

## Mp3 Lourdes Perez - Este Filo



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This album is Lourdes Perez, pure and simple, about 4 feet away from you with a machete. With special guests Somos Tres from Puerto Rico (includes vocals from sister Miriam). 14 MP3 Songs LATIN: General, FOLK: Political Details: For Bio on Lourdes Perez: [lourdesperez.com](http://lourdesperez.com) ESTE FILO (THIS BLADE) Lyrics Translations: Note: The first song "La Risa de Carmen Jimnez" is a live recording (December 2004) of Carmen a few days before she passed unexpectedly, leaving the music of her beautiful laughter behind. #2 Este Filo letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 En medio de tantas oficiales muecas De calles cerradas, de palabras huecas Quisiera cantar una hermosa cancin En medio de tantas camitas vacas Y tumbas repletas de muerta alegre Quisiera cantar una hermosa cancin Quien me quita el azul de mis sueos? Quien censura un guerrero clamor? Quien me quita los ojos de mi abuela? Quien me apaga la luz de este amor? Quien me roba un primero de marzo? Quien se atreve a tocar el calor De este filo que corta en mi alma Quien me apaga la luz, la incontrolable luz La impertinente luz de este amor? This Blade words music by Lourdes Perez/2005 In the midst of all these official smirks of checkpoints, of hollow words I would like to sing a beautiful song In the midst of little empty beds and tombs filled with dead happiness I would like to sing a beautiful song Who thinks he can take from me the blue of my dreams? Who can censor the warrior cry? Who can take my grandmother's eyes from me? Who would put out the light of this love? Who could steal from me the 1st of March? Who dares to touch the heat-- The heat of this blade that cuts within my soul? Who would put out the light, the uncontrollable light, the impertinent light of this love? #2 Flores letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Te vas a perder la dicha De sembrar una gladiola Ver brotar una semilla Un rosal, una amapola Te vas a perder la dicha De abrazar un sentimiento La furia el amor, la risa Un beso, un argumento Te vas a perder la dicha de la vejez, la memoria El veneno se encapricha Roba flores a la historia Te vas a perder la dicha De quedarte y adems

Te vas a perder la dicha De vivir en paz Donde, donde, donde est la verdad? Te vas a perder la dicha De la vejez, la memoria El veneno se encapricha Roba flores a la historia Te vas a perder la dicha De quedarte y adems Te vas a perder la dicha De morir en paz Donde, donde, donde est la verdad? Tallo, ptalos, raices Seco, seco, no hay sereno Se acabaron los matices Cielo abierto por un trueno Flowers Words and music by Lourdes Prez/2005 You are going to miss the joy of planting a gladiola Of watching a seed break through the soil Of the roses, amapolas You are going to miss the joy Of embracing a feeling Fury, love, laughter A kiss an argument You are going to miss the good fortune Of memories of growing old Poison, on a whim Steals flowers from history You are going to miss the joy Of staying, and furthermore You are going to miss the joy Of living in peace Where, where where is the truth? You are going to miss the joy of growing old And furthermore you are going to miss the joy Of dying in peace Stem, petal, root Dry, dry, no evening dew The nuances are gone Sky opened by thunder #3 Te Llamo/Unadeekum Arabic poem by Tawfiq Zayyad. Spanish translation by Lourdes Prez Te llamo Aprieto con fuerza tu mano Beso la tierra que pisan tus pies S que por ti la vida dar La vida dar Te ofrezco la luz de mis ojos El fuego de mi corazon Porque este dolor que me aflige Es solo una parte de tu dolor Coro: Unadeekum Ashudu al ay dicum Hua busul ard Taj teni alicum Hua culu afdicum Yo nunca he vendido mi patria Y he estado dispuesta a servir Frente al invasor, firme, con valor Hurfano dispuesto a morir Cargando mi sangre en mis hombros Mi bandera en alto vereis Y un monte vestido de verde de olivo Para los que vengan despues I Call Out to You Original Arabic poetry by Tawfiq Zayyad. Spanish translation by Lourdes Perez I call out to you I grab your hand and hold it tight I kiss the ground upon which you place your feet I know that for you I would give my life, my life I would give I offer you the light of my eyes The fire in my heart Because this pain that afflicts me Is only a small part of your pain I have never sold my country And I have been willing to serve Facing the invader, firm and with courage An orphan willing to die Carrying my people on my shoulders My flag raised high you will see And a mountain dressed in the green of the olive branch For those who will come after I call out to you... #5 Sentida Nota de Duelo (Volutarios) words and music by Lourdes Perez/2005 Yo quiero ser voluntario Yo quiero ser voluntario Yo quiero ser voluntario del fuego Pa'l monstruo que se desliza Pa'l monstruo que cae de prisa en el suelo Yo quiero ser voluntario del fuego A riesgo de ser morbosa Yo quiero acabar la fosa Yo pago por ser el sepulturero Pa'l monstruo que se desliza Pa'l monstruo que cae de prisa en el suelo Yo quiero ser voluntario del fuego Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Ya se tambalea, se

