

The Lost Charro

Bruce Springsteen

Godmother, when I die, make of my clay a jar
And when you are thirsty, drink from it
And if you feel a shadow, a shadow touching your lips
It's the kisses of your charro

Pull the leather strip from your hair
And your black tresses fall upon the dark skin of your shoulder
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Your dress embroidered with gold
Moves like a choir of young girls, scarcely touching the ground

My rope winds as the smoke rises
Burning the horn of my saddle
My rope winds as the evening sun sets
And we bring in the cattle

The traditions of the Charro are the same eternally
No matter how much the horse changes
No matter how much the horseman may want
The cola is always the cola, the terna, the terna, the pial, the pial

My rope winds as the smoke rises
Burning the horn of my saddle
My rope winds as the evening sun sets
And we bring in the cattle

For two seasons, I've picked the lettuce in Salinas
The prunes in Santa Clara
The oranges from the Ontario trees

I've traded in my leather for the denim of my campesinos
Godmother, I'll return home soon, you'll see
And tonight in my dreams

My rope winds as smoke rises
Burning the horn of my saddle
My rope winds as the evening sun sets
And we bring in the cattle

Godmother, when I die, make of my clay a jar
And when you are thirsty, drink from it