

# La Buena Vida

In Guatemala poverty lingers  
No work for willing hand  
Two parents ponder  
The question of leaving  
To seek out a brighter land  
With little money  
Some food and water  
And strength from God  
they will need  
3 thousand miles of treterous travel  
and a unending will to succeed

La Buena Vida  
That's all there asking for  
Indigenous ones  
With daughters and sons  
Yearning for something more

La Buena Vida  
Hope is alive and well  
No stopping desire  
They're walking through fire  
For La Buena Vida

Graffitied boxcars  
approaching with caution  
Scared they'll be caught  
and returned  
Gangs demand money (pesos)  
For right of passage  
Assault is a frightening concern  
Sleep when they find it  
Walking and riding  
They must reach Puebla by light  
One month to go  
Through old Mexico

Until the borders in sight

La Buena Vida

That's all they're asking for

Indigenous ones

With daughters and sons

Yearning for something more

La Buena Vida

Hope is Live and well

No stopping desire

They're walking through fire

For La Buena Vida

Exhausted and worn

Their hearts filled with joy

They stand in the line at the gate

Gratefull they are

They have come so far

To live in the great USA

La Buena Vida  
That's all they're asking for  
Indigenous ones  
With daughters and sons  
Yearning for something more  
La Buena Vida  
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