

Sangre Dolce

Simon Carly

The soft winds of Buenos Aires
Once blew into her room
Now all she can do is kneel and pray
Sangre dulce
Sangre dulce

She's lost in the streets
Lost in her thoughts
She's lost in the smiles of the baby all day
She's new in New York, dressed up like a doll
But broken like clay
Sangre dulce
Sangre dulce

She cries when underneath the crystal moon
She hears a sultry Spanish song
But coming from that neighborhood saloon
It sounds all wrong

Puts the child in the stroller
And walks through the park
"What a beautiful baby you have"
The women all say
"Thank you" she says, pretending it's hers
Her own is so far away

Sangre dulce
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