Disc 1

1. WE ARE THE CHILDREN

We are the children of the migrant worker
We are the offspring of the concentration camp
Sons and daughters of the railroad builder
Who leave their stamp on America

We are the children of the Chinese waiter
Born and raised in the laundry room
We are the offspring of the Japanese gardener
Who leave their stamp on America

(chorus)
Sing a song for ourselves
What have we got to lose
Sing a song for ourselves
We’ve got the right to choose
We’ve got the right to choose

Foster children of the Pepsi generation
Cowboys and Indians—ride red men ride!
Watching war movies with the next-door neighbor
Secretly rooting for the other side

(chorus)
We are the cousins of the freedom fighter
Brothers and sisters all around the world
We are a part of the Third World People
Who will leave their stamp on America
Who will leave their stamp on America
Who will leave their stamp on America, America...

Sing a song sing it, sing a song sing it
We’ve got a song to sing . . .

2. NOT YO’ BUTTERFLY

(Chorus)
I’m not yo’ butterfly
I’m not yo’ picture bride
I am a samurai woman
Who holds up half the sky
I have unbowed my head
I have unbound my feet
I have endured the heat
I’m not afraid to leap
I AM, I AM.

I carried you inside my heart
When I took a stride
I am your memory
Story of you and me
Moment of breaking free
So you can be, you can be
I AM, I AM

I do not know my age
I am born every day
My spirit can’t be caged
I’m living to create
I AM, I AM, I AM, I AM
I’m a grandmother  
I’m a barefoot gardener  
A lover, a healer  
I’m a memory keeper  
I am a dancer  
I’m a freedom believer  
I am a seeker  
I’m a cultural weaver  
I AM, I AM

(Chorus)
I am a woman  
Who holds up half the sky  
You are the women  
Who hold up half the sky  
We are the women  
Who hold up half the sky

3. GAMAN

120,000 stories buried in the sand  
120,000 stories  
120,000 stories buried in my skin  
120,000 stories.

Pacing the barbed wire, measuring my life  
You're all out there and I'm here inside  
Why did you put me here?  
Will I be here all my life?

They're planting flowers, using up their time  
Counting the hours, some are losing their minds  
How long will you keep them here?  
Will we be here all their lives?

Walking to mess hall, I hold Obaa-chan's hand  
Passing rows of barracks, we fight the wind and sand  
“Why do they hate us so, grandma?  
Will we be here all our lives?”

And my baa-chan said:

“Gaman – you be strong, moto gaman shite iko, neh.”

Dance class and graduations make life go on  
Pretending things are normal as the war rages on  
When will it ever stop?

Will we be here all our lives?  
We enlist, we swear allegiance, they never found a spy  
The bravest of battalions, 800 soldiers died  
Did they prove their loyalty?  
And will we be repaid?

Stories unfolding, hidden feelings burst like flames  
We tried so hard to forget, but now we re-live the pain  
So, no one will say again  
Will we be here all . . .

Manzanar, Poston, Rohwer, Tule Lake  
Will we be here all . . .

Minidoka, Amache, Gila River, Heart Mountain  
Will we be here all . . .

Jerome, Topaz, Crystal City, Fort Sill  
Will we be here all…our lives?

GAMAN - be strong, moto gaman shite iko neh

120,000 stories buried in the sand  
120,000 stories  
120,000 stories buried in my skin  
120,000 stories  

Never again
4. TAMPOPO (Dandelion)

The seed of a dandelion scatters in the sky
A windblown weed, a wildflower, watch it fly
Dancing on the wind, spinning from a world it leaves behind
Dancing on wind, new life, new life begins

*Okagesama de – Okagesama de* (thanks to the unknown forces)

Through all the forces
Through the shadows and the light
The unknown forces, dandelion

*Okagesama de – yare yare sore – okagesama de*

The seed of a dandelion scatters in the sky
*Tampono, tampono – tadano tampono, tampono*

A windblown weed, a wildflower, watch it fly
*Tampono, tampono – tadano tampono, tampono.*

Dancing on the wind, spinning to a world beyond the eye
Dancing on wind, new life, new life begins

On this night past and present are one
On this night of *Obon* dandelions return
All the dandelions dance, dance as one.

