

# Carly Simon, Sangre Dolce

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  
Sangre dulce  
Sangre dulce...