tambalea, se tambalea Y yo aviso a los diarios Y yo escribo el obituario Si quieres yo llamo a los  
pregoneros Que anuncien que "el golpe avisa" Del monstruo que cae de prisa en el suelo Yo quiero ser  
voluntario del fuego Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se  
tambalea Yo traigo las oraciones Pa todas las ocasiones Que tal el salmo de los traicioneros Pal  
monstruo que se desliza Pal monstruo que cae de prisa en el suelo Yo quiero ser voluntario del fuego Ya  
se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Y de todas las  
naciones De todas las direcciones El grito se alzara hasta el alto cielo Cuando se acabe la risa Del  
monstruo que cae de prisa en el cielo Yo quiero ser voluntario del fuego Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se  
tambalea Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Ya se tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Ya se  
tambalea, se tambalea, se tambalea Se tambaleo Heartfelt Note of Sympathy (Volunteers) words and  
music by Lourdes Perez/2005 I want to be a volunteer I want to be a volunteer I want to a volunteer of the  
fire For the monster that is sliding For the monster is falling quickly to the floor I want to be a volunteer of  
the fire At the risk of sounding morbid I want to finish the grave I want to be the gravedigger For the  
monster that is sliding For the monster is falling quickly to the floor I want to be a volunteer of the fire  
Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is stumbling Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is stumbling If you  
like I'll call the newspapers I'll write the obituary If you want, I'll call the official mourners Let them  
announce: "When you hear the thump, you'll know" The thump of the monster that slides The monster  
that falls quickly to the floor I want to be a volunteer of the fire Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is  
stumbling Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is stumbling I seem to have the prayers for all occasions  
How about the psalm of the traitors? For the monster that slides For the monster that falls quickly to the  
floor? I want to be a volunteer of the fire From all of the nations And all the directions The scream of joy  
will rise to the heavens When the laughter is wiped off the face of the monster The monster that falls  
quickly to the floor I want to be a volunteer of the fire Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is stumbling  
Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, is stumbling Already it is stumbling, is stumbling, It fell #6 Carrusel  
letra y msica por Lourdes Prez 2005 Diez mentiras repetidas son igual a una verdad Una maldad bien  
vestida gana solidaridad Dulzuras y melodas, azucar del invasor Adormecen los sentidos no hay ocasion  
pa' el amor Distorsionando al hermano, corriendo con el terror Buscando a los subhumanos para herirles  
con fervor Busco y busco en mi cabeza y encuentro en un zafacn Un payaso, una ruleta, y un viejo  
televisor Y que veo nada y que oigo nada y que hago? nada Solo para cerciorarme que todo esta en su

lugar Marcho a buscar agua pura dentro de un viejo manglar Y me tildo de sabionda y he cometido el error Adormec los sentidos, no hay ocasion pa' el amor Diez mentiras repetidas son igual a una verdad Diez mentiras repetidas te roban la identidad Y la mente como un globo se pierde en la inmensidad El aire sin tierra firme no aguantar la ciudad. Diez mentiras repetidas son igual a una verdad Carrousel words and music by Lourdes Perez/2005 A lie repeated 10 times equals one truth Malice well-dressed gains solidarity Sweetness and melodies, sugar of the invader Puts the feelings to sleep No room for the pain Distorting my brother Running with terror Looking for subhumans To hurt them with fervor I search and search inside my head And find in a trash can A clown, a roulette, an old TV And what do I see? Nothing. And what do I hear? Nothing. And what do I do? Nothing. Just to make sure that everything is in its place I go looking for pure water in an old swamp And I think myself so wise and I have made the mistake Numbing the senses, no room for love A lie repeated 10 times equals a truth A lie repeated 10 times will rob you of your identity And the mind, like a balloon, gets lost in the immensity A city cannot be built in the air #7 El Lobo y la Vera letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Coro: He llegado tarde pero tengo mis razones Se confunden las verdades con las alucinaciones Por la vera, por la vera del amor Esta pesadilla de mis sueos no se aleja Era un lobo vestido de oveja Vi su huella, vi su huella por la vera del amor Ms a la distancia un a roja lucecita Era el lobo de la Caperucita Regalaba flores por la vera del amor (Vi un lobo en la vera) Espejo, espejito de las ilusiones Cual es la mas linda de las direcciones? O la verdadera, por la vera del amor? (Pues, vi un lobo en la vera) Lobos a la vista (3X) Sin constituciones Con libros sagrados Pomposos sermones Lobos disfrazados por la vera del amor The Wolf and the Side of the Road words and music by Lourdes Perez/2005 I have arrived late But I have my reasons Truth is mistaken for hallucinations On the side of the road On the side of the road On the side of the road of love This nightmare does not leave my dreams It was a wolf dressed as a sheep I saw its footprint I saw its footprint On the side of the road of love Further in the distance I saw a little red light It was the wolf of Little Red Riding Hood He was handing out flowers On the side of the road of love Mirror, little mirror, of illusions Which is the prettiest of all the directions? Or the true one? On the side of the road of love The wolves are coming! The wolves are coming! Without constitutions, with sacred books Pompous sermons Disguised wolves On the side of the road of love #8 Acres en el infierno Letras y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Cuando cerr la bolsa, la de valores Un 22 sagrado del mes diciembre El dolr cay arriba, como cae siempre La vida cay abajo por consecuente All la indiferencia con el desprecio Se aprovecharon

