

They would seek high, they would seek low
calling their manchild as the trouble did flow
There's always somebody to watch over me
I'm never alone, I wish they'd leave me be

Never alone
I'm never alone...

I'm just a boy, not long for this world
I'm called Nelsito and I'm thirteen years old
for nearly two decades this vendetta has raged
There are no men -- I'm the last in the chain

Last in the chain
I'm manchild man

Marimba sing high, marimba sing low,
marimba sing high as the cemetery grows
All have been wept for husbands, brothers, grandsons,
grandfathers, nephews, cousins, uncles, fathers, and sons

I walk in boots too big for me
the women do cry as they watch over me
I work at the altar, I try to be good
but just like the others, I'll soon travel in wood

I try to be good
Manchild in wood
I wait for manhood
I'm the manchild