

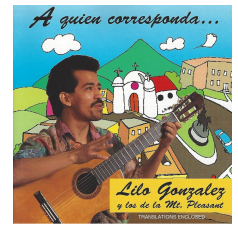


Lilo Gonzalez

Y Los de la Mt. Pleasant

www.LiloGonzalez.com
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LAS HISTORIAS PROHIBIDAS DE PEDRO Y TYRONE



Negro matando a negro,
negro matando a latino,
latino matando a negro,
latino matando a latino.
Porque no se ponen en onda,
luchando por el pueblo de Sudáfrica,
porque no se ponen en onda,
luchando por la paz en América.

Ay ay ay ay América,
ay ay ay ay América.

Anoche pescaron a Pedro,
con una bolsa de "crack",
pero ese no es el problema,
Pedro tiene muchos más.

No tiene adre ni madre,
No tiene techo ni pan,
Pedro niño se hizo viejo,
a los seis años de edad.
Llegó buscando a estas tierras,
la estatua de la libertad,
pero ella estaba muy alta,
me dijo, no la pude yo alcanzar.
Siempre piensa en el presente,
suspira por el pasado,
conociendo nuestra historia,
Pedro, el futuro es tu regalo.

Sin embargo este cipote,
lleno de tanto dolor,
tiene un mundo de ilusiones,
hecho de mangos en flor.

Ese mundo es de pobreza,
de caña, viento y canción,
allí donde siempre tienen,
para todos lo mejor,
allí donde siempre ofrecen,
sin esperar un favor.

Y, al otro lado de la ciudad,
no muy lejos de la Casa Blanca,
Tyrone se muere,
cada día y cada noche.
Saben porqué?

El piensa, que ser y tener, es igual.
No, no, no, no, porque tu vales Tyrone,
no importa que carro manejes,
No, no, no, no, porque tu vales amigo,
Y no importa que carro andés.

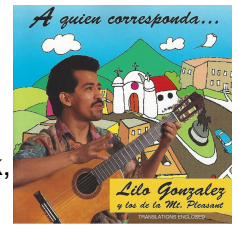


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Black killing black, black killing latino,
latino killing black, latino killing latino.
Why don't you get high,
supporting the people of South Africa,
why don't you get high,
struggling for peace in America.

Ay ay ay ay ay America,
ay ay ay ay America.

Last night they caught my friend Pedro,
holding a bag of crack,
but that's really not the problem,
it's much more than that.
He doesn't have a father or mother,
he doesn't have housing or food,
young Pedro became an old man,
when he was just six years old.

He came to this land in search of,
the Statue of Liberty,
but she was much too high,
he told me, I wasn't able to reach her.
He always thinks of the present,
he always longs for the past,
but if you know your own history,
Pedro, the future shall be your reward.

However, this kid from the block,
full of so much pain,
holds a universe of hopes,
made from mangos in bloom.
That world is made of poverty,
of sugar cane, of wind and of song,
there where they always have,
the best for everyone,
there where they always give,
without expecting in return.

And, on the other side of town,
not too far from the White House,
Tyrone is dying
every morning and every night.
You know why?
He thinks that to have,
and to be, is the same.
No, no, no, no,
because you are Tyrone,
no matter what car you drive,
no,no,no,no,
because you are, my friend,
no matter what car you drive.