

Linda Ronstadt, For A Love

(Gilberto Parra)

For a love
I can't sleep and I live full of passion
I have a love
That left forever in my life a bitter pain

Poor me
This life would be better if it would end
It's not for me.

Poor me (Ay, my heart...
Poor me (don't suffer any more...
How much my suffering in my breast
That throbs so alone for you.

For a love
I have cried little drops of blood from my heart,
You have left me with a wounded soul
Without compassion...