Nobuko Miyamoto 120,000 Stories SFW CD 40590

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LYRICS

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 . . .

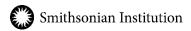
2. NOT YO' BUTTERFLY

(Chorus)
I'm not v

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 have crossed waters wide I have climbed mountains high 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 *Tampopo, tampopo – tadano tampopo, tampopo*

A windblown weed, a wildflower, watch it fly *Tampopo, tampopo – tadano tampopo, tampopo*.

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 On this night, the old and the young 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

Tadano tampopo tampopo – tadano tampopo tampopo

5. SOMOS ASIÁTICOS

(Español) (English)
Nosotros somos Asiáticos We are Asians

Y nos gusta cantar pa' la gente And we like to sing for the people Hablamos la misma lengua We speak the same language

Porque luchamos por las mismas cosas Because we struggle for the same cause

La lengua de libertad The language of liberty

Líricos de amor *lyrics of love*

Canciones de la lucha

La música del pueblo

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

Podemos cantar juntos

Podemos pelear juntos

We can speak together

We can sing together

We can fight together

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 . . . ye ye ye!

(Japanese) (English)

Ichigo Ichie

Warau kado niwa fuku kitaru

Shiki soku ze ku ku soku ze shiki

Sode suri au mo tasho no en

Each meeting, once in a lifetime

Laughing gate invites happiness

Form is emptiness, emptiness is form

Sleeve touches each other, relationship

Inu mo arukeba bo ni ataru 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 . . . 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? 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 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 . . .

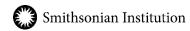
How many lives have been taken How many names we don't know How many locked up in cages With dreams nowhere to go Nowhere to go . . .

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 in 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

(chorus)

He's my son – my brother He's my husband – my lover She's my sister – my mother She's my friend – my other 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

(Arabic) (English)

'ayyuha 'l-mab'ūthu fīnā Oh, our messenger is among us

ji'ta bi-l-'amri 'l-muṭā' Who comes with the exhortations to be heeded

ji'ta sharrafta 'l-madīnah You have brought to this city nobility marḥaban yā khayra dā' Welcome you who call us to a good way.

Tala'a 'l-badru 'alaynā The full moon rose over us min thaniyyāti 'l-wadā' From the valley of Wada'

wajaba 'l-shukru 'alaynā And it is incumbent upon us to show

mā da'ā li-l-lāhi dā'a For as long as anyone in existence calls out to Allah

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

(chorus)

And time is telling
Only how long it takes
Layer after layer
As our beauty unfolds
Until our captor
We'll hold in peril
A grain
A tiny grain of sand

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

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?

You have to organize your thoughts. You have to make yourself clear. You have to specify your tense. Is it present, past, or future?

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

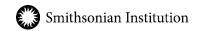
HE: Don't forget the article:
She is "a" beautiful woman

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. All I want is you to hug me

HE: "A" lesson. to hug me, to love me Maybe I am sick?

SHE: I don't need lecture. "A" sick person

HE: "A" lecture.

Maybe I am paranoid?
"A" paranoid person.

SHE: All I want is you to love me

All I want is you to hug me – to love me

Maybe I just need a puff or two?

Maybe I am a green monster

All I want is you to hug me – to love me

All I want is you to love me

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.

Tou know, it sover here in wain 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:

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

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

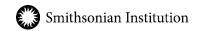
Never mind your mama!

BUT I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU TONIGHT

(Tango Dance)

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

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 the womb of our beginning
To all relations

To the place of our return

To the circle of oneness

Every family, every stranger

Every friend, and every foe

Every form and every creature

From the well of our tears

To the womb of our beginning

To the place of our return

Where the fire burns

In the circle of oneness

To all relations

Illusion is unmasked
In the circle of oneness

Mitakuva Ovasin to all relations

There's no first and there

Mitakuye Oyasin . . . to all relations There's no first and there's no last

From the borders of the madness From the edges of our fear From the canyons of our sadness Mitakuye Oyasin . . . To all relations

Duncan Pain, Lakota
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)

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 "We have to spend a whole day,

Two days, to pray and baptize the earth."

BLESS THE EARTH

Bring our fortune back to us

BLESS THE EARTH

Turn the red dust into forest green

BLESS THE EARTH

Help us not to kill by how we live

BLESS THE EARTH

Teach us not to kill by how we live.

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 – YuiyōLike 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 ...

(chorus)

(chorus)

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)

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 . . .

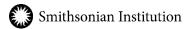
Oh Mottainai!

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)

Bicycle skies will be bluer Efficient and economical Nothing's as ecological I love my bicycle!

I got a kid who can't get to school late ¡No puedo!

Besides, I'm out of shape

I don't have time to play

Reaching new meccas in my bicicleta

The street's not safe

(chorus)

You gotta have a car to be in the rat race . . .

Change – your life with two wheels You're rolling - I'm rolling Leave your car, leave your television You're riding - I'm riding Feel – alive on two wheels You're floating - I'm floating

Pedal power can alter your vision Flying!

The wheels are spinning Maybe just ride to the store **Anew beginning** Save gas, and so much more The tide is turning

Maybe my kid can ride to school **Cycles of Change** Get your morning exercise You're riding...I'm riding...We're riding...

Sundays – a picnic in the park Cycles of Change.

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

Circle, dance!

Wa no odori (dance in a circle)

(chorus) In the circle we dance Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - Bam Butsu No beginning, no ending Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - no Tsunagari In the circle we dance Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - Bam Butsu Bam Butsu no Tsunagari - no Tsunagari I am you; you are the other me

(English) (Español)

Carácter ceremonial Ceremonial character

El fandango rompe el orden Fandango breaks with "order"

Celebración especial A special celebration En donde las almas borden Where souls intertwine

Con sus ritmos, melodías With their rhythms and melodies

Que el día de hoy celebramos That we celebrate today Ancestral sabiduría Ancestral knowledge

Con la cual nos abrazamos 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 Let us begin this remedy/healing With the ancestors of the son

Que es tiempo de celebrar La vida en FandangObon It is time to celebrate Life via 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 . . .

We are faith, we are hope We are the dawning And the energy that we reach Will give life to new being

Let the dance and the song together Water the fields of joy And let grow amongst people The fruit of knowledge