

## EL CÓNDOR PASA

Daniel Alomía Robles 1913/ Paul Simon/ Spanish lyrics/  
With new words by Laura Sandage

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail  
Yes I would, if I could  
I surely would (hmmm)

. . . be a hammer than a nail . . .

Away, I'd rather sail away  
Like a swan that's here and gone  
A man gets tied up to the ground  
He gives the world its saddest sound  
It's saddest sound

*El cóndor de Los Andes despertó  
Con la luz de un feliz  
Amanecer (hmm)*

*Sus alas lentamente desplegó  
Y bajó al río azul  
Para beber (hmmm)*

*Tras él la tierra se cubrió  
De verdor, de amor y paz.  
Tras él la rama floreció  
Y el sol brotó en el trigal  
En el trigal (hmmm)*

. . . be a forest than a street . . .

. . . feel the earth beneath my feet . . .

Dig deep, I'd rather dig in deep  
Spend my hours planting flowers  
A woman cut off from the Earth  
Loses track of what she's worth  
What she's worth

. . . be a handshake than a fist . . .

. . . join with others and resist . . .