

# Sting, They Dance Alone

Why are there women here dancing on their own?  
Why is there this sadness in their eyes?  
Why are the soldiers here  
Their faces fixed like stone?  
I can't see what it is that they despise  
They're dancing with the missing  
They're dancing with the dead  
They dance with the invisible ones  
Their anguish is unsaid  
They're dancing with their fathers  
They're dancing with their sons  
They're dancing with their husbands  
They dance alone They dance alone

It's the only form of protest they're allowed  
I've seen their silent faces scream so loud  
If they were to speak these words they'd go missing too  
Another woman on a torture table what else can they do  
They're dancing with the missing  
They're dancing with the dead  
They dance with the invisible ones  
Their anguish is unsaid  
They're dancing with their fathers  
They're dancing with their sons  
They're dancing with their husbands  
They dance alone They dance alone

One day we'll dance on their graves  
One day we'll sing our freedom  
One day we'll laugh in our joy  
And we'll dance  
One day we'll dance on their graves  
One day we'll sing our freedom  
One day we'll laugh in our joy  
And we'll dance

Ellas danzan con los desaparecidos  
Ellas danzan con los muertos  
Ellas danzan con amores invisibles  
Ellas danzan con silenciosa angustia  
Danzan con sus padres  
Danzan con sus hijos  
Danzan con sus esposos  
Ellas danzan solas  
Danzan solas

Hey Mr. Pinochet  
You've sown a bitter crop  
It's foreign money that supports you  
One day the money's going to stop  
No wages for your torturers  
No budget for your guns  
Can you think of your own mother  
Dancin' with her invisible son  
They're dancing with the missing  
They're dancing with the dead  
They dance with the invisible ones  
Their anguish is unsaid  
They're dancing with their fathers  
They're dancing with their sons  
They're dancing with their husbands  
They dance alone  
They dance alone