

Joe Ely, Run Preciosa

I saw her in the barrio
In the town where the brothers fought
Across the river from the Moorish Mosque
That the Spanish Christians bought
Her hair was dressed by Vesps
Woven in the leather wind
She grew up int the country
You could see it in her innocent grin

Run Preciosa, Run for love
The olive trees need rain
Memories of your gypsy past
Still ride on the midnight train
Your lover's heart was way too wild
You saw it in his face
You walk the graveyard with his child
In a veil of Spanish lace

The son of Tony Camborio
Drove a souped up Red Renault
With a muffler rusted as the red wrought iron
Around his father's burial vault
The Civil Guards raise their sleepy heads
When she spins to watch the car change lanes
Tho so many years have passed
Not that much has changed

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The hours paint the whitewashed walls
In shadows of Lavender-grey
Preciosa counts the ring of bells
From the church where the white doves lay
The flashing lights of the Civil Guard
Around a red renault they flash
Not that much has really changed,
Tho so much time has passed...