises over the dusty streets  
Where his crowd gathers round.  
Flies and mosquitoes are drinking from pools of blood  
Where the baby is found

Oh, the soul of El Salvador

Out on the ranch the rich man's preparing  
To go for his morning ride  
They've saddled his horse out in the corral  
He walks out full of pride  
He looks like a cowboy from one of those pictures  
A president made in the past  
Peasants in rags, the stand back for they know  
That El Rico travels fast

Over the soul of El Salvador

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