

One morning in Bolivia, the leader of the partisans And two of
his companions Were forced to flee the mountains for their live
s

Through green and dusty villages they sped along the little roa
ds The peasants smiled and shouted as they hurried by Jesus cal
led out to every one, "Don't think that we are leaving They onl
y tried to frighten us with guns, we shall return"

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands

The people smiled and shouted And they ran along a little while
Then stood and watched Their hands were restless and empty

The body of Jesus was in the jeep That they blew up before it r
eached the plane The priest was proud to bless him For what the
re was of him remaining in the afternoon

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands

There is no one who can show you The road you should be on They
only tell you, they can show you And then tomorrow they are go
ne

The smell of oil and incense fill the room in this adobe hut Wh
ere on the table lies the body of a man His face is pale and yo
ung, his beard is dark and curled Pennies hold his eyelids from
the evening light

People from the village those who knew him, those who killed hi
m Stand inside the door, their hands are restless and empty The
y watch the priest make silent crosses in the air And pray to G
od inside their hearts for their own souls

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands

There is no one who can show you The road you should be on They
only tell you, they can show you And then tomorrow they are go
ne

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands

There is no one who can show you The road you should be on They
only tell you, they can show you And then tomorrow they are go

ne

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands

There is no one who can show you The road you should be on They
only tell you, they can show you And then tomorrow they are go
ne

Continue with your work Continue with your talk You have it in
your hands To own your lives, to own your lands