Not a rose or an iris, not a bird of paradise
Not an orchid or a lily, just a simple dandelion
We are simple dandelion

5. SOMOS ASIÁTICOS

*(Español)*
Nosotros somos Asiáticos
Y nos gusta cantar pa’ la gente
Hablamos la misma lengua
Porque luchamos por las mismas cosas

*(English)*
We are Asians
And we like to sing for the people
We speak the same language
Because we struggle for the same cause

La lengua de libertad
Líricos de amor
Canciones de la lucha
La música del pueblo

The language of liberty
Lyrics of love
Songs of the struggle
The music of the people

This song was born in 1972, in a liberated zone in New York City
Where anyone who had the heart and heard the beat could enter
This song was a victory cry for people who took over empty buildings for poor families
They called us squatters, but aren’t we all squatters here?

This song was a thank you to members of El Comité
Who helped us find a gathering place for Asians in their territory
Where we could hear echoes of their *congeros* and swim the rivers of their struggles

This song came with the help of my roommate, Aida Cuascut
Not only did she help me with my Spanish
She taught me to love Café Bustelo and cook *arroz con pollo*

In our neighborhood coffee house, this song mingled with singers of *nueva canción*
From Cuba, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Chile, Colombia
Their words flew like bullets and music fed the fire of struggle in their homelands

For a moment in time, the will of the people reigned here
We crossed invisible borders and we dared to do what others couldn’t imagine
And we learned the power of the song
The power of the song was in the struggle that it came from

La lengua de libertad
Líricos de amor
Canciones de la lucha
La música del pueblo.

Yo para tu gente, tú para la mía  |  Me for your people, you for mine
Podemos hablar juntos  |  We can speak together
Podemos cantar juntos  |  We can sing together
Podemos pelear juntos  |  We can fight together
Siempre juntos.  |  Always together.
Yo para tu gente, tú para la mía . . .  |  Me for your people, you for mine . . .

---

6. ICHIGO ICHIE

Each meeting, once in a lifetime
Each moment, never again
Each meeting, once in a lifetime.
Ichigo ichiye…

*Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie*
*Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie . . . ye ye ye!*

(Japanese)  
Ichigo Ichie  
Warau kado niwa fuku kitaru  
Shiki soku ze ku ku soku ze shiki  
Sode suri au mo tasho no en  
Inu mo arukeba bo ni ataru

(English)  
Each meeting, once in a lifetime  
Laughing gate invites happiness  
Form is emptiness, emptiness is form  
Sleeve touches each other, relationship  
If a dog walks, bump into sticks

*Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie*
*Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie . . . ye ye ye!*
Ichigo Ichie
Warau kado niwa fuku kitaru
Shiki soku ze ku ku soku ze shiki
Sode suri au mo tasho no en
Inu mo arukeba bo ni ataru

(Heart Sutra)
Shiki soku ze ku ku soku ze shiki  
*Form is emptiness, emptiness is form*

Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie
Ichigo ichie . . . Ichigo ichie . . . ye ye ye!

Each moment, once in a lifetime
Each moment, never again.

7. WHAT IS THE COLOR OF LOVE?

**Blue, green, red, purple**

**Brown, black, white, yellow**

**What is the color of love?**

I have a son and colors run through his bloodline
Into his crayons, pencils, charcoals, watercolors
Painting his toys, notebooks, walls, furniture
Painting a world he wants to live in

Being a boy of colors
He asked some hard questions
He asked the ones I never asked

At six years old, I took him to the beach with a friend
A blue sky watched over them
As they built castles in the sand
**Circles, spires, bridges, tunnels**

Suddenly, he looked up at me and said:
“Mommy, I wonder what people think
Seeing two black kids with a Japanese lady.”

