

# San Pedros Children

Demis Roussos

From a run-down cathedral that stood on the edge of the city  
On Sundays came a sound I will always recall  
It was sweet and complete  
And it flowed through this cold-hearted city  
And it sends me a heavenly shiver to think of it now

Come hear the voices of San Pedro's children  
Fill the air - oh-oh oh-oh  
Joining hands and voices for the world to share

And how the cathedral would ring  
When San Pedro's children would sing  
You'd hear them going  
La la la la  
La la la la la

"Vaya con dios, mi amigo, en las noches felices"  
I could not understand, but the message I found  
'Cause the heavens seemed to translate  
The words they were singing  
And I know that somewhere an angel is writing it down

Come hear the voices of San Pedro's children  
Fill the air - oh-oh oh-oh  
Joining hands and voices  
For the world to share

And how the cathedral would ring  
When San Pedro's children would sing  
You'd hear them going  
La la la la  
La la la la la

Time presses on and they tore down that run-down cathedral  
Never will the joy ring so clear through the town  
But on Sundays if you stand very still  
As the sun's coming over the hill

I swear  
Sweet Lord  
I hear them goin'

La la la la la  
La la la la la  
La la la la la

Come hear the...  
Come hear the...

Voices of San Pedro's children  
Fill the air - oh-oh oh-oh  
Joining hands and voices  
For the world to share, oh-oh oh-oh

La la-la la la la la la la-la  
La la-la la la la la la la-la  
La la-la la la la la la la-la

La la-la la la la la la la la-la