

THE ROAD (C)

CHORUS:

*Caminante no hay camino,
Se hace camino al andar. Oh!
Walking we see no road ahead,
We are making the road as we go.*

We are caught in a web of corporate power
That grows less accountable hour by hour,
Conglomerates hold the world in thrall
Politicians are bought, and governments fall.
We are sure there's a way to turn it about,
But where do we go from here?
Step out!

CHORUS

Our lives are hurt and our wounds are raw
From the violence of peace and the violence of war,
From the bomb and the bullet of the military state
To the fist and the boot of lust and hate.
We feel such a longing for peace to start
But how are we to gather our strength?
Take heart!

CHORUS

We are trapped in a cycle of rip and burn
Our forests and fields to desert turn.
While smoke and fumes pollute the skies,
And temperatures soar and the oceans rise.
We must change our course but who knows how
And when will the moment come?
Start now!

CHORUS

Join hands! Step out! Take heart! Let's start!
We are making the road as we go.

Words by Cynthia, music by Ros and Morag, Raised Voices Choir. 'Caminant'e is a well-loved poem by Antonio Machado, Spanish poet. His full name was Antonio Cipriano José María y Francisco de Santa Ana Machado y Ruiz. Born in Sevilla in 1875, died 1939, he was a leading figure in the 'Generation of '98', a creative anti-establishment movement at the time of the Spanish-American war.)