juntos del bajo precio Y al sonar las campanas para los rezos Se anunci que 'no hay projimo Pero que hay pesos" Se repartieron todo vendieron su alma Y hasta el mismito diablo junt sus palmas Orguloso del pacto con el gobierno Que anda comprando acres por el infierno La dignidad seores ha devaluado Los dignatarios miran pa'l otro lado 45 menos para el gobierno Que anda comprando acres por el infierno Acreage in Hell Words and music by Lourdes Prez/2005 When the stock market closed One sacred 22nd of the month of December The dollar closed high, as it always does And life fell sharply as a consequence And there indifference together with disrespect Took advantage of the low price And when the bell rang for the prayers It was announced that there is no brotherhood But there are pesos They divided the spoils And sold their souls And even the devil himself put his palms together Proud of the pact with the government That is running around buying acreage in Hell Dignity, ladies and gentlemen has become devalued The dignitaries turn their heads away Fourty-five fewer for the government That is running around buying acreage in Hell #9 El Atardecer y Yo letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Que nadie me mire Querindome morir Bajo un atardecer violeta y rojo Que nadie me mire Querindome morir Que esto quede entre el atardecer y yo Entre el atardecer y yo Hay un mar de instancias Situaciones inconclusas Entre el atardecer y yo Y esas nubecillas Uniformes y difusas Que nadie me mire querindome morir Que esto quede entre el atardecer y yo Y detrs de ese horizonte dorado, morado Hay un sol que se despide Que se pone avergonzado Que nadie le mire Querindose morir Que esto queda entre el atardecer y yo The Dusk and Me Words and music by Lourdes Prez/2005 Chorus: May no one see me Wanting to die Under the setting sun of violet and red May no one see me wanting to die May this remain between the dusk and me Between the dusk and me There is a sea of instances Situations unfinished Between the dusk and me And those little clouds Uniform and diffuse Chorus And behind that horizon, golden, burgundy There is a sun that says goodbye That sets in shame May no one see him Wanting to die This remains between the dusk and me #10 Preguntas letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Cmo se planta un lirio? Cmo se toca tierra? Quien curar el delirio? Quin matar la guerra? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Y perdona la majadera? Solo quiero tu mirada para ver Como ser el delirio Cuando se toca tierra Cuando se planta el lirio Quien curara la guerra? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? . Cmo se cansa uno? Cmo se deja huella? Quin besa lo infortunado? Quin puso las estrellas? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Y perdona la majaderia Solo quiero tu

ventana para ver Dnde se pone el lirio? Quien tocara la tierra? Cuando sera el delirio? Quien matara la guerra? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Cmo se quiere, madre? Cmo se quiere? Questions words and music by Lourdes Prez/2005 How does one plant the lily? How does one touch ground? Who will cure the delirium? Who will kill war? How does one love, mother? How does one love? How does one love, mother? How does one love? And pardon me for pestering you I just want your eyes to see What is delirium like? When one touches ground When does one plant the lily? Who will heal the war? How does one love, mother? How does one love? How does one love, mother? How does one love? How one gets tired How do you leave a footprint? Who kisses what is unwanted? Who put the stars in the sky? How does one love, mother? How does one love? How does one love, mother? How does one love? #11

Caminar (para Annette) letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 En cada paso que caminas Caminar Dentro del aire que respiras Respirar Yo no s lo que me inspiras Nunca lo adivinar Yo contigo nuevas rimas rimar Al despertar cada maana Te cantar Y si el silencio te reclama Me callar Yo no s lo que me inspiras Nunca lo adivinar Yo contigo nuevas rimas rimar Coro Ondeando, vela, velas, tentando la mar Como desvelas mi sedienta sed de amar Y posndoteme adentro con tu mirar Y adueandote del centro me veo llevar Agitandome los sueos desencayar Como vela, como velero en el mar En cada paso que caminas...

