

## El Salvador

Now that the city is dreaming, viva the pale moonlight  
Take to your bibles, take to your beds, now that nothing seems right  
National Guards who they pay by the week are gonna clash in the curfew  
tonight  
With Los companeros born in the war, from Warsaw to San Salvador

A voice from the past comes a callin', saying hold every strong heart dear  
These are the days when it seems like there's nothing but newspapers, order,  
fear  
Praise to the ones who are burried gone, and to the brave hearts who just  
disappeared  
Los companeros, born in the war, from Belfast to San Salvador

Whad'a you got to do to get through  
They're deaf as a graveyard  
What does Nicaragua say to you?

Think of the midnight, silver & black, think if the sun can be fooled  
Think of the four sisters shot in the back for running a land reform school  
Think of the ones taken hard in the hills, they can be beaten but they can  
never be ruled  
Los Companeros, born in the war, viva El Salvador