**Caramel, olive, hazel, chocolate**

What is the color of love?

When he was seven, we were at home on a hot summer Saturday
The white lady who lived next door passed by our kitchen window
She was grumbling out loud,
“You should be ashamed for having a Black child!”
I ran to the door, but before I could open it, my son said,
“Mommy, is there something wrong with that lady?”

**Crimson, orange, chartreuse, violet**

What is the color of love?

When he was eight, he came home late from school one day
He dropped his backpack and sat down at the kitchen table
I knew he had another question to ask:
“Mom, why do folks hate black people so much?”
I didn’t know how to answer
But I hope he never runs out of questions.

Blue, green, red, purple
Black, white, brown, yellow
What is the color of love?  
What is the color of love?  
Color the world you want to live in  
Color the world you want to live in  
Blue, green, red or purple

Black, white, brown, yellow  
What is the color?  
Color the world you want to live in . . .

Olive, caramel, hazel, chocolate  
Color the world you want to live in . . .

8. 120,000 STORIES

120,000 stories buried in the sand  
120,000 stories  
120,000 stories buried in my skin  
120,000 stories.

They called it camp, but it wasn’t summer  
Wind and sand blew away our lives  
At two years old, a yellow peril  
A potential spy

At Santa Anita Racetrack where the rich  
Once watched their horses run  
We slept in a horse stall  
A soldier watched us with his gun

O - KUROJA! O - KUROJA!

Sadao wanted to swim  
They said, “No Japs allowed”  
He joined the US army  
To make his family proud

While he fought in Italy  
his family was held in Manzanar  
He didn’t make it back  
But he got the Medal of Honor.

O - KUROJA! O - KUROJA!

Stolen dreams, stolen rights  
Stolen land, stolen lives  
It’s an old story – divide and separate  
It’s an old story – happening today

In a cage sits Olivia  
Plastic blanket, bed of stone  
Two thousand miles her mother took her  
From the violence of her home

A hostage now, 300 children  
Scared and alone, asking:  
“¿Dónde está mi mamá?  
¿Dónde está mi mamá?”

O - KUROJA! O - KUROJA!

Is this detention? Or is it prison?  
The crime, a better life for his children  
Fifteen years, Pedro worked and sacrificed  
Swept away in an instant by ICE

Who decides who’s welcome here?  
Who decides who goes, who stays?  
In this land that was once his home  
In a prison he prays, in a prison he prays

No wall can hold my spirit  
No law can steal my dreams  
No hate can stop my dance . . . freedom!

120,000 stories buried in the sand  
120,000 stories  
120,000 stories buried in my skin  
120,000 stories.

No wall can hold my spirit  
No law can steal my dreams  
No hate can stop my dance  
Freedom . . . freedom
9. MEDITATION ON A LOTUS

A lotus is a flower
That thrives in muddy water
In the heat of summer
It rises through the mire
Its leaves shedding water
Like beads of mercury
Blossom rising through the mud
Free in its beauty

My mind is making circles
Like the helicopters overhead
The freeway is my river
And the concrete is my bed
I try to find the one point
But I can’t concentrate
My mind is caught in traffic
And I can’t put on the brake

(chorus)
Can I float like a lotus
Rising through the muddy water
Can I slow my mind up
Can I empty my cup
Can I float . . . like a lotus

The TV is my mantra
News of war my lullaby
The terror all around us
What’s the truth and what’s the lie
My monkey mind keeps jumping
Will it ever rest?
Is life just a lesson
Will I pass the test?

(chorus)
Peace is in a garden
That they want to take away
Can I stop the harming?
Sitting in this lotus space
Looking for my third eye
Two is not enough
If life’s an illusion
When will I wake up?

(chorus)
The Buddha had a master plan
Peace and happiness for every woman and man
The Buddha had a master plan
Peace and happiness for everyone
Om . . .

10. BLACK LIVES MATTER

Dirty secrets lie in shadows
Waiting for the light
Talking stories ’round kitchen table
Clear as black and white
Black and white . . .

