

Tom Morello

"The Dogs Of Tijuana"

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We are the dogs of Tijuana
Filled with garbage and stones
In the streets and in the fields
Cursed and crushed beneath the wheels
But together we are strong
Our songs echo in the darkness
Down the machiladora's halls
Where Brother Solomon was tortured
The one tree in the orchard
Casts a shadow on the wall

The way is hard and long
But the dogs are coming home

We are the dogs of Tijuana
Left for dead in the ravine
In the arroyos and the valleys
The sewers and the alleys
We shiver and we dream
So, don't stop to ask directions
If you think you've lost your way
The wrath of the lion
Is the wisdom of God
And every dog has its day

The way is hard and long
But the dogs are coming home

We crossed the tin can cardboard slums
And to these pastures came
Into the hands of wicked men
Sold by the hands of strangers
There'll be no silver lining, friend
Of that I'm sure
So, shake my hand one last time
'Cause brother, this is war

We are the dogs of Tijuana
Watching every road into town
A rising sea without a shore
Right outside your door

So, why weep now?

The way is hard and long
But tonight we're coming home

We are the dogs of Tijuana
Howling in the night
The world will not end in fire
It will not end in ice
It will end when we arrive.

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