

Sad little boy of the street  
Hands of a thief  
With the mind of a dreamer  
Dodging the puddles with feet  
Of a torero in an Arena  
Sings an old Andalucian song  
Dancing along  
Using his dirty red coat as a cape  
Rain thundering down  
Sounds like the applause from  
Hundreds of people  
He feels free as the wind  
Free as the swifts  
Around the cathedral  
Kneels to acknowledge his fame  
Forgets all his pain  
Little Toreador in the Rain  
Bathed in a Rainbow of Pink  
Purple and Blue outside La Molina  
The pavement reflecting the neon  
Lights this Torero in his arena  
He looks down at his clothes  
Imagining those  
Worn of sequin, Gold and Brocade  
He kneels and kisses the beast  
Fearing the least  
Knowing death will not find him  
But maybe one day he will face  
The Horns of the Devil  
His childhood behind him  
Brave young man from the streets  
No more a thief  
No longer a dreamer  
Stands in front of the Beast  
A golden Torero in an Arena  
It starts to thunder and rain  
Remembering that day  
He danced like a fool on the wing of a dream  
Sand turning to mud  
Soon where his blood will splatter and mingle  
Free, Free as an Angel  
Up with the swifts  
Around the cathedral  
Never to be seen again  
Dreams all in vain  
There lies the Toreador in the rain  
Little Toreador in the rain  
Little Toreador in the rain