How many lives have been taken
How many names we don’t know
How many locked up in cages
With dreams nowhere to go
Nowhere to go . . .

He’s my son – he’s my brother
He’s my husband – he’s my lover
She’s my sister – she’s my mother
She’s my friend – she’s my other

(chorus)
Black lives matter
Black lives matter
Black lives matter . . . to me

Since slavery and lynching
Since don’t have a Chinaman’s chance
Since cowboys told the Indians
Your land is my land
Your land is my land . . .

This system gives permission
To the one with the biggest gun
But remember David and Goliath;
Little David won
David won . . .

In the moonlight or the sun – Baltimore or Ferguson
In your home or the hood – Compton or Hollywood
In the alley or your car – Charleston or New York
In the subway or the street - Brooklyn or Boyle Heights

Everybody knows about Baltimore and Ferguson
Everybody knows about Charleston
And everybody knows about Mississippi Goddam!

Black lives matter, Black lives matter . . .

Everybody knows about Emmett Till and Oscar Grant
Eric Garner, I can’t breathe, and Sandra Bland
But how many lives have been taken?
How many names we don’t know?
How many locked in cages?
With dreams nowhere to go

Black lives matter . . . to me

11. WHAT TIME IS IT – ON THE CLOCK OF THE WORLD?

What time is it – on the clock of the world?
What time is it – on the clock of the world?

Temperature climbing – glaciers melting
Waters rising – islands drowning
WHAT TIME IS IT?

Hurricane blowing – houses floating
Wildfires spreading – crops are thirsting
What time is it – on the clock of the world?

Business booming – Oil keep drilling
CO₂ rising – but no stopping
Markets driving – suiciding
WHAT TIME IS IT?

Listen to your children say
Tomorrow’s what you do today
What we choose decides our fate
We can live a different way – Hey, Hey!

What time is it – on the clock of the world?
What time is it – on the clock of the world?

New sun rising – Colors shining
No more waiting – no debating
We’re standing, protecting, remembering, connecting
Healing, renewing, creating, transforming

What time is it – on the clock of the world?
What time is it – on the clock of the world?
12. TO ALL RELATIONS - TALA’A ‘L-BADRU ‘ALAYNA

To all relations, mother earth and father sky
To all relations, every nation, every tribe
Every family, every stranger, every friend and every foe
Every form and every creature . . . to all relations

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Arabic</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>'ayyuha 'l-mab'ūthu finā</td>
<td>Oh, our messenger is among us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ji'ta bi-l-'amri 'l-muṭā'</td>
<td>Who comes with the exhortations to be heeded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ji'ta sharrafta 'l-madīnāh</td>
<td>You have brought to this city nobility</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>marḥaban yā khayra dā'</td>
<td>Welcome you who call us to a good way.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tala'a 'l-badru 'alaynā</td>
<td>The full moon rose over us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>min thaniyyāṭi 'l-wadā'</td>
<td>From the valley of Wada'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wajaba 'l-shukru 'alaynā</td>
<td>And it is incumbent upon us to show</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mā da'a li-l-lāhi dā'a</td>
<td>For as long as anyone in existence calls out to Allah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mitakuye Oyasin…to all relations.
Shalom, heiwa, paz, salaam alaikum . . .

We’re in the circle of oneness
Disc 2

1. YELLOW PEARL

A grain
A tiny grain of sand
Landing in the belly
The belly of the monster
And time is telling only how long it takes
Layer after layer
As its beauty unfolds
Until its captor it holds in peril
A grain
A tiny grain of sand

In the ocean oyster beds
Repose beneath the sea
Open one and you might find
Deep in one of different mind
One who looks like me
In Rome the senate chamber rang
Victory was the call
Defeat invaders from the North
But they weren’t beat at all

(chorus)
And I’m a yellow pearl
And you are yellow pearl
And we are the yellow pearl
And we are half the world
And we are half the world

