

Judy Collins "Emilio"

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Emilio lives in an attic
Plays a flamenco guitar
Our prayers fall down his window
And roll down flanders of rusted out cars

They harmonize with the sirens
And mix with that racket downstairs
They wonder out into the traffic
Emilio's misguided prayers

The moon is Emilio's mistress
On her there's no journeys back
Some nights she comes to him naked and cold
And some nights she only wears black

When the full moon flows from his bottle
Somehow there's always a fight
When the moon and the lunatic dance, "senorina"
The beautiful music spins into the night and they dance

In his dreams he can see the "abuelas"
They offer him razors and wine
Suspicious Emilio measures
The "vino" against the divine

But he never has come to believe them
Or accepted their Heavenly host
So vigous and savage darling
The Saint and the sinner he prays to the most

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