

Gourds, Flamenco Cabaret

Words by Federico Garcia Lorca

On the darkened stage
Parralla maintains
A conversation with death
And the people are
Inhaling her sobs
And in the green mirror
Her long silk train
Sways back and forth
Lamps of crystal and green mirrors
She calls death but death never comes
Lamps of crystal and green mirrors
She calls death but death never comes
And she calls out again
And she calls out again