

The Folksmen

"Skeletons Of Quinto"

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I worked the fields my father worked
From dawn until setting sun
My calloused hands and wind-burned face
Have marked me as a man
Who has no voice, no rights, no hope
No place to call his own
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home

The silver tentacles of the moon's rays caught me
The deathly silence of the mountains chill me to the
bone
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home

If I lived to be a hundred, I won't know me Papa's plight
The cruelty of the master's whip
The horrors of the night
He braved them all and stood his ground
The bravest ever known
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home

I know that somehow, in the world,
The workers must be free
The toil and sweat, and tyranny, the fascist jeu d'esprit
Will only serve to keep us down, and make the
bourgeoisie
And the skeletons of Quinto call me home

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