

## **Common Wealth**

Hello my friend and citizen,  
Of an alien commonwealth.  
Its time that we go walking,  
For the best of common health.  
For the best of common courtesy,  
We walked across the land.  
We heads held high and surely,  
To help woman, child, and man.

What do you say is common?  
That you and I are one.  
What do you say is wealth?  
That we look into the Sun.

And help we did, but only so.  
For the burden to bear was great.  
And walk we do, for now we know:  
No commonwealth escapes.  
The bright and shining rays,  
Of the everlasting Son.  
And in the coming days,  
Two worlds will be made one.

What do you say is common?  
That you and I are one.  
What do you say is wealth?  
That we look into the Sun.

Well give your hand, brother man.  
And take up your cornerstone.  
We'll smash the wall on down to sand.  
Till the light of the Son is shown.  
And show me your face my sister,  
For the commonwealth will cease.  
And in the coming days,  
Well, we will have our peace.

What do you say is common?  
That you and I are one.  
What do you say is wealth?  
That we look into the Sun.

## **Burnin Boy**

Walkin in as surely as he was,  
Like nothing was wrong, like nothing was wrong.  
Walkin in as surely as he was,  
Singin his favorite song, singin his favorite song.

Thusly entered the burnin boy.  
Thusly entered the handless man.  
Thusly entered the shameless clan.  
Thusly entered the burnin boy.

I see your burned and bandaged and skin.  
Handless arms, broken from within.  
And what boy, what boy of your soul?  
Tell us something that we just don't know.

Thusly entered the burnin boy.  
Thusly entered the handless man.  
Thusly entered the shameless clan.  
Thusly entered the burnin boy.

Well crooked Doctors and crooked men,  
Tighten the grasp on the turnicate  
And what boy, what boy of your soul?  
Tell us something that we just don't know.

Thusly entered the handless man.  
Thusly entered the burnin boy.  
Thusly entered the shameless clan.  
Thusly

Go on and shake the space that used to own the hand.  
Go on forsake the face of the handless burnin man.  
Go on and tell the boy that you're doing all you can do.  
Go on and tell the boy bout the white, the red, and the blue.  
Cuz they're coming after you.

Thusly entered the burnin boy.  
Thusly entered the handless man.  
Thusly entered the shameless clan.  
Thusly entered the burnin boy.

Walkin in as surely as he was,  
Like nothing was wrong, like nothing was wrong.

Walkin in as surely as he was,  
Singin his favorite song, singin his favorite song.

## **Three Legged Man**

In the land of burnt out holes and walls.  
Three legged, man came down and darkened my door.  
He asked for that which I could not provide.  
He asked for that which I could not provide.

You do that to one of them it goes right back to him,  
But this you cannot justify.  
His mind's been clouded like falsehood enshrouded.  
There's a rumblin storm up in the sky.

And the felon man, and the harmless child.  
In the same old boat, on this desert isle.  
And the Three Legged Man, aint got no place to stand.  
I said the Three Legged Man, aint got no place to stand.

In the land of skim milk, sweeteners, and dying cars,  
Three Legged man came down and darkened our door.  
He asked for that which we could not provide.  
He asked for that which we could not provide.

You do that to one of them it goes right back to him,  
But this you cannot justify.  
His mind's been clouded like falsehood enshrouded.  
There's a thunderin storm up in the sky.

And the felon man, and the harmless child.  
In the same old boat, on this desert isle.  
And the Three Legged Man, aint got no place to stand.  
I said the Three Legged Man, aint got no place to stand.

You do that to one of them it goes right back to him,  
But this we've got to justify.  
Our minds are clouded like falsehood enshrouded.  
There's a thunderin storm up in the sky.

Well me and my friends,  
and the harmless child.  
We're with the felon man,  
On this desert isle.  
Lets give the Three Legged Man,  
Lets give him a place to stand.

## Geronimo's Daughter

Go and on take a picture, of Geronimo's Daughter.  
And here's hopin it lasts longer than the slaughter.  
There's no smile, upon her face.  
She's been beaten down and disgraced,  
Right here in the promise land.  
Promise broken: guilty man.