Now you might say I’m just a dreamer
Pearls like you just don’t appear
And I refuse to grant you, schemer
Recognition that you’re here
Now you can say just what you want
But my hurt has ceased
‘Cause I see signs of myself
Come drifting in from the East

2. FREE THE LAND

(chorus)
Free the land – Free the land
Free the land – Free the land
Father, mother, sister and brother
Father, mother, sister and brother
Take a stand

Now you remember what Mama said
You reap what you have sown
But we don’t want a piece of your pie
We want to bake our own

(chorus)
Now this land was watered with our sweat
And paid for with our grief
Now this man says he owns it
Who’s the righteous, who’s the thief?
Free the land
You got to free the land
Free . . . the land
You got to free the land.
It takes time to build a nation
The river is deep and wide
Time to make things, time to break things
Time is on our side

(chorus)

You got to take a stand, free the land (4xs)
Father, mother, sister and brother
Sister and brother – we’re building a nation (3xs)
Sister and brother!

3. EAST TO WEST

Instrumental

4. BECKONING

Listen to the music . . .
So, listen to the music
Breathing all the colors of life
It’s the sound of magic
Bringing you the music of life

The sound that lives within the heart
Is calling you
The warmth of feeling that makes it real is
Flowing through

Listen to the music . . .

5. AMERICAN MADE

People look at me
What do they know, tell me what do they see?
All I want and need
Is to belong, but they won't believe

(chorus)

That I’m American made
Just like you, and I want to say
American made
It's my home and here I stay
American made

What's behind this face?
I want to share, but I wouldn’t trade . . . no!
Tell me, what is my choice?
Come on and hear my lonely voice

(chorus)

Ooo . . . what can I do?
Why do I still have to try and prove?
There are times I’m confused
Maybe I’m a fool, but I still love you

I’m American made
Just like you, and I want to say
American made
It's my home and here I stay
American made
Better or worse, just let me say
American made
Believe me when I say
American made

Believe me when I say
American made
6. ENGLISH LESSON

CAN’T TALK, CAN’T SEE, CAN’T HEAR.
CAN’T TALK, CAN’T SEE, CAN’T HEAR.

I DREAMT I WAS HELEN KELLER LAST NIGHT
I DREAMT I WAS HELEN KELLER LAST NIGHT
HELEN KELLER! HELEN KELLER!

***

HE: What’s the matter honey? Can’t you sleep?  
Come back to bed. Honey . . .
SHE: Can’t sleep!
HE: Why can’t you sleep?
SHE: Can’t talk, can’t see, can’t hear.
HE: Why can’t you talk? Why can’t you see?  
Why can’t you hear?
SHE: You know.
HE: I know?
SHE: How could you?
HE: How could I what? Would you please  
finish your sentences for once?
SHE: Speaking of the past tense, I was very tense
HE: Oh, that’s much better, but what do you mean by that?
SHE: You left me at the party!
I see words sigh
I see words fly
I see words lie
It blinds my sight!

***

CAN’T SEE, CAN’T TALK, CAN’T HEAR
CAN’T SEE, CAN’T TALK, CAN’T HEAR
***

HE: Don’t be so poetic, be more specific.  
If you’ve got something to say, come out  
and say it.  
Where are your adjectives?
SHE: I was unhappy.
HE: Happy, nice, having a good time?
SHE: You’re so insensitive.
HE: Gentle, understanding.
SHE: She is, who is she? She’s beautiful woman
HE: Don’t forget the article:  
She is “a” beautiful woman
She is “the” beautiful woman
SHE: At the party . . .
HE: At the party? Oh, you’re jealous!

***

I DREAMT I WAS HELEN KELLER LAST NIGHT
I DREAMT I WAS HELEN KELLER LAST NIGHT
HELEN KELLER! HELEN KELLER!

***
HE: You can’t see, can’t talk, can’t hear
Because you’re blinded by your jealousy.
Look at you, you’re turning into a green monster.
Green with envy.

I DREAMT I WAS HELEN KELLER LAST NIGHT . . .

