

## **THE ROAD (D)**

*Words by Cynthia Cockburn, inspired by a poem of Spanish poet Antonio Machado, 1875-1939. Tune by Ros Brown, arrangement Morag Carmichael, Raised Voices.*

### **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.