

Carpenters, The

"On the Balcony of the Casa Rosada / Don't Cry for Me, Arg"

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It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after all that I've done
You won't believe me
All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you

I had to let it happen; I had to change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window, staying out of the sun
So I chose freedom
Running around trying everything new
But nothing impressed me at all
I never expected it to

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise

Don't keep your distance

And as for fortune, and as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seemed to the world they were all I desired
They are illusions
They're not the solutions they promised to be
The answer was here all the time
I love you and hope you love me

Don't cry for me, Argentina

Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

Have I said too much? There's nothing more
I can think of to say to you
But all you have to do is look at me to know
That every word is trueHe will bring us goodness and
light'

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