Browne Jackson "Nino"

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Nino, walking around on Sunday
Nino, just one more kid in L.A.
With a hubcap and a stick in his hand
In his own parade, leading the band
His head in the sky, his feet nearly touching the sand
Nino, three thousand miles away
Nino, la familia stares at the bay
Turning off Sunset Boulevard
Playing the fence around somebody's yard

Thinking of home and keeping tumbao on the hood of a car

Nino, people will know you one day Nino, they're going to call you El Rey Nino de la playa y la ciudad

Nino de las calles y la verdad

El ritmo de tu pueblo se siente aqui

Al canto de la tierra que vive en ti

La magia de tu mano en el tambor

Retumba aqui con alma y con sabor

Y al toque de campanas al sonar

Los angeles te guardan desde el mar

(Child of the beach and the city

Child of the streets and of the truth

The rhythm of your people is felt here

To the song of the country that lives in you

The magic of your hand on the drum

Resonates here with soul and good feeling

And at the strike of bells as they ring

The angels guard you from the sea)

With a hubcap and a stick in his hand In his own parade, leading the band

His head in the sky, his feet nearly touching the sand of the homeland

Nino, walking around in L.A.

Nino, this will be your town one day

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