

Bahalana

Words and Music by Robert Edgar, 2000

Tuning: DADGBD

Let's drink to the bureaucrats and drink to the
Pope

And drink to the fixers who bless us all with
hope.

Got a meeting at three at the Hotel Manila

Better have another drink 'cause the Jeepney
ride's a killa'.

Let's drink to our friends and drink to the rain

We should have another drink 'cause the
meeting's changed again.

While it didn't take the rain to make my shirt
start to drip

The typhoon's a nice touch to help mark the
trip.

Have a plate of squid in their own black ink

Sliced and marinating - fresh from the sink

A plate of monsoon city soaking in its own
shadows

Tell me who stays dry when the deals go
down?

Everything's a gamble-trade up.

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Everything's a gamble-trade up.

When the need exceeds

What the law allows

Play between the rules

Sleep where you fit-squat roadside strips

Steer where you can-as chance permits

If the government's broke

Where do you look for hope?

Bahalana!