Maybe you’re having a nicotine fit.
Here, have a puff maybe two, you’ll feel better

HELEN KELLER! . . . HELEN KELLER! . . . HELEN KELLER! . . .

SHE: I don’t need lesson.
HE: “A” lesson.
SHE: I don’t need lecture.
HE: “A” lecture.
SHE: All I want is you to love me
All I want is you to hug me – to love me
All I want is you to love me

All I want is you to hug me
to hug me, to love me
Maybe I am sick?
“A” sick person
Maybe I am paranoid?
“A” paranoid person.
Maybe I just need a puff or two?
Maybe I am a green monster.

7. PILIPINO TANGO

It’s Saturday night,
The night that the kababayan turn into peacocks.
They used to say that we Pilipinos
Were crazy for the white women.
That may be true, but they were also crazy for us.
And besides, so few of our ladies were allowed in
this country at that time
So, for entertainment
We would go to places like the Sampaguita
Ballroom.
You know, it’s over here in Main Street.

I can already hear the music,
While I’m in my room,
Putting on my double-breasted suit,
You know, the one with the pinstripe?
And I will practice my dance steps in my
beautiful Macintosh shoes.
But it is when I put on my fedora that I knew I
was ready for . . .
The Pilipino Tango

It was another world when we passed through
those doors;
There was beauty and color and laughter.
Some of the boys would like to drink,
Some played pool,
Some were in the back-room gambling,
But me . . .
I loved to tango.

I close my eyes,
Music fills my ears,
And before you know it,
My true nature appears.
My pockets may be empty,
But my heart is full
When I hear . . .
The Pilipino Tango
GIRLS: LIKE YOU HONEY, FOR YOU A NICKEL
   LOVE YOU HONEY, FOR A DIME
   IF YOU HAD AN EXTRA DOLLAR
   I COULD DANCE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT

So many flowers to pick from,
When we’ve been in a barren land.
It’s a small price to pay to feel like a man.
My troubles are fading
When I take your hand
To do . . .
The Pilipino Tango.

GIRLS: LIKE YOU HONEY, FOR YOU A NICKEL
   LOVE YOU HONEY, FOR A DIME
   IF YOU HAD AN EXTRA DOLLAR
   I COULD DANCE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT

I do not know why they like me!
Maybe it's because I give them presents,
But they give me presents too.

GIRL 1: Joe, you look mighty handsome in that suit tonight

And sometimes they need help:

***

GIRLS: I LOVE THE WAY YOU TREAT ME, HONEY

It’s because you’re number one

YOU’RE GENTLE AND YOU HANDLE ME JUST RIGHT
I CAN’T TAKE YOU HOME TO MY MAMA

Never mind your mama!

BUT I’LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU TONIGHT

***

(Tango Dance)

Your alabaster skin
The sweet of your soft hair
My temperature’s rising

***

GIRL 2: Joe, my mom’s so sick and I just got to go home to Kansas City
Well I have some pesos saved up. I can give you if you want

GIRL 2: Oh Joe, you’re my savior

***

There's magic in the air
I never dreamt I could tell you
You're the only one
When we do . . .
The Tango.
GIRLS: I LOVE THE WAY YOU TREAT ME, HONEY
YOU'RE GENTLE AND YOU HANDLE ME JUST RIGHT
I CAN'T TAKE YOU HOME TO MY MAMA
BUT I’LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU TONIGHT

Out on the streets, we may be taboo
But here in your arms, just me and you
Some people think that you play me for the fool
But I don’t care
You make me feel good
I close my eyes

Music fills my ears
And all of a sudden, my true nature appears
I will always remember the way that I felt with you
When we did . . .
The Pilipino Tango

8. TO ALL RELATIONS (MITAKUYE OYASIN)

To all relations
Mother earth and father sky
To all relations
Every nation, every tribe
Every family, every stranger
Every friend, and every foe
Every form and every creature
To all relations

Mitakuye Oyasin . . . to all relations

From the borders of the madness
From the edges of our fear
From the canyons of our sadness

