Y Ándale

Linda Ronstadt

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Qué dirán los de tu casa
Cuando mi miran tomando,
Pensarán que por tu causa
Yo me vivo emborrachando,
Y ándale...

Pero si vieras
Como son lindas estas borracheras
Y ándale...

Pero hasta cuando
Dejan tus padres de andarte cuidando
Y ándale...

Cada vez que vengo a verte
Siempre me voy resbalando;
O es que tengo mala suerte
O es que me está lloviznando
Y ándale...

Pero si vieras
Seco mi chaco en mi higuera floreando
Y ándale...

Pero si cuando
Seco mi chaco en mi higuera floreando
Y ándale...

Me dices que soy un necio
Porque me ando emborrachando,
Y a pesar de tus deprecios,
Yo quiero seguir tomando, y ándale

Pero si vieras
Como son lindas estas borracheras...
Y ándale...

(Coro)
Pero que bellas
Paso las horas vaciando botellas
Y ándale.

        I am a renowned teetotaler, but I love
        this drinking song.  The use of the word
        chaco is unusual (it has been defined as
        organ meat of hunted fowl) and the exact
        meaning of the refrain it appears in
        probably has a double connotation. I
        have opted to sing it here with my niece,
        Mindy, who at 17 brings a lovely innocence
        to this tale of gleeful debauchery.
                                    L.R.


 Get On With It

What will they say those in your house
When they see me drinking,
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Will they think that it's on account of you
That I live my life drinking
Get on with it.

But if you could see
How pretty these binges are
Get on with it.

But until whenever
Your parents stop protecting you
Get on with it.

Each time that I come to see you
I'm always slipping;
Is it that I have bad luck
Or is it that it's drizzling on me,
Get on with it.
But if you could see
Me dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove
Get on with it.

But if ever
I dry my chaco in my flowering fig tree grove,
Get on with it.

You say that I'm a fool,
Because i'm always getting drunk,
And in spite of your scorn,
I want to keep on drinking,
Get on with it.

But if you were to see
How pretty these binges are,
Get on with it.

But how beautiful
Are the hours I spend emptying bottles,
Get on with it.