

## Linda Ronstadt "The Cicada"

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Don't sing to me anymore, cicada  
Let your singsong end  
For your song, here in the soul  
Stabs me like a dagger  
Knowing that when you sing  
You are proclaiming that you are  
going to your death

Sailor, sailor  
Tell me if it is true that you know  
Because I cannot distinguish  
If in the depth of the seas  
There is another color blacker  
Than the color of my sorrows.

A little dove upon flying  
Bearing a wounded breast  
Was about to cry  
And told me very afflicted  
I'm tired of searching for  
A mutual love.

Under the shade of a tree  
And to the beat of my guitar  
I sing this "huapango" happily  
Because my life is ending  
And I want to die singing  
Like the cicada dies.

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