

Arab Strap

"Jingle Jangle Joe"

Visit "[Jingle Jangle Joe](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He came from the mountains to our little town
And he never spoke a word.
But he played every day in a lovely way
Little tunes I had never heard.
When he played his flute
His eyes seemed to be like mirrors of times gone by.
I don't know if I saw what I should not see
But I looked right into his heart.
I looked right into his heart.
I found out one evening only by chance
Where he spent his lonely nights.
There he slept in the church on the marble floor
And his flute lay by his side.
As I woke him up and said
Won't you come to my house where it's nice and warm
He said
Please let me be, for I am not free
And I don't wanna
break your heart
. .
I don't wanna break your heart
. .
When early one morning I came to the place
Where he used to play his flute.
He was gone
But a song that will never die
Seemed to linger on in the sky.
He's an Indio boy
And his folks
Far away
They are praying
Indio boy come home when you are a man.
He's an Indio Boy
And he longs for the girl who is waiting
Indio Boy
Come home as soon as you can.
He's an Indio Boy till the day he will be a man.

Visit [Arab Strap](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

