

Manhattan Transfer, The "The Quietude"

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(Music by Chuck Jonkey; Lyrics by Alan Paul)
[English translation of Aymara narration]

In ancient times great fear arose
Among the inhabitants of
Tiahuanacu, the Spaniards were
Coming into their lands. The Indians
Retreated to their houses in great fear
And closed themselves in total
Isolation without food or water.
They sat down in great sorrow with
Knees bent and heads bowed (they
Are called Chullpas) and died.
They were buried in this position.
Others froze to death in a standing
Position like stone monoliths
(monolitos). The Indians who live
There today are very poor - no
Clothes or food. They seek a better
Life and move to the cities where they
Learn to read, write and do any kind
Of work. They earn money and don't
Want to return to their homelands.

Night calls through the air
Reaching for its solitude
Dusk lures like a lyre beckoning
The quietude

In state of constant commotion
Full of rage and heartless devotion
There's a need that burns within to
Fly away, just fly away

Soft winds kiss the land
Silent and in gratitude
Children hand in hand
Comprehend the quietude
Through a maze of fear
And compulsion
There's a race for the power

And fortune
Still a need within cries out to
Fly away, just fly away

People rush, people flee, they
Move so fast that they cannot see
Work all day, up all night, they
Push and hide all the joy inside
Like a wave that breathes in
The ocean and the mountains
Peak with emotion
There's a need that calls within
To find a way, just find a way

Time to leave and fly away,
To take a leave and castaway
To leave the worries and the dismay,
It's time to go,
It's time to play it's...

Time now to fly away,
Take leave and castaway
To fly...
The moon it guides my way,
Winds blow to show the way
To fly...

Dawn breaks, day descends
With a calming attitude
Shadows fall and bend
Welcome in The Quietude

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