

Softly, in the evening dusk,  
a woman is singing to me;  
She takes me back down  
the vista of my years, until I see  
I see a child underneath the piano,  
in the boom of the tingling strings  
Pressing the poised feet of his mother  
who smiles at him as she sings.

Cucurucu, cucurucu

Softly now in the evening dusk,  
a woman is singing to me;  
She takes me back down  
the vista of my years, until I see  
A boy, a child underneath the piano,  
in the boom of the tingling strings  
Pressing the poised feet of his mother  
who smiles at him as she sings  
Yearning to belong, yearning to belong  
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing  
of a yearning to belong  
In spite of myself, and all of these nursery songs  
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing  
of a yearning to belong

Cucurucu, cucurucu  
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu

Till the melodies of childish days,  
are upon, upon me  
And they take me back,  
back down the river  
They keep leading me on,  
they lead me to the sea  
And all of my manhood is cast  
Down in the flood of remembrance,  
and I weep like a child for the past.

Singing cucurucu, cucurucu  
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu

I see a child underneath the piano,  
in the boom of the tingling strings  
Pressing the poised feet of his mother  
who smiles at him as she sings.  
Listen to me son, I'll tell you  
why your feather's strong  
Cause he can still say every single day,  
he's yearning to belong  
Yearning to belong, yearning to belong  
My heart beats with a ceaseless longing  
of a yearning to belong  
In spite of myself, and all of these nursery songs  
My heart beats with a ceaseless,  
meets with a peaceless burning to belong

Singing cucurucu, cucurucu  
Singing cucurucu  
Singing cucurucu, cucurucu  
Cucurucu