Mitakuye Oyasin . . . To all relations

All my relations...
This sacred place, this hoop
Comes from the Lakota nation
It is from the animal nation
It comes from the winged people
It comes from the two-legged nation
This place is the place from
Which all other places come
And it is good
Aho (I have spoken)

Duncan Pain, Lakota
Nobuko Miyamoto, [English]

[one drop of water]
[one link in the chain]
[one thread, one kernel]
[one tiny grain]
A grain, a tiny grain of sand
A world, a universe, a new beginning
And we are a grain
Alone and yet apart
A heart within a heart
Ever changing

Mitakuye Oyasin . . . To all relations
In the circle of oneness
We dance a simple prayer

Feel the beauty, know the wonder
Of the circle that we share
In the circle of oneness
A song that each one knows
In the circle of oneness
A sound from where the river flows

Mitakuye Oyasin . . . To all relations
We're in the circle of oneness
We're in the circle of oneness

9. FORTUNATA

In Mato Grosso, Brazil
Progress cuts straight lines
Through ancestral circles
Slash-and-burns green forest
Into plains of red dust
Rips through fragile ecosystems
That have faces and names

In Mato Grosso,
There is an epidemic
That is spreading:
Suicide by hanging
The youngest
Was Fortunata

Fortunata
Was only ten when her life fell
Like the trees around her
Fortunata
One child in eight
Living in a hut
Baby sister sitting on the red dust floor
Watched as she put the rope
Around her neck

Never a chance to live your name
Misfortune came instead to claim you
Far from the forest green your fathers knew
You now hang rootless
Fortunate one, your life had just begun

No fish, no hunt, no trees, no forest green
No fish, no hunt, no trees, no forest green...

Some say,
Her people lost their way
Without their land
Some say suicide is a protest
Hanging a way of stopping
The word or spirit from ascending through the throat

Fortunata
Her mother dead, her father gone
To drown his sorrows in the alcohol
He makes for strangers
Fortunata
She wasn’t sad or so they said
Perhaps she heard about the others
And then one day
put the rope around her neck

Never a chance to live your name
Misfortune came instead to claim you
Far from the forest green your fathers knew
You now hang rootless
Fortunate one, your life had just begun

No song, no prayer, no home, no hope for change
No song, no prayer, no home, no hope for change...
How loud your silence speaks
How far and yet as near as the air we breathe

Fortunata
Was only ten when her life fell
Like the trees around her

A Guaraní spiritual leader says
“Two days, to pray and baptize the earth.”

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10. **YUIYO BON ODORI**

(Japanese)  ................................................................. (English)
Ureshii kai? ............................................................ Are you happy?
Kanashii kai? .......................................................... Are you sad?
Kekko, kekko, odore, odore! ................................. Wonderful, it's alright, dance, dance!
Namoamidabutsu, tada odore .............................. Namoamidabutsu, just dance!

Sunset...
Sky turning indigo
Moon and stars begin their evening dance
Circle in the sky

Voice of wind – **Yuiyō**
Rhythm of trees – **Yuiyō**
You can feel it if you dance
Just dance . . .

***

(chorus)
**Anno mamma – Yuiyō**  ....................................... Like that over there – just dance
**Sonno mamma – Yuiyō** ...................................... Like that – just dance
**Konno mamma – Yuiyō** ..................................... Like this – just dance
**Tada odore** ......................................................... Just dance

***

Obon:
Gathering of joy
Joy in remembering the past
In embracing the sorrow
Close your eyes – **Yuiyō**
Let it go – **Yuiyō**
From your **kokoro** (whole being)
Just dance

Isshoni . . . (all together)
Moving as one
Forget the self and join in celebration
Why look at life go by?
Don’t be shy – **No Hazukashii**
Don’t make a show – **No Shibai**
From your **kokoro**
Just dance . . .
11. MOTTAINAI

Ara mottainai gozansu (Oh, it's mottainai)  
Ara mottainai gozansu

(chorus)  
Oh, mottainai! Oh mottainai!  
Oh, mottainai! Oh mottainai!

