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*120,000 Stories*

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SMITHSONIAN  
**FOLK  
WAYS**  
RECORDINGS

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 . . .

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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 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



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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

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**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

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#### 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*

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#### 5. SOMOS ASIÁTICOS

(Español)	(English)
Nosotros somos Asiáticos	<i>We are Asians</i>
Y nos gusta cantar pa' la gente	<i>And we like to sing for the people</i>
Hablamos la misma lengua	<i>We speak the same language</i>
Porque luchamos por las mismas cosas	<i>Because we struggle for the same cause</i>

La lengua de libertad	<i>The language of liberty</i>
Líricos de amor	<i>lyrics of love</i>
Canciones de la lucha	<i>Songs of the struggle</i>
La música del pueblo	<i>The music of the people</i>

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

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

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## 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)	(English)
Ichigo Ichie	<i>Each meeting, once in a lifetime</i>
Warau kado niwa fuku kitaru	<i>Laughing gate invites happiness</i>
Shiki soku ze ku ku soku ze shiki	<i>Form is emptiness, emptiness is form</i>
Sode suri au mo tasho no en	<i>Sleeve touches each other, relationship</i>
Inu mo arukeba bo ni ataru	<i>If a dog walks, bump into sticks</i>

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

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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.

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## 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**

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**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 . . .

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## 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

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## 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 . . .

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## 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

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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**

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## 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  
CO<sub>2</sub> 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?**



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## 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)

'ayyuha 'l-mab'ūthu finā  
ji'ta bi-l-'amri 'l-muṭā'  
ji'ta sharrafta 'l-madīnah  
marḥaban yā khayra dā'

(English)

*Oh, our messenger is among us  
Who comes with the exhortations to be heeded  
You have brought to this city nobility  
Welcome you who call us to a good way.*

Tala'a 'l-badru 'alaynā  
min thaniyyāti 'l-wadā'  
wajaba 'l-shukru 'alaynā  
mā da'ā li-l-lāhi dā'a

*The full moon rose over us  
From the valley of Wada'  
And it is incumbent upon us to show  
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

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## 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

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### 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.

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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!

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### 3. EAST TO WEST

Instrumental

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### 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 . . .

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### 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

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## 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!

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

\*\*\*

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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.

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## 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

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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.

\*\*\*

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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

From the well of our tears  
To the womb of our beginning  
To the place of our return  
To the circle of oneness  
Where the fire burns

In the circle of oneness  
Illusion is unmasked  
In the circle of oneness  
There's no first and there's no last

### ***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)  
Ureshii kai?  
Kanashii kai?  
Kekko, kekko, odore, odore!  
Namoamidabutsu, tada odore

(English)  
*Are you happy?*  
*Are you sad?*  
*Wonderful, it's alright, dance, dance!*  
*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**  
**Sonno mamma – Yuiyō**  
**Konno mamma – Yuiyō**  
**Tada odore**

*Like that over there – just dance*  
*Like that – just dance*  
*Like this – just dance*  
*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)

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## 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!**

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## 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.***

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**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

*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

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

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

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

FandangObon . . .