**The Sierra Madre**
lyrics: McCallion  music:  McCallion/Zavala

I am of the Sierra Madre
As of my mother’s womb
Th    e blood of my mother is on my hands
Night is the day of the moon
The old men of Pino Gordo
drink corn beer to sleep well and dream
While young men they suckle the mescal
to blind them of things they have seen

The shaman says women have four souls
The padre he says they’ve but one
The shaman says men they have three souls
But I have met men who have none
For poppies are worth more than cornmeal
And dollars are worth more than life
If it isn’t your belly that’s hungry
If it isn’t your throat at the knife

Yessenia, she now hates my brother
Because he is bones in the grave
The trees have been cut from the mountain
And I my own life I must save
The old men of Pino Gordo
Drink corn beer to sleep well and dream
While young men they suckle mescal
To blind them of things they have seen

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