

# 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...