

Arabesque, Indio Boy

He came from the mountains to our little town
And he never spoke a word.
But he played every day in a lovely way

Little tunes I had never heard.
When he played his flute

His eyes seemed to be like mirrors of times gone by.
I don't know if I saw what I should not see

But I looked right into his heart.
I looked right into his heart.

I found out one evening only by chance

Where he spent his lonely nights.
There he slept in the church on the marble floor

And his flute lay by his side.
As I woke him up and said

Won't you come to my house where it's nice and warm
He said
Please let me be, for I am not free
And I don't wanna break your heart

I don't wanna break your heart

When early one morning I came to the place

Where he used to play his flute.
He was gone
but a song that will never die
Seemed to linger on in the sky.
He's an Indio boy
And his folks
far away
they are praying

Indio boy come home when you are a man.
He's an Indio Boy
and he longs for the girl who is waiting
Indio Boy
come home as soon as you can.
He's an Indio Boy till the day he will be a man.