

TO SING A FREE SONG FOREVER NEW
(For Victor Jara)

In that little part of the city
in El Estadio de Chile
with the five thousand waiting to die
your song won't end
in the silence and cries.

The rest of the world turns a blind eye
to that room and the lamp where it shines
in the faces of those who shall never return.
Arms to supply
is its only concern.

From that little part of the city
is an echo of what you have written
with the five thousand souls disappeared
in your last days
of the hope from the fear.

They smashed your hands and mocked you to play
then bloodied and beaten you stood like they said
with the guitar in your broken hands,
and there for the people,
for the people you sang
and they shot you down
but your song was a free song.

They can silence someone with their bullets and their guns
but they can't silence that silence for long
until it bursts and opens its wings
to fly and fly
for your song is a free song
to fly and fly
for your song is a free song
to fly and fly
forever new.