I Will Walk (for Annette) words and msic by Lourdes Prez/2005 In every step that you walk I will walk Within the air that you breathe I will breathe I don't know what it is that you inspire in me I will never know With you new rhymes I will rhyme Upon waking each morning I will sing to you And if the silence reclaims you I will fall quiet Undulating sail, you fly, tempting the sea How you keep awake my thirsty thirst for love Your gaze lands inside of me And you take over my very center I see myself taken away Agitating my dreams Setting sail Like a little boat Like a little sailboat on the sea #12

En Mi Viejo San Juan letra y msic por Noel Estrada words and music by Noel Estrada well-known Puerto Rican song added verse is excerpted from Rafael Cancel Miranda's poem: "una hora de carcel es un infierno rejas, murallas, guardianes, violencia pero hay por ah quienes estn ms presos que presos con grilletes en las piernas" "one hour of prison is a hell bars, walls, guards, violence but there are those who are more imprisoned than the the prisoners with shackles on their legs" #13 La Vieja Central letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 basada en el cuento "La Central Azucarera" por Carmen I. Cruz La Vieja Central letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 basada en el cuento "La Central Azucarera" por Carmen I. Cruz Dulce vigilante De los dulce sueos Mi pueblo pequeno Recuerda un gigante De dulce semblante Y canto colosal Cruzaste

el umbral Que hoy te ha vuelto historia Mas guardan mil memorias A la vieja central Mas guardan mil  
memorias A la vieja central Mi infancia distante No olvida el olor Ni el negro dulzor Del melao  
embriagante Bajo un sol brillante Pareca cristal La hoja de metal Macheteando caa Mis ojos extraan La  
vieja central Mis ojos extraan La vieja central Cual prueba de amor Nos traan los nios Caa dulce, guios  
Campestre pudor Tu fruto era flor Y la zona rural Luca seorial Viva, trabajando Tu, linda y silbando Mi  
vieja central Tu, linda y silbando Mi vieja central Pens interminable La inmensa cosecha Y siento hasta la  
fecha Algo inconsolable Algo lamentable Se sec el panal Y aunque es tu final Yo te veo de plata Aunque  
otros vean lata Mi vieja Central Aunque otros vean lata en ti Mi vieja Central Sweet Guardian based on  
the short story by Carmen I. Cruz for the old sugarcane factory of San Sebastian (La Central Plata) words  
and music by Lourdes Perez2005 Sweet guardian Of our sweet dreams Mi little hometown Remembers a  
giant Of sweet semblance And colossal song You crossed the threshold That has now converted you into  
history But a thousand memories keep you My old sugarcane factory Distant childhood Doesn't forget the  
aroma Nor the black sweetness Of intoxicating molasses Under a brilliant sun It seemed like glass The  
blade of metal Chopping sugarcane My eyes miss The old sugarcane factory As proof of love The boys  
would bring us Sweet cane and winks Rural courtship Your fruit was a flower And the countryside Shone  
majestic Alive, working You, beautiful and singing My old sugarcane factory I thought it was endless Your  
immense harvest And I feel, to this day Something unconsolable Something lamentable The honeycomb  
is dry And although it is your end I see you as silver Although others may see tin My old sugarcane  
factory #14 Petirrojo letra y msica por Lourdes Prez/2005 Quisiera ser un inocente petirrojo Quisiera ser  
Quisiera ser De desearlo, desentirlo Me sonrojo Pues, soy mujer Soy mujer Pero que hermoso Y que  
ideal Saber que me necesitan Y ante el debacle mundial Asomar mi cabecita Y encontrarme con la luna  
Esplendorosa a la una Y cantar de maanita Y ms o menos a las seis Sin que me pare la ley Brincotear,  
medio volar A ver si qued semilla Y contemplar el universo Contemplar el universo Desde el brazo de  
una silla Quisiera ser un inocente petirrojo Robin words and music by Lourdes Prez/2005 I wish I were an  
innocent robin I wish I were I wish I were Wishing it, desiring it makes me blush After all, I am a woman I  
am a woman But how beautiful How ideal to know that I am needed And in the midst of the world debacle  
Just peek out with my little head And find myself face to face with the moon Splendorous at one o'clock  
And to sing in the early morning And more or less at 6, without being stopped by the law, to hop and  
half-fly to see if there are any seeds left and to contemplate the universe contemplate the universe from

the arm of a chair.

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