

# Guanajuato

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I was raised in Gua-na-ju-a-to That's where I was born For a  
thou-sand ye-ars tha-at's-where my fam-'ly grew the corn Farm-ing's what we li-ived by  
Farm-ing's all we knew Then the go-vern-ment signed Naf-ta and our farm-ing days were through

I had to leave the village  
There was no other way  
I had to find work somewhere  
Or starve if i should stay  
In Ciudad de Mexico I tried to survive  
But the colonias were full  
And there was no work to stay alive

I went to Tijuana  
The maquila factories  
Saw people living by the sewage  
Dying on their knees  
It was then in desperation  
I knew I had to go  
Leave the country I was born in  
The only one I know  
Cross the unknown deserts  
To the other side  
Around the wall that stretches on  
A hundred miles wide  
I truded on for days  
Don't know how far I got  
But I never knew in all my life  
The sun could be so hot

My feet had turned to blisters  
My water bag run dry  
I thought about mi madrecita  
As I looked up at the sky  
I lay down for the last time  
Parched upon the ground  
Maybe someday  
My body will be found  
Eaten by the vultures  
Bones bleached in the sun  
Maybe I'll go to heaven  
If there is one  
And I guess someone in California  
Who wants to make their fields green  
Is gonna have to find another Mexican  
To keep their dishes clean