

Ely Joe

"Run Preciosa"

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I saw her in the barrio
In the town where the brothers fought
Across the river from the Moorish Mosque
The Spanish Christians bow

Her hair was dressed by Vesper
Woven in the leather wind
She grew up in the country
You could see it in her innocent grin

Run Preciosa, run for love
The olive trees need rain
Memories of your gypsy past
Ride on the midnight train

Your lover's heart was way too wild
You saw it in his face
You walked the graveyard with his child
In a veil of Spanish lace

Son of Tony Camborio
In a souped up red Renault
Up the rusted is the red wrought iron
Around his father's burial vault

Civil guards raise their sleepy heads
She spins to watch the car change lanes
Though so much time has passed
Not that much has changed

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The olive trees need rain
Memories of your gypsy past
Ride on the midnight train

Your lover's heart was way too wild
You saw it in his face
You walked the graveyard with his child
In a veil of Spanish lace

The hours paint the whitewashed walls
In shadows of lavender gray

Preciosa counts the ring of bells
The church where the white doves lay

Flashing lights of the civil guard
'Round a red Renault they flash
Not that much has really changed
Though so much time has passed

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