Remember what Baa-chan used to say?  
“What a waste, what a shame  
What you throw away!”
Every piece of paper  
Every grain of rice  
Every drop of water  
She would use it twice

(chorus)  
We laughed, we lost what Baa-chan taught  
We ran away and we forgot  
Running to the future  
Running from the past  
Running on empty  
And it just can’t last

(chorus)

Mottainai! – it’s an ancient wisdom  
Mottainai! – that everyone can use  
Mottainai! – don’t waste what nature gives you  
Take the old and make it new

We take, we use, we throw away . . .

Remember what Baa-chan used to say:  
“What a waste, what a shame  
What you throw away!”
Every piece of paper  
Every grain of rice  
Every drop of water  
She would use it twice

(chorus)

12. CYCLES OF CHANGE

(chorus)  
I’m rolling  
I’m riding  
I’m floating  
I’m flying  
The wheels are spinning  
A new beginning  
The tide is turning  
Cycles of Change  
Cycles of Change

Each day we drive our metal boxes  
Skies are brown instead of blue  
We hide our eyes from the toxins  
Hoping Global Warming isn’t true

Traffic clogging  
Gas prices climbing  
Our air is smoggy and thick  
Temperatures rising  
No time for family or friends  
I'm overwhelmed again and again  
Oh, what can I do?

Come – try life on two wheels!  
On a bike, let the breezes flow through you  
Family fun on two wheels  
A trip to the park  
Take in the trees, won't you?  
You remember trees, don’t you?  
Take a ride, there’s a world outside
(chorus)

I don’t have time to play
I got a kid who can’t get to school late ¿No puedo?
Besides, I’m out of shape
The street’s not safe
You gotta have a car to be in the rat race . . .

Change – your life with two wheels
Leave your car, leave your television
Feel – alive on two wheels
Pedal power can alter your vision

Maybe just ride to the store
Save gas, and so much more
Maybe my kid can ride to school
Get your morning exercise
Sundays – a picnic in the park

Bicycle skies will be bluer
Efficient and economical
Nothing’s as ecological
I love my bicycle!
Reaching new meccas in my bicicleta

(chorus)

You’re rolling – I’m rolling
You’re riding – I’m riding
You’re floating – I’m floating
Flying!
The wheels are spinning
Anew beginning
The tide is turning
Cycles of Change
You’re riding…I’m riding…We’re riding…
Cycles of Change.

13. BAM BUTSU – NO TSUNAGARI (10,000 THINGS, ALL CONNECTED)

Circle, dance!
Wa no odori (dance in a circle)

In the circle we dance
No beginning, no ending
In the circle we dance
I am you; you are the other me

(chorus)

Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - Bam Butsu
Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - no Tsunagari
Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - Bam Butsu
Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - no Tsunagari

***

(Español)
Carácter ceremonial
El fandango rompe el orden
Celebración especial
En donde las almas borden
Con sus ritmos, melodías
Que el día de hoy celebramos
Ancestral sabiduría
Con la cual nos abrazamos

(English)
Ceremonial character
Fandango breaks with "order"
A special celebration
Where souls intertwine
With their rhythms and melodies
That we celebrate today
Ancestral knowledge
Which we used to embrace

***

Bam bam bambutsu – no Tsunagari . . .
In the circle we dance
Like the moon and the sun
In the circle we dance
Let our hearts be the drum

(chorus)

Empecemos a remediar
Con los ancestros del son
Que es tiempo de celebrar
La vida en FandangObon

Bam bam bambutsu – no Tsunagari . . .

In the circle we dance
To remember the dead
In the circle we dance
Oneness is moving

(chorus)

FandangObon...
FandangObon ...

Somos la fe y esperanza
Somos nuevo amanecer
Y la energía que alcanza
Dará vida a un nuevo ser

Que el baile y el canto juntos
Rieguen campos de alegría
Y que crezca entre la gente
Frutos de sabiduría

FandangObon . . .