You weapon wieldin young'n,  
I've got to tell you somethin:  
Well blessed are the meek,  
so get your guns off the street.  
And blessed are the poor,  
so don't hurt them anymore.  
With your manufactured dreams of men in suits and ties.  
And when its said and done you spit a steam of lies.  
Geronimo's daughter need not apply.

Go and on take a picture, of Geronimo's Daughter.  
And here's hopin it lasts longer than the slaughter.  
She aint got a smile upon her face.  
She's been beaten down and disgraced,  
Right here in the promise land.  
Promise broken: guilty man.

And with a single swing  
you stole her broken spirit.  
And in the midst of things  
you know that you will fear it.  
When the wrath of all that's good  
comes down upon your face.  
It'll mend the splintered wood  
and put you in your place.

Go and on take a picture, of Geronimo's Daughter.  
And here's hopin it lasts longer than the slaughter.  
She aint got a smile upon her face.  
She's been beaten down and disgraced,  
Right here in the promise land.  
Promise broken: guilty man.

## **La Paz**

We're gonna make it to La Paz  
If we have to walk.  
If we have to walk.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we have to crawl.  
If we have to crawl.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we ever start at all.  
If we ever start at all.

He's an honest man in honest shoes.  
He knows the land and goes where he chooses.  
Don't put the man in a land where no one knows.  
They send him on down to Matamoros.

We're gonna make it to La Paz  
If we have to walk.  
If we have to walk.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we have to crawl.  
If we have to crawl.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we ever start at all.  
If we ever start at all.

Well she's beat up in the street,  
And he's dying to make ends meet.  
They're singin different versions of the same old song.  
She's walking with the meek,  
And he's lonely as can be.  
They've been loving one another all along.

We're gonna make it to La Paz  
If we have to walk.  
If we have to walk.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we have to crawl.  
If we have to crawl.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we ever start at all.  
If we ever start at all.

So, get off your soapbox and wash the streets.

There's a good many people dying down at your feet.  
Get off your highhorse and walk with the people.  
There's only so much shade comes down from the steeple.

We're gonna make it to La Paz  
If we have to walk.  
If we have to walk.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we have to crawl.  
If we have to crawl.  
We're gonna make it to La Paz,  
If we ever start at all.  
If we ever start at all.

## **Walkers Prayer**

Well rise after rise,  
We see with our eyes.  
But still to our God we pray.  
To deliver our lives,  
Yes our sweet little lives.  
Out of these days of gray.

With hope as our fuel  
And the moon as our tool  
We walk through the desert by night.  
With the rays of the sun,  
By the beat of a drum,  
We'll walk in as one in plain sight.

When horizon we reach  
We'll know there's a breach  
In the cold corazons of old men.  
Well the things that they say  
As their hearts bleed away  
And the spirit it shouts from within.

With hope as our fuel  
And the moon as our tool  
We walk through the desert by night.  
With the rays of the sun,  
By the beat of a drum,  
We'll walk in as one in plain sight.

When horizon we reach  
We'll know there's a breach  
In the cold corazons of old men.  
Well the things that they'll say  
When their hearts burn away  
And the spirit it shouts from within.

## **The River**

Well vaya con Dios,  
You people of the flood.  
Your visions grandiose  
In the face of the flood.  
Yeah.  
Bury your folks  
Out in the hills  
And harvest your hopes  
Till the Gringo gets his fill.  
Yeah.

Well my brother of the sky  
You gotta keep your head held high.  
And I know this pain is wrong,  
But it won't rain all day long.  
No.

While the masters of the North  
And their newsprint.  
They're making bad boys  
Out of cavalier innocence.  
So drink from the river  
In this sea of sand.  
We forget who the Giver is  
When we have the upper hand.

Pushed from the green hill  
Onto Chiricahua land.  
And no one says who kills  
The woman, the child, or the man.

So while the masters of the North  
And their newsprint.  
They're making bad boys  
Out of cavalier innocence.  
So drink from the river  
In this sea of sand.  
We forget who the Giver is  
When we have the upper hand.

So vaya con Dios  
You people of the flood.  
Your visions grandiose  
In the face of the mud.

Yeah.

Bury your folks out in the hills.

And harvest your hopes

Till the Gringo gets his fill.

Well my brother of the sky

You gotta keep your head held high.

And I know this pain is wrong,

But it won't rain all day long.

No.