

El Salvador

Christy Moore

A girl cries in the early morning
Woken by the sound of a gun
She knows somewhere somebody's dying
Beneath the rising sun
Outside the window of her cabaña
The shadows are full of her fears
She knows her lover is out there somewhere
He's been on the run for a year
Oh, the soul of El Salvador
Bells ring out in the chapel steeple
A priest prepares to say mass
The sad congregation come tired and hungry
To pray that trouble will pass
Meanwhile the sun rises over the dusty streets
Where his crowd gathers round.
Flies and mosquitoes are drinking from pools of blood
Where the boby is found
Oh, the soul of El Salvador
Out on the ranch the rich man's preparing
To go for his morning ride
They've saddled his horse out in the corral
He walks out full of pride
He looks like a cowboy from one of those pictures
A president made in the past
Peasants in rags, the stand back for they know
That El Rico travels fast
Over the soul of El Salvador
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