

The Ballad of Elano DeLeon

Reckless Kelly

Elanito De Leon rides his bike four miles from home*
To work hard in the fields of his endeavor
Elanito's momma sighed, Dios mio will provide
And let our humble home survive forever

The night is late, where can he be
It's after dark she can barely see
the gatepost where he parks his bike
The hours they start seeming like forever

Now the weeks have come and gone
No Elano DeLeon
We can't lose hope we pray for his survival

Still his momma's mind is full
of thinking the unthinkable
He is such a good boy
Dios mio

Elanito DeLeon
We feel so helpless and alone
What can we do it hurts so bad
We are all so very sad without you

Elanito's momma sighed, Dios mio will provide
And let our humble home survive forever