**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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