## "They Dance Alone" (by Sting) Why are these women here \_\_\_\_\_ on their own? Why is there this sadness in their \_\_\_\_? Why are the soldiers here Their faces fixed like \_\_\_\_\_ I can't see what it is that they despise They're dancing with the \_\_\_ They're dancing with the dead They dance with the invisible ones Their anguish is unsaid They're dancing with their \_\_\_\_\_ They're dancing with their \_\_\_\_\_ They're dancing with their \_\_\_\_ They dance alone They dance alone It's the only form of \_\_\_\_\_ they're allowed I've seen their silent \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_ They're dancing with the \_ They're dancing with the dead They dance with the invisible ones Their anguish is unsaid They're dancing with their \_\_\_ They're dancing with their \_\_\_\_\_ They're dancing with their They dance alone They dance alone One day we'll \_\_\_\_\_ on their graves One day we'll sing our freedom One day we'll laugh in our joy And we'll And we'll \_\_\_\_ on their graves One day we'll sing our freedom One day we'll laugh in our joy And we'll Ellas danzan con los desaparecidos Ellas danzan con los muertos Ellas danzan con amores invisibles Ellas danzan con silenciosa angustia Danzan con sus pardres 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 \_ They're dancing with the dead They dance with the invisible ones Their anguish is unsaid They're dancing with their \_\_\_

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