

# Judybats, La Dulcinea

There's no sense in coming to your senses  
Our best ideals walk on barbed-wire fences  
All blood runs thin when reality dispenses  
Tall tales unfold  
And peasant becomes princess

## CHORUS

We don't all have vision but some of us can see  
The sweet dulcinea rapt in everything  
I've made my decision; delirious and free  
We don't all have vision but some of us can see  
I saw you there  
Winnowing the black wheat, singing a dry dusty song  
Flat as the hulls at your feet

Mi Aldonza

In your hardened features  
Nothing replete, neither coy nor splendid  
All rags and cursing in the white heat  
Conoci con mi aldonza y yo no la queria  
Traigame mi guia  
Get me far from this place  
But oh too late, too familiar  
Leave me linger with this dark face

## CHORUS

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