

# Linda Ronstadt, The Boat From Guaymas

At the stroke of the oar the waves  
are agitated  
Light is the boat  
At the noise of the water my sorrow  
gets deeper  
And my soul is sobbing.

Because of so many troubles  
My anguished love cries out to you  
You are very far away  
And my soul finds itself alone,  
all alone.

Tired traveler who returns to the port  
From faraway lands  
What strange pilot sailed your boat  
Without a sail, without an anchor  
From where do you come, that you have  
torn to pieces  
Your sails so white.  
You left singing  
And today you return, bringing death  
in your soul.

I am the sailor who happily from Guaymas  
Left one morning  
Carrying in my boat, like a guiding bird,  
My sweet hope  
Through unknown seas  
The storm overwhelmed my sacred  
yearnings  
That's why my efforts are broken  
And I bring death in the soul.

You left singing  
And today you return  
Bringing death in your soul.