

We blew off immigration  
The moon was sittin high  
We drove from la candona into comentine  
And gloria was singing  
And cecelia closed her eyes  
And I saw them  
Drifting out over the night sky

I said neuva senoritas  
Are you gone to brighter days  
Have you found your greener valley  
And the place where your heart stays

Headed back to the flatlands  
And you headed up to the hills  
Rain brings you home middle of july  
I guess I just got lonesome  
Think about how you feel  
Six months gone  
No one to dry your eyes

I said nueva senoritas  
Are you gone to brighter days  
Have you found your greener valley  
And